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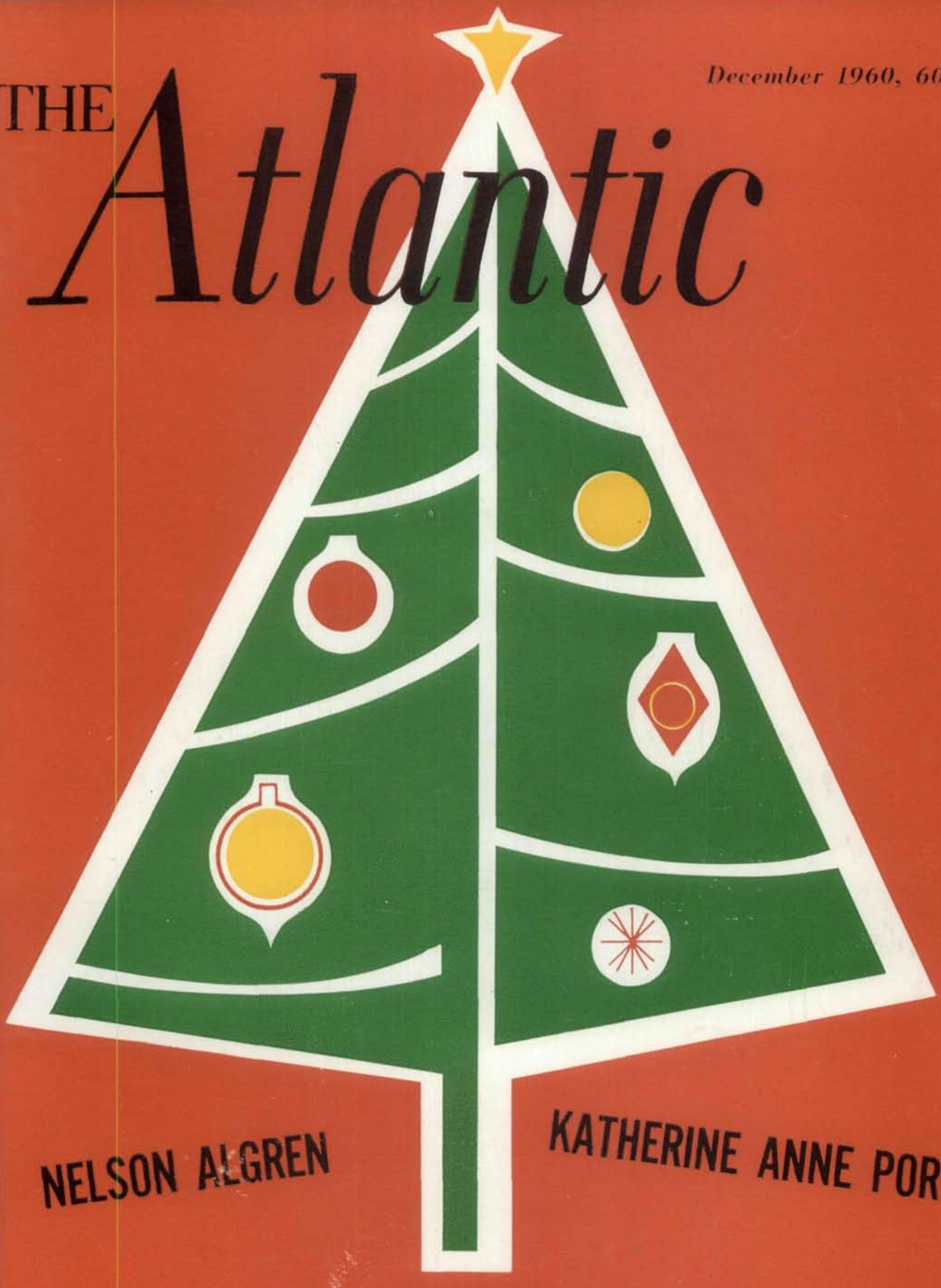

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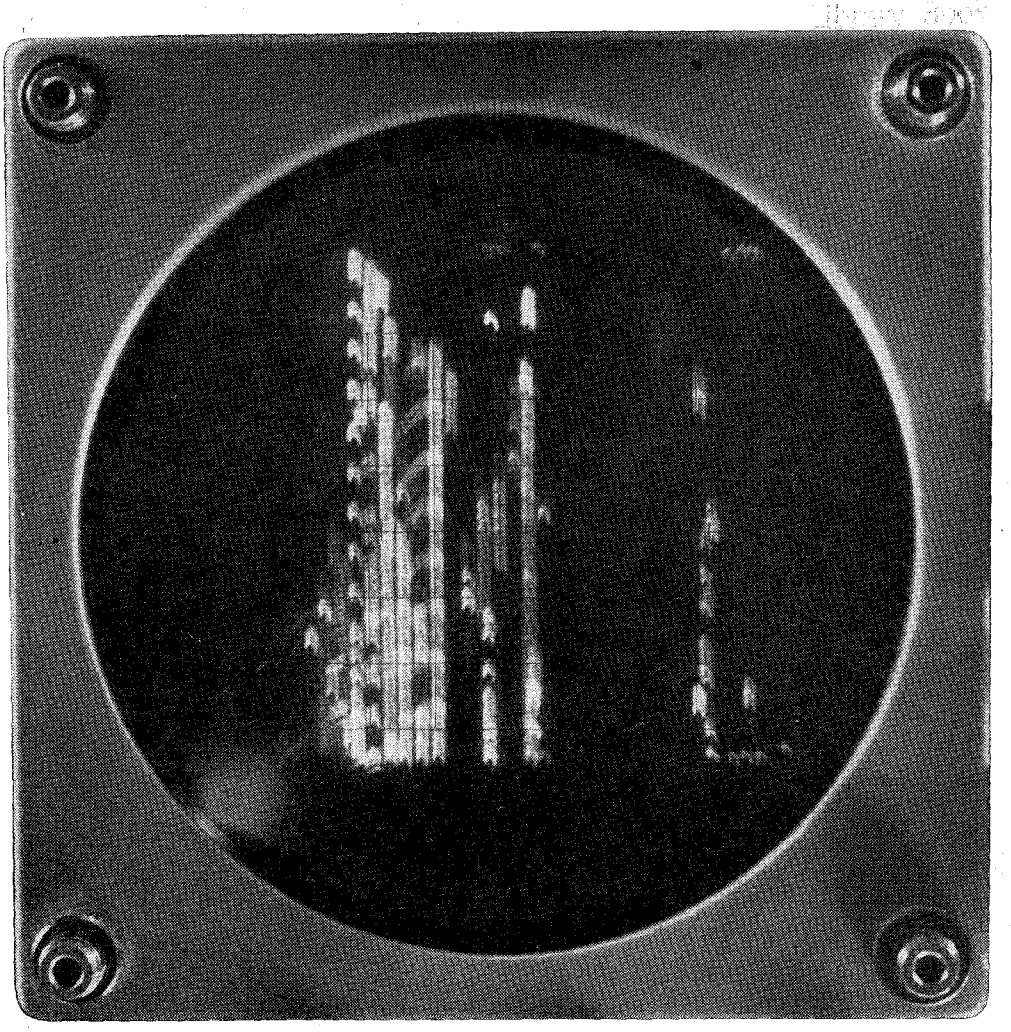
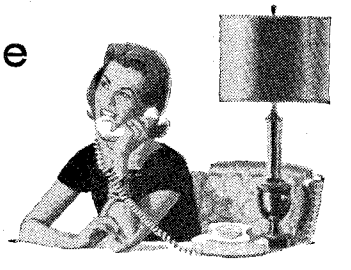
PICTURE OF TELEPHONE CALLS BEING HANDLED A REMARKABLE NEW WAY



Bell System's new Electronic Central Office (now being tested) forecasts a startling variety of useful new telephone services



The oscilloscope screen above gives you an idea of how telephone calls will some day be handled—*electronically*—by a remarkable new system.

A screen like this is monitoring experimental Electronic Central Office equipment which we recently began testing in Morris, Illinois. The "pips" of light you see on the screen represent the system's thought processes as it puts calls through, while checking itself constantly for errors.

This test is very significant, because the future Electronic Central Office will let your telephone do pretty nearly anything you want it to.

For example, you may be able to dial a three-way phone conversation right in town . . . or have your calls automatically transferred to a friend's house where you're spending the evening . . . or ask the Office to keep after a busy number and make the connection as soon as it's free.

These are just a few of the many services this new switching system could make possible.

"It looks in the back of the book"

An engineer at Bell Telephone Laboratories uses this comparison to dramatize the difference between the Electronic Central Office and previous switching systems:

"Suppose," he says, "that two students are trying to find the square root of 841. One is doing it the hard way, figuring with paper and pencil. The other just reaches for an engineering handbook, flips to the right place and looks up the answer, 29, in the tables.

"The Electronic Central Office works basically the same way. When you dial a number, it will decide how to connect you by 'looking in the back of the book'—a huge permanent memory in which we have stored the answers to every situation that can possibly arise."

Product of Continuing Research

The Electronic Central Office is still in the trial stage. Some of our customers in Morris are helping us test it now, and more are being added every week. We're watching their reactions very carefully, because we want to know how to improve the switching system, and what new services people would like to have.

This early demonstration of electronic switching is the achievement of many years of Bell Telephone research in many fields of science. It depends, for instance, on the Transistor, a Bell Laboratories invention, for its economy and reliability. And it shows the important progress we can make with reasonable earnings under America's free enterprise system.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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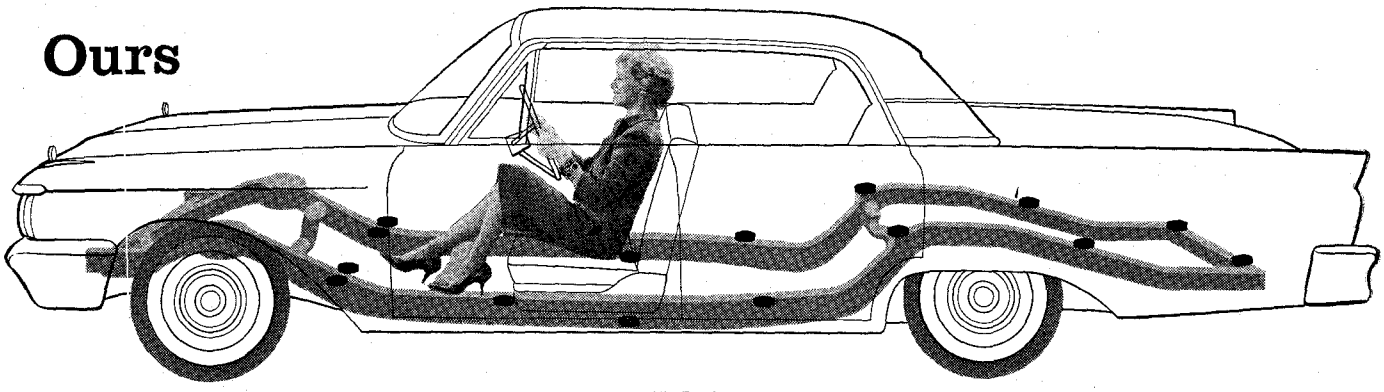
Ford Motor Company builds better bodies

Which ride is quieter?

Ours



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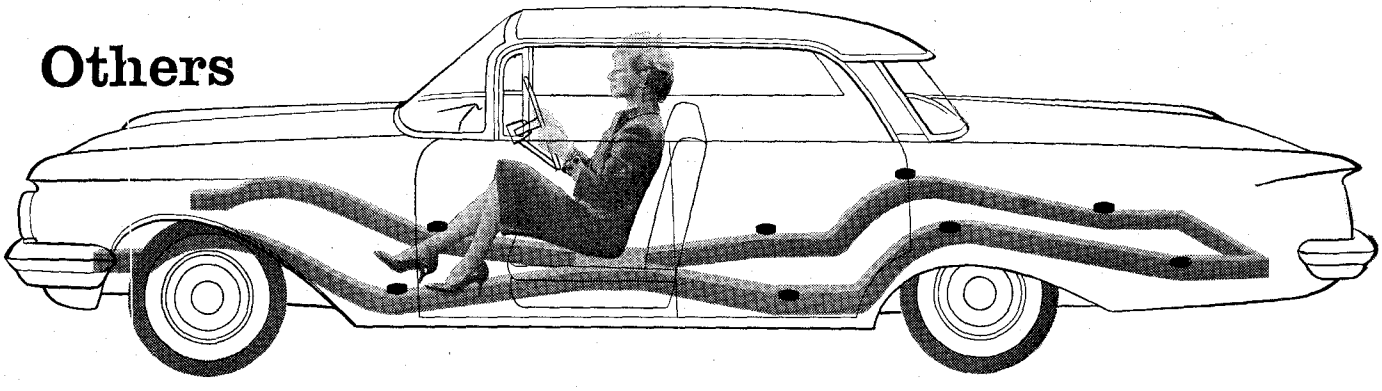

There are more rubber body mounts in the Ford Family of Fine Cars

Rubber body mounts are used to seal out road and engine noise. They prevent it from being transmitted into the car. The more rubber body mounts there are, the more effective the sound barrier becomes. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, with more insulating body mounts, you get a remarkably quiet ride.

Also adding to the silence of the ride in our cars is extra sound insulation. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars there is up to 57% more area covered with sound absorption material.

* * *

Still another reason for the unusually quiet ride in the Ford Family of Fine Cars: They are cars in which the passenger compartments are sealed off completely from the moving parts of the engine, drive shaft, transmission, differential, and other parts of the power train. Rubber and other equally effective insulating materials are used to lock out noise and vibration.

* * *

Doors in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are stronger. They are braced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter. They are less subject to distortion, thus reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

If you compare door latches, you will see that in our cars they are bigger and heavier than door latches in other cars. This makes for a tighter, stronger grip which reduces the possibility of doors springing open under impact. Statistics show that passengers who remain inside the car in an accident are twice as safe.

* * *

You have now read five of the many reasons why we think you will find (upon comparing our cars with the others) that *Ford Motor Company builds better bodies.*

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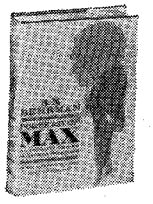

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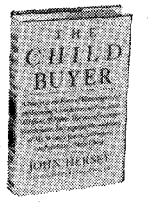

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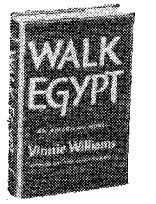

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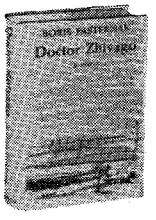

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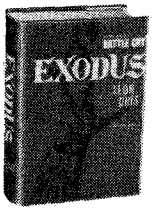

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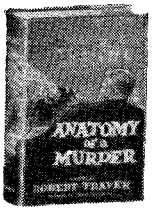

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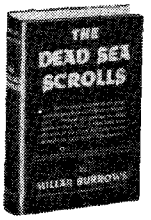

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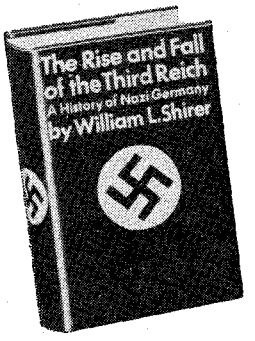

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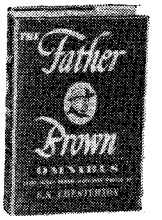

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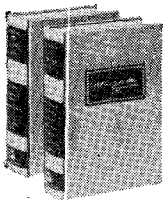

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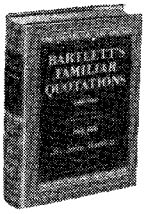

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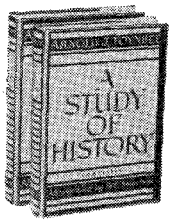

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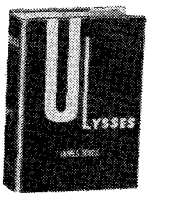

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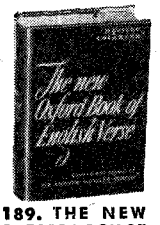

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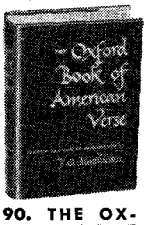

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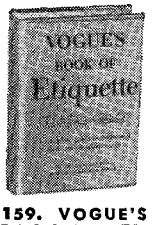

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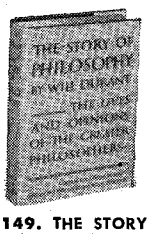

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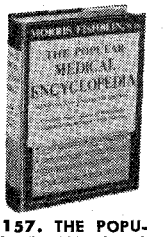

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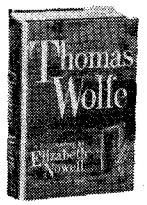

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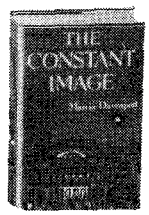

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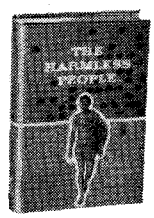

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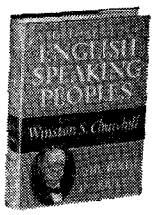

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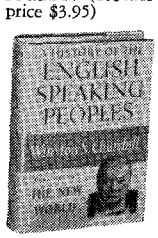

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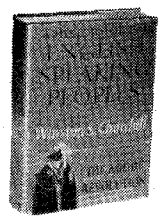

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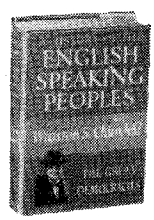

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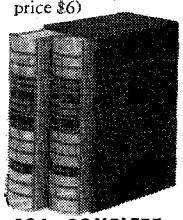

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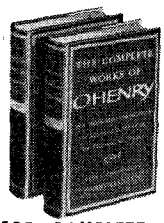

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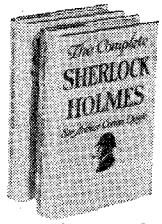

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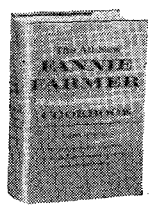

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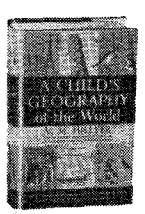

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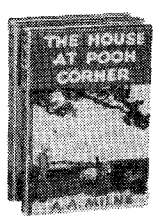

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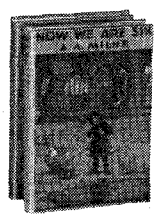

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WASHINGTON

THE United Nations is an imperfect reflection of the political face of the world. But it does mirror the pull and haul of the great conflict of the twentieth century, between democracy and despotism. The current fifteenth session of the General Assembly, dominated by the 25-day visit of Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev, has given dramatic evidence of both these facts of modern life. And even more important, this session has foreshadowed the tremendous problem which awaits the new Administration.

The United Nations may not yet be the world's last hope for survival, but its continuing functioning is essential if nuclear war between the supergiants is to be avoided. It cannot resolve the major East-West dispute, but it can help to mitigate that dispute and hold it within bounds short of war.

The extraordinary gathering at the United Nations this fall, aptly called the Congress of Manhattan, had no precedent in human history. Every figure of world importance save three — Red China's Mao Tse-tung, West Germany's Konrad Adenauer, and France's Charles de Gaulle — was on hand at one time or another, and Mao and Adenauer were absent only because their nations are not members. The effect of this gathering and the impact of Khrushchev's tirades and tactics were not measurable on any thermometer. Yet there was evidence of a trend, and that trend is not a happy one. It will take some doing on the part of the new President, the new Congress, and America's friends around the world to turn the flow of history back toward the cause of democracy in the decade of the 1960s.

The shifting balance of power

In the three years since Sputnik I went into orbit, Soviet military power has increased in relation to that of the United States. And Khrushchev has done his best to make use of this fact. Not until this year did he feel that the altered balance of power would permit him to launch an assault directly on the United Nations itself. By something more than mere coincidence, this also was the year when the United States took the step, in President Eisenhower's speech to the Assembly, of entrusting to the United Nations the largest role this nation has yet assigned the world organization.

There are two reasons for this new American dependence on the United Nations: our recognition of the political fragmentation of the globe with the emergence of many newly independent nations, a process by no means completed; and our recognition that the United States can no longer ignore the United Nations to the extent that it often has in the past, especially in the years of the late John Foster Dulles. One reason is a reflection of good judgment; the other, a reflection of the shift in military power which led to Khrushchev's assault on the United Nations.

In the fifteen years since its founding, the United Nations has been to a large degree an instrument of Western policy. The United States has not always had its way or had it fully, but it has generally overwhelmed the Communist bloc by sheer force of numbers, through a combination of the white nations of Western Europe and North America with the Latin Americans. Cuba represents the first Latin American defection. Western Europe's force is divided by its own internal economic conflicts, as well as by the French entrapment in the Algerian web; and its power is lessened by the many new Asian and African members.

Naturally enough, the new members want a bigger share in running the club, and it is upon this desire that Khrushchev has played. In West-

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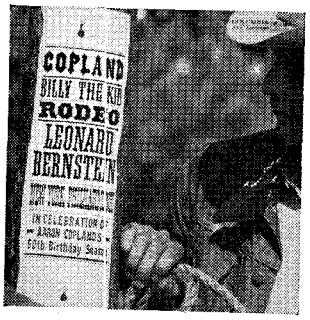
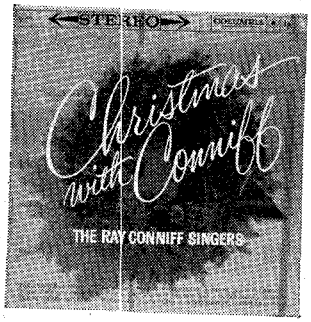
THE SOUND OF CHRISTMAS



THE COWBOY AND THE BALLET

Brisk as a prairie breeze is American composer Aaron Copland's pair of ballets—"Rodeo" and "Billy the Kid," coupled for the first time in high-stepping performances by LEONARD BERNSTEIN and the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC.

COPLAND: RODEO/BILLY THE KID/ML 5575/MS 6175*



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RAY CONNIFF, his chorus and orchestra, make crisply invigorating holiday music, old and new.

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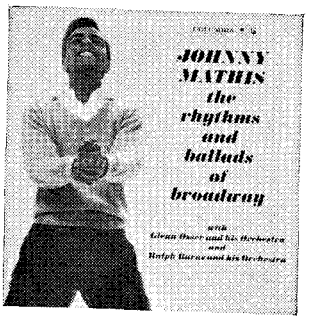
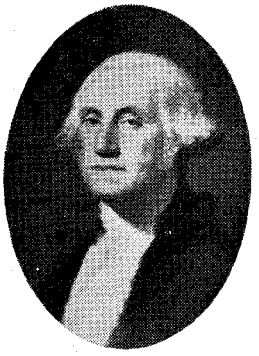
CARL ORFF: CARMINA BURANA ML 5498/MS 6163*



MATHIS ON BROADWAY

JOHNNY MATHIS explores the starlit world of Broadway's rhythms and ballads in a lavish two-record set.

THE RHYTHMS AND BALLADS OF BROADWAY/JOHNNY MATHIS/C2L 17 C2S 803*



SOUND OF REVOLUTION

The fiery days of our young Republic are re-created in "THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION," a living history book. It's a 62-page volume and "Lp" with music, posters and all manner of other 1776 calls-to-arms – including the muffled but moving sound of the Liberty Bell. Also articles by historians Arthur Schlesinger Sr., Marshall Davidson and composer Richard Bales. Unexpected touches are poet Robert Graves' evocation of the Loyalist anti-Revolution point of view and painter Larry Rivers' 20th century impression of George Washington crossing the Delaware.

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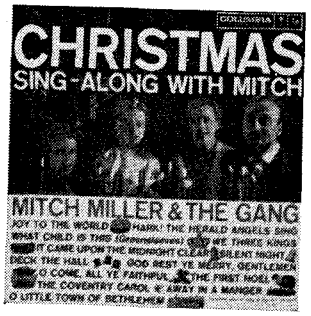

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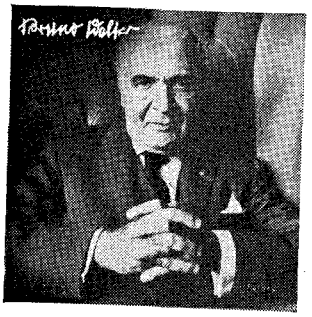
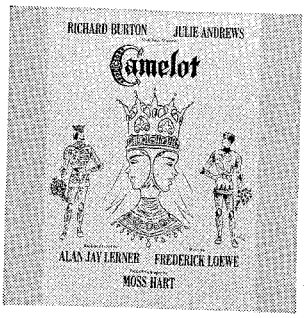


THE SOUND OF GENIUS

BRUNO WALTER, custodian of the true Brahms tradition, shepherds his four symphonies into the age of stereo with a handsomely boxed set of ennobling performances. Accompanying the records is a twelve-page retrospective picture-biography, lovingly authored by his daughter.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC OF BRAHMS COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA M4L 252/M4S 615*

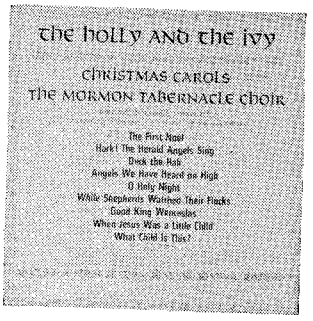


NEW SOUND ON BROADWAY/"CAMELOT"

LERNER AND LOEWE, the magicians who conjured up "My Fair Lady," cast an even lovelier spell with their latest musical triumph, "Camelot." This charmer is compounded of old English legend and enchanted new melodies. The Broadway cast recording brings it all miraculously home for Christmas.

A happy added note: There are other sounds of "Camelot" too. Conductor-arranger PERCY FAITH concocts an elegant instrumental version of the score. Pianist ANDRE PREVIN and his trio frolic through a witty jazz impression.

CAMELOT/ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING/KOL 5620/KOS 2031*



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"The Holly and the Ivy" is the sound of Christmas that soars from the huge but gentle-voiced MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR. This album of seventeen carols is encased in a festive gold, red and green jacket that's prettily ready for giving.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY/CHRISTMAS CAROLS BY THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR/ML 5592/MS 6192*

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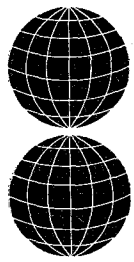

ern eyes, the Soviet boss has overplayed his hand, especially in his boorishness, his vindictive and even vile language, and his assaults on the parliamentary decorum that generally has marked UN procedure. But it is a foolish American who thinks the rest of the world reacts to these excesses as he does. A majority of the member nations have no real legislative process; verbal assassination is common in the Middle East and Asia and is growing so in Africa; and the veneer of good manners is often paper thin in many quarters of the world, including our own.

Khrushchev rattles his missiles

Far more important for the future is an assessment of Khrushchev's aims and attitudes. The Khrushchev themes are several: the shifting balance of power, the continuing role of colonialism in parts of Asia and Africa, the deep, abiding hopes of millions around the globe that somehow disarmament can be achieved. On the first, the United States, involved as it has been in a presidential election campaign, refuses to admit any change in its power status. On the second, the United States, because of its NATO commitments to the colonial powers (Britain, France, Portugal especially), often is trapped by what appears to be guilt by association.

On the third, the Soviet talk of total disarmament may be the monstrous fraud most Western diplomats believe it to be, but it has undeniably vast appeal, and the U.S. response to it often seems hesitant, obfuscated by demands for inspection and controls. Khrushchev seems to have convinced many that all the United States wants is to control the present level of arms, not really to disarm at all, and that the American demand for inspection is only an excuse for espionage.

Using these themes, Khrushchev rattles his missiles, makes his threats, and does his best to throw fear into all those who do not see his version of the truth. The extent to which this sort of blackmail is effective is difficult to gauge, but it undeniably has a measure of effect. Khrushchev's assault on the UN role in the Congo, for example, certainly will make it far more difficult for the United Nations not only to resolve that tangled problem but also to move effectively in future cases of like nature, perhaps in Laos or elsewhere.

The matter of raw power can be altered only by a change in the American defense posture, and certainly some changes lie ahead under the new Administration. But beyond that problem, where it will take years to bring a major change, the other themes on which Khrushchev plays can be met by a more effective diplomacy. Neither Secretary Dulles nor Secretary Herter put as good a face on his policy as he might have; often the facts have been on the American side, but wide segments of world opinion have thought otherwise. There is a certain style to effective diplomacy. The challenge to the next Secretary of State to create a positive, meaningful style to his action is a very great one indeed.

The Administration on the defensive

The almost wholly negative attitude of the Eisenhower Administration toward the vast gathering at the United Nations is a case in point. Once Khrushchev said he was coming and would bring his satellites, the United States passed the word to its closest friends not to send their Presidents and Prime Ministers. President Eisenhower himself intended to speak at the United Nations only after Khrushchev had left. But Khrushchev not only brought his satellites; he enticed a vast number of important neutrals, including India's Nehru, to come as well. And so the United States grudgingly began to alter its policy: the President's speech was moved ahead of Khrushchev's, and he did meet in his hotel suite, on two trips to New York, with a number of important visitors, and more were later invited to Washington. But neither Egypt's Nasser nor Yugoslavia's Tito, first-time visitors to the United States, were encouraged to see anything but New York City.

When Tito, Nehru, Sukarno, Nasser, and Nkrumah joined in a so-called neutralist resolution urging the two great leaders to renew their contacts broken at the Paris Summit Conference, both Eisenhower and Khrushchev in effect said no. But the United States so badly handled the neutralists' effort that Khrushchev was left in a more favorable position than Eisenhower. When Khrushchev demanded a full debate on colonialism and on his resolution to call for immediate freedom for all still unfree, the United States had to join in the favorable vote to avoid isolation.

Neither of these cases reflected impossible positions for the United States. But they were not well handled, chiefly because the Administration had started out in a defensive position. In a world of total conflict between the two major systems, one side cannot dismiss as sheer propaganda a major assault by the other.

Khrushchev has not swerved one iota from the basic Communist aim to make the whole world

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Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

Portrait of the reason for Puerto Rico's "Operation Bootstrap"

THIS little Puerto Rican girl is attending her sister's confirmation. She is not quite sure what's going on. But she knows it's rather important. Her parents said so.

Before long, she will understand the muslin-misted beauty of this somewhat puzzling day. And she will be hoping to find much the same beauty in her daily life. Puerto Rico is doing its best to see that she will not be disappointed.

Speaking of Puerto Rico and the future, Governor Muñoz has this advice.

"Operation Bootstrap has already brought us new industries, fatter pay checks and fuller larders. But prosperity is not an end in itself. If we don't make our new industrial biceps serve the quiet mind and the gentle spirit, we shall have gained nothing."

When you go to Puerto Rico, notice the children—how courteous they are, how proud they seem, and how easily they laugh. Such things tell you more about "Operation Bootstrap" than any economic report.

For this is no blueprint for automatons. It is a dedicated effort to make this island a good place to be born. A good place to grow up. And a place that anybody would be proud to call home.

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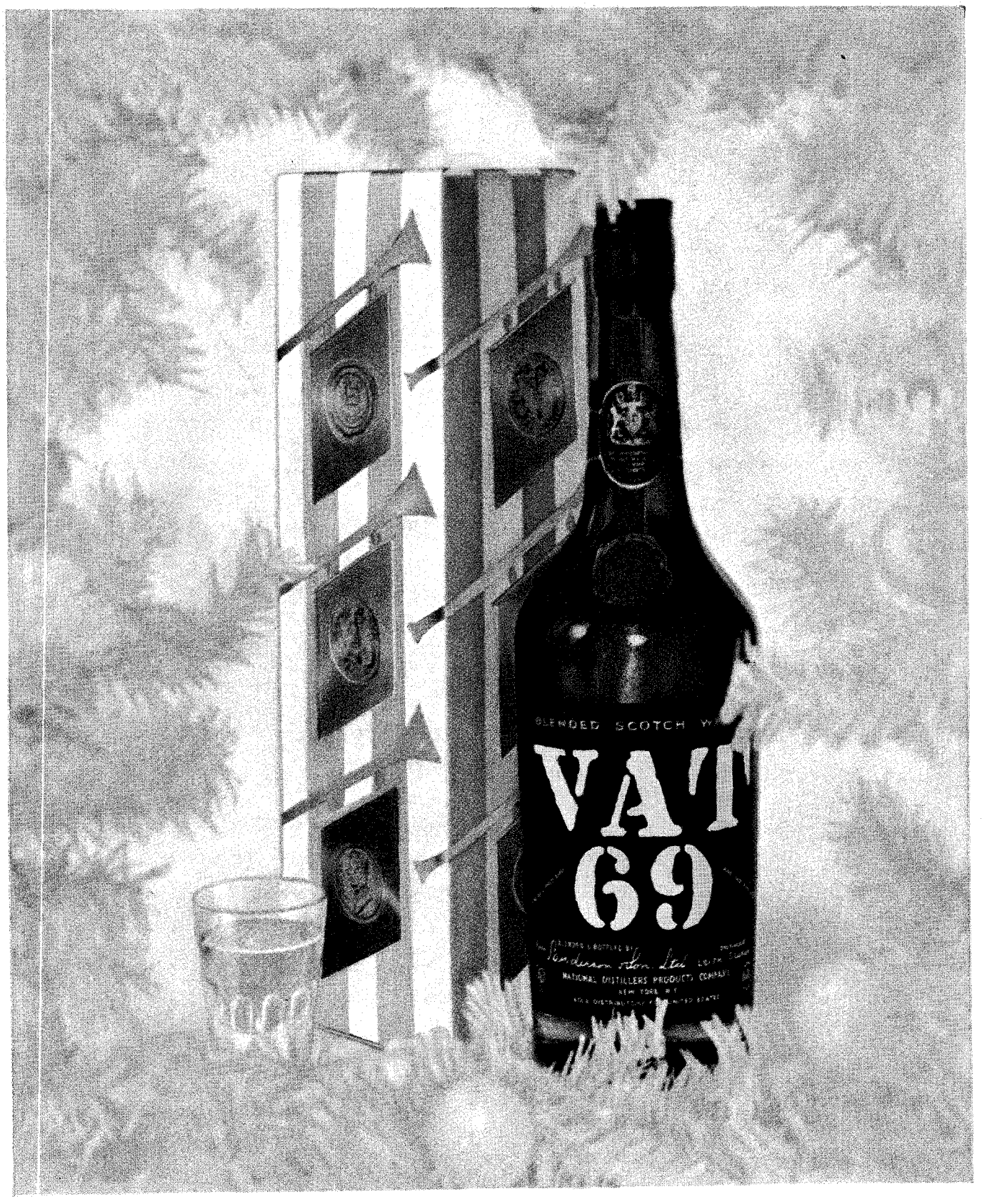

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Communist. But he does recognize that nuclear weapons make war an impossible method of obtaining Communist ends, as long as there is a reasonably even balance of power. It was for this reason that, at the Twentieth Party Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in 1956, he reversed previous doctrine and declared that war with the capitalist world no longer was inevitable. The Red Chinese have been quarreling with Khrushchev because they do not accept that reversal, probably since they do not understand the nature of nuclear weapons as well as the Soviets do.

Part of the American problem is that Americans tend to be idealists and tend to believe that there must be some way to come to terms with the Soviet Union; witness the great hopes at the time of the "Spirit of Camp David" little more than a year ago. These hopes are, of course, widely shared around the globe. This is one reason why Khrushchev's "complete and total disarmament" has such a wide appeal.

In trying to match the Soviet appeal, the United States has given the impression that total disarmament might even be possible. But in reality, Washington is dubious. Dulles used to say that the very word "disarmament" was a misnomer, which it is, but no one has come up with an acceptable substitute. "Arms control" may be more realistic, but it lacks emotional appeal.

Red China in the UN

The admission of Red China to the United Nations is certain to be a major problem for the new Administration in Washington. This year, for the tenth time, the United States was able to muster the votes to postpone even consideration of the issue, but for the first time it could not muster a majority of the total membership. Only the many abstentions among the Afro-Asian nations prevented the United States from having to face up to the issue itself this time. The fact is that, as bad as many nations believe the Peiping regime to be, they feel that the United Nations should be a universal organization — a stand taken, in fact, by Dulles before he became Secretary of State but reversed when he entered the Cabinet after the Korean War was in progress.

It is possible that there was a time when U.S. leadership at the United Nations might have forced a two-Chinas solution with an Assembly seat for Taiwan and the Security Council seat provided in the charter for "China" going to the Peiping government along with an Assembly chair. But that day has long passed. To resolve this issue, the new Administration will have to reassess in the broadest terms our policy of isolation of the Peiping government and find a way to alter that policy.

Challenge to the new President

As to the United Nations' future, much depends on how far the Soviets carry Khrushchev's denunciation of Hammarskjöld and of the present structural setup. Minor changes to give more representation in the Secretariat to the Asians and Africans are quite probable. There will be no tripartite secretary-generalship, however, for that would require a change in the charter, which the West would veto.

Hammarskjöld has thrown himself on the mercy of the small nations which make up the bulk of the membership in numbers. The question here is how much fear Khrushchev has created. If the United States increases its economic aid and technical assistance through the United Nations, it will help increase the appeal of the world organization. The leaders of smaller nations know that the United Nations is their sole protector against the big powers.

The world is now in a period of rapid change. Khrushchev is doing his best to push it along faster than the pace the United States would like. The United Nations has been a major instrument for peace, and despite the Soviet assault on it, it can continue that role. But it will take more than American words of praise for the organization and for Hammarskjöld; it will take a revitalized policy around the world into which the United Nations is closely fitted. This, then, is the challenge to the new Administration.

MIDDLE MAN

Khrushchev and company are much given to attributing everything they don't like about the United States to "the tycoons of Wall Street" — as if Wall Street ran the country. Well, of course, nothing could be further from the truth. To say that Wall Street runs the country is rather like saying that the earth, not the sun, is the center of our planetary system.

Let Khrushchev and company consider the facts. American industry, not being state-owned, needs private capital to operate. That capital comes largely from one source: individual investors who are willing to risk their dollars to buy stock in companies they hope will prosper and bring them a good return.

Wall Street is just a kind of middle man, collecting money from investors and passing it along to industry, exchanging cash for securities, providing a market place where investors can trade those securities. In short, the business of Wall Street is service — to both investors and industry.

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The successful recovery of unharmed animals from both American and Russian space vehicles in recent months will stand as a milestone in the history of mankind. Inevitably, man himself will be the passenger. The Russians, who have a three-year head start on the Americans, will soon try to put an astronaut into space. As for our own program, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration confidently predicts that we will have a manned vehicle aloft before the end of 1961.

NASA's manned-space-flight program, Project Mercury, is winding up its first phase and is about to enter a second, more spectacular series of operations. Until now attention has been concentrated on designing and testing the various elements, with results which can be summarized as follows:

The Mercury capsule, a man-carrying vehicle weighing little more than a ton, has been built and exhaustively tested but not yet flown into space. Some idea of its complexity can be gained from the fact that it carries seven miles of wiring in a cabin just big enough to hold one man.

A nonoperational capsule the same shape and weight as the Mercury capsule but made of boiler plate and lacking most of the complex operational devices has been carried 100 miles into space and almost to orbital speed in a test known as "Big Joe." Big Joe also tested the enormous rocket that will slam the capsule out into space. The pad — the launching platform — has been checked out.

The complex escape rocket mechanism has proved itself in a series of tests known as "Little Joe." The escape system consists of a small rocket mounted on a tower on the tip of the capsule nose. If anything goes wrong with the booster rocket on the pad or in the early stages of flight, creating danger of an explosion, the Mercury capsule is separated and hauled safely out of the danger area by the escape rocket (a parachute then lets the capsule down gently).

Ability of animals to survive the heat, noise, and stress of exit and re-entry has been demonstrated by tests in which two monkeys named Sam and Miss Sam, trained for the flight by University of Texas psychologists, were shot into space and recovered unharmed. Sam's recovery also showed the effectiveness of the vitally important tracking and recovery system that must locate the Mercury vehicle on its return and recover its occupant and instruments immediately.

The ability of the pilot, supported by a form-fitting couch, to withstand the enormous pressures of gravity on take-off and re-entry has been tested successfully in Navy laboratories.

The space pilots have been chosen — seven highly skilled test pilots on loan to NASA from the Navy, Marine Corps, and Air Force — and are now undergoing rigorous training.

Manned flights into space

The next phase, putting all the devices together into an operational system and starting actual flights, is scheduled to begin during the final months of 1960, when a Redstone booster rocket will take a Mercury vehicle some 125 miles above the earth. Reaching a top speed of 4000 mph, the vehicle will have to withstand forces of 6 G during take-off and as much as 12 G during the return to earth. The whole flight will require sixteen and a half minutes.

The first of these test flights will carry only instruments. Later a chimpanzee will take the ride. The final flights will carry a pilot, who will be weightless for five and a half minutes during mid-flight, more than five times the period of weightlessness heretofore possible.

Up to this point, all will be ballistic flights in which the path of the vehicle is determined entirely by the initial push of the booster rocket. These expeditions will give invaluable information on the reactions of man and materials, serving as a preliminary to the next step, orbital flight. For this, the vehicle will be accelerated to a speed of 17,500 mph, at which centrifugal force will just balance the pull of gravity and the vehicle will

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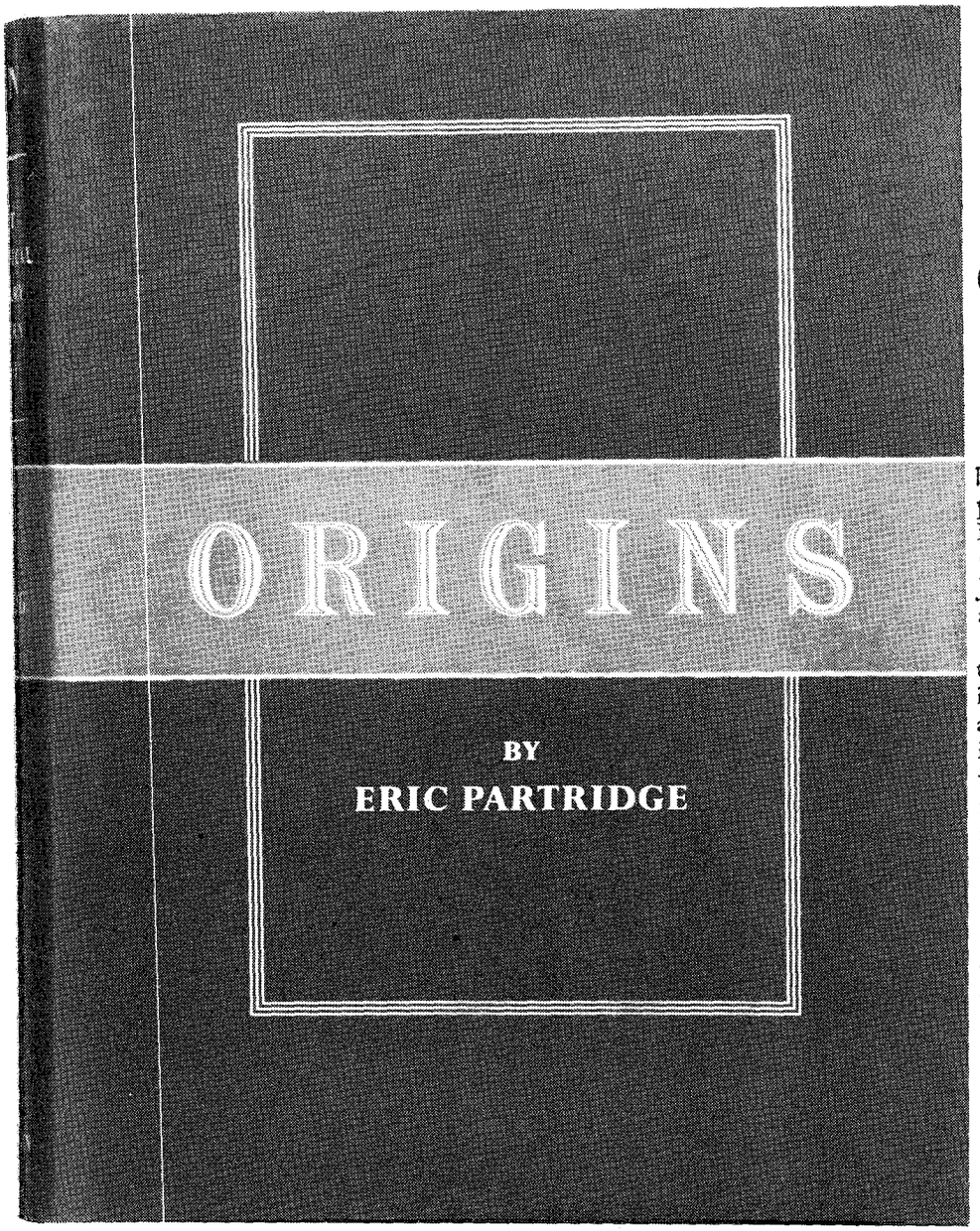

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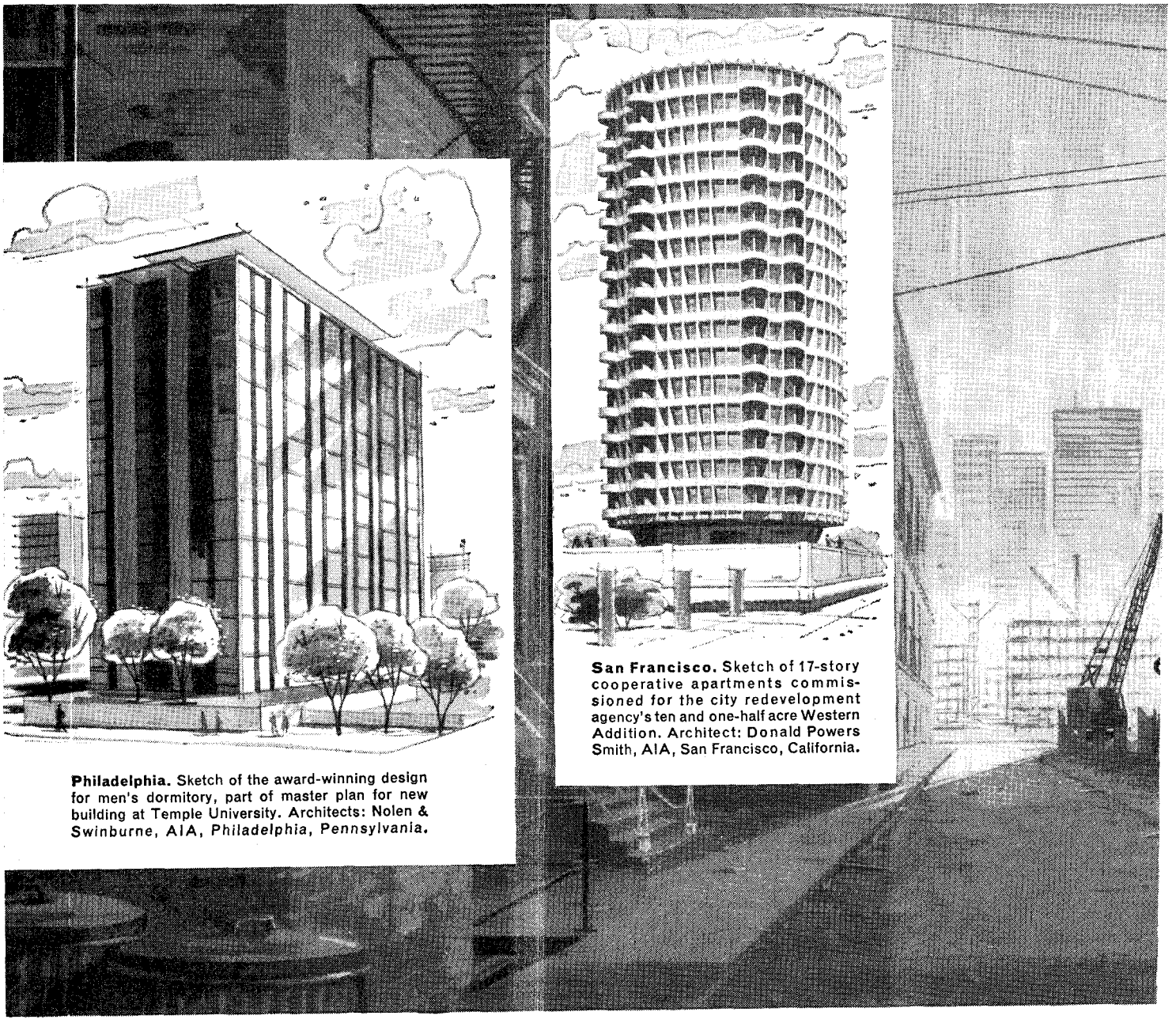

Philadelphia. Sketch of the award-winning design for men's dormitory, part of master plan for new building at Temple University. Architects: Nolen & Swinburne, AIA, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

San Francisco. Sketch of 17-story cooperative apartments commissioned for the city redevelopment agency's ten and one-half acre Western Addition. Architect: Donald Powers Smith, AIA, San Francisco, California.

URBAN RENEWAL for America

...and concrete is giver

Slums are dramatic in their need for rebuilding. But perceiving eyes see signs of the same depressing decay in "better" neighborhoods, and in business and industrial areas of America's cities.

The need to reclaim the nation's worn-out cities even now is a pressing problem. Add the necessity to accommodate 55 million more people in the next 15 years and *urban* renewal becomes *urgent* renewal, deserving of the active interest and energies of all public-spirited Americans.

Much is now being done. Urban renewal and development programs are now under way in 45 of our 50 states. Cities claiming half of the nation's total urban population are restoring and reconstructing, tearing down and buil ing anew, safeguarding property values and preventi the further spread of blight.

Firetrap slum houses replaced with multi-story mode apartments—this is urban renewal. So are widened stree new public buildings, schools and civic centers. Urban r newal means expressways to end traffic congestion, a everything from new sidewalks to water mains and bett sewers. Parks, recreation centers, playgrounds are in t master planning, too.

In such total renewal, of course, concrete earns a vit role. Its strength, resistance to time's erosion, and potent

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATIO

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concr

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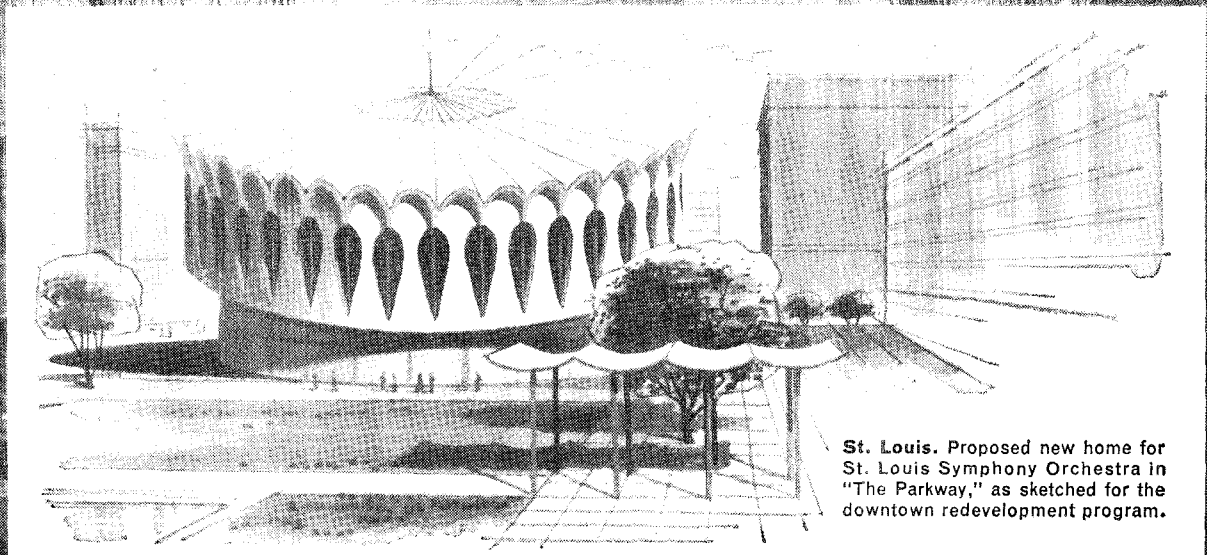
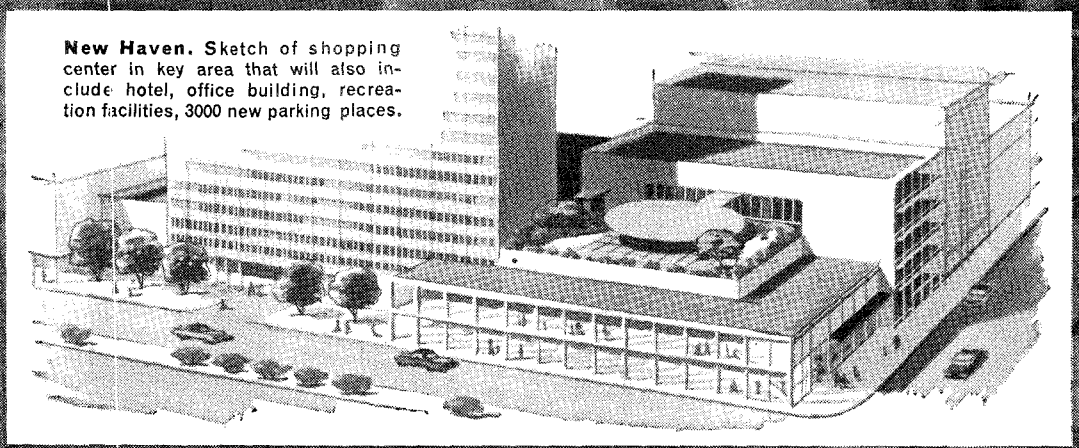


St. Louis. Proposed new home for St. Louis Symphony Orchestra in "The Parkway," as sketched for the downtown redevelopment program.



New Haven. Sketch of shopping center in key area that will also include hotel, office building, recreation facilities, 3000 new parking places.

has become urgent renewal

a vital new role

r dramatic beauty, make it a material favored by plan-ers and builders.

Support of urban renewal is a responsibility recognized r the 74 progressive (and competing) member companies the Portland Cement Association. Through engineers id specialists in 34 nationwide offices of this nonprofit ganization, the cement industry is cooperating with city anners, providing architects, engineers and contractors ith up-to-date technical information and design aids, st-saving data, and research findings.

Such assistance is helping to ensure that our renewed ies will have a long, bright future.

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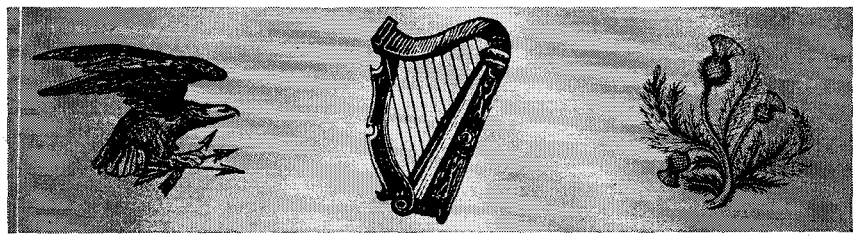
(*A Burnished, Emphatic Flavour Guide*)

WHAT DOES IRISH WHISKEY TASTE LIKE?

IT is very hard, we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] find, to describe a flavour except in comparison to other flavours. So here we shall try to show more or less where burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey falls in the taste spectrum:



AMERICAN WHISKEY	IRISH WHISKEY	SCOTCH WHISKY

Thus, if you know what Scotch and American Whiskeys taste like you can get some idea of what to expect from Irish Whiskey. But what cannot be shown on any chart is how thoroughly you will enjoy the delicious differences of Irish Whiskey now you know what to taste for.

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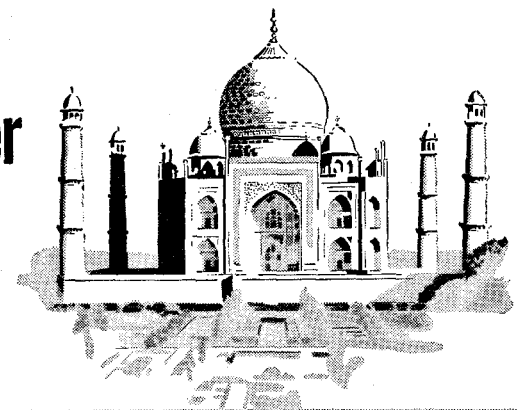
every traveler knows what this is.



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go into orbit around the earth at a 120-mile altitude. The Atlas rocket, considerably more powerful than Redstone, will power this push.

The first orbital flights will carry instruments and animals. When piloted flights begin, the automatic controls will continue to function, but the astronaut will be responsible for switching to manual controls if the automatic devices fail. The pilot will have plenty to check. Sitting strapped to his couch, the pilot faces an elaborate instrument panel. In the center is a periscope through which he can see what is happening on the "bottom" side of the capsule. A window at head level gives him a "topside" view. At the top of his instrument panel are the flight instruments. At the right a series of lights will flash an alarm if any of the cabin systems — air, pressure, and so forth — fail. At his left, hand controls are ready if he needs them.

The booster rocket's job is finished when the capsule has attained its orbit, and the vehicle is separated from the booster by firing small separation rockets. An automatic attitude-control system then realigns the capsule so that its blunt end, behind the pilot's back, is forward, in order to increase atmospheric resistance when the vehicle starts to return to earth, and to slow it down. Once in this position, the vehicle makes three ninety-minute orbits. Then reverse rockets cut the speed by 350 mph, allowing gravity to overcome centrifugal force and pull the vehicle back to earth. As the vehicle enters the atmosphere, air resistance slows it down. At about 700 mph, a parachute, released automatically, holds it back still more till it finally lands at only 20 mph.

To the moon and back

With the experience gained from ballistic and orbital flights, we will launch still more ambitious expeditions. Orbital flights around the moon will be the first goal, with instruments and animals again paving the way for man. Re-entry speed after a moon flight will be

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ABOUT EARNING AN INCOME -AS AGREED

When a man buys shares in a company, he is investing his money to work for him, to earn an income.

When an employee works for a company, he invests his mind and his muscle to earn an income. This he agrees to do: so much investment of his skills for so much money.

The man who invests his money invests his whole dollar—he *cannot* hold back part of it. The man who invests his skills has a natural instinct to deliver a full day's work for a full day's wages. However, conditions have been developing in many industries that virtually encourage an employee to hold back part of what he has agreed to deliver.

These conditions are weakening the age-old American tradition of a pound for a pound. Correcting them can go a long way toward strengthening the moral fiber of the whole national character.

REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

Republic Steel products meet wide public need

It is the responsibility of management to use both invested dollars and invested man-hours to the most rewarding advantage of shareholders and employees.

One way to do this is through the manufacture of dependable products for which there is a wide public need. One of Republic Steel's most widely used products is Electro Paintlok® Steel Sheets for such things as garage doors, vending machines, mobile homes, and exterior panels for scores of appliances and cabinets. This electro-galvanized steel is given a special chemical treatment to make paint stick through bumps and scrapes and to keep these products new-looking longer.

These rigid steel sheets—strong as only steel is strong—resist corrosion even when painted surfaces are scratched through.

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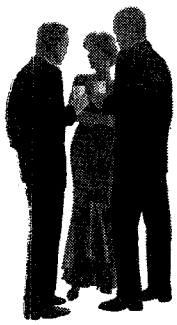
A Scotch with Authority



light, but not thin

You'll never find a *gentler* Scotch than Bell's. Yet its taste has real *authority*.

Bell's "12" (Royal Vat) Mellowed for twelve years in the wood, it has reached the age of greatness.

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more than the Mercury capsule can endure, and a stronger vehicle, as well as more powerful rockets, will be designed. Eventually the huge Saturn rocket system, the first of whose three stages provides 1.5 million pounds thrust, will launch six- to twenty-ton satellites and send large payloads to the moon.

Re-entry from a moon flight poses navigation as well as stress problems. If the vehicle re-enters the earth's atmosphere at too sharp an angle, it will slow down too quickly and destroy the passenger. If it comes in at too slight an angle, it will be at an altitude so high that there will not be enough atmosphere to slow the vehicle, which will keep going and never land. The difficulty is tremendous. A space vehicle that cannot maneuver would have to hit a corridor only seven miles wide. A much more complicated craft that can change direction would still have only a sixty-mile corridor. As a NASA scientist has expressed it: "The skin on an apple is a little less than one per cent of the apple's diameter. So this guidance problem of hitting the entry corridor is just about the same guidance problem that William Tell would have had if he had had to shoot the skin off the apple instead of just hitting the apple. Now, that sounds like a rather severe guidance requirement, and it is difficult, but not impossible."

There is an additional complication: space probes and satellites have revealed that two radiation belts clutch the earth at altitudes of 500 to 50,000 miles, with gaps above the poles. Although we still do not know how great a hazard these will be, it is believed that the radiation could be harmful or fatal to human beings. Ballistic and orbital flights can keep below the radiation level, but vehicles going to the moon or beyond will have to either carry very heavy shielding or try to find ways to depart and re-enter through the polar gaps.

Other special dangers will face the space pilot. Cosmic rays will be a threat to the sensitive portions of his body, such as the retina of the eye. Meteors may puncture the skin of the space vehicle or wear away its surface; a big one could even destroy it. Still another hazard is the outbursts of high-energy protons shot into the earth's upper atmosphere during periods of solar activity.

NASA has mapped out a schedule of operations that envisages flights to the vicinity of Mars and Venus. Before these can be planned in detail, much information must be gathered, bigger booster rockets built and tested, larger capsules designed. NASA is already holding preliminary discussions with contractors about the construction of an Apollo capsule that will carry a crew of three instead of one lonely astronaut. The space program as a whole is expected to cost $1.5 billion a year during the next decade. Only a portion of this, of course, is devoted to manned flight; Project Mercury will spend slightly more than $100 million during the current fiscal year.

Why are we doing all this? Project Mercury itself is described officially as a means of determining man's capabilities in a space environment. Beyond this are the three objectives of the American space program: "to understand the nature of the control exerted by the sun over events on the earth; to learn the nature and origin of the universe, including the solar system; and to search for the origin of life and its presence outside the earth."

These are awesome goals. But the average man will perhaps be more intimately concerned with the suggestion of one scientist that space exploration may take the place of war in our society. It is too early to say whether man's movement into space will be William James's sought-for moral equivalent of war; but certainly the world hopes desperately that Russia and the United States will continue to launch their giant rockets spaceward instead of at each other.

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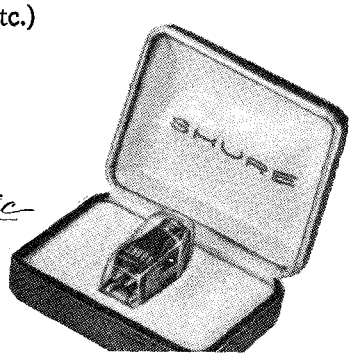

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Science and Industry

the advantages of permeability, elasticity, and pliability that distinguish the natural product. Developed jointly by Armour Leather and United Shoe Machinery, the new product is made by converting the collagen in the hide to a solution which is combined with the hide fibers and pressed into a continuous sheet. Collagen is the material of the connective tissue of the skin.

The material will have definite advantages over tanned leather: it will utilize the entire hide, eliminating the present wasteful necessity of trimming; it will not be subject to the irregularities of size and thickness that occur naturally in hides. The material can also be embossed with a grain or dyed any color, and possibly molded into precast shapes.

Insulation

Anyone who has slept on a park bench knows that newspapers keep out the cold. Now a Nevada corporation has put the insulating qualities of newsprint to work in a big way. United States Insulation Corporation mixes disintegrated newspapers with boric acid to produce pellets, called Thermo-K, which it asserts have a much lower heat-loss factor than more conventional materials. The manufacturers say Thermo-K is also three times lighter than competing insulation (a four-inch layer covering 1200 feet would weigh 600 pounds, while the same amount of rock wool or glass wool would weigh 1800 pounds) and contains many more air voids. It also resists moisture absorption, repels all kinds of insects and vermin, and will take a 4000° F. blast from a blowtorch without burning.

The material is already available as fill, batts, or boards, and U.S. Insulation plans to make shingles, building blocks, and industrial insulation. It is also ready to build and equip a Thermo-K plant for someone else to operate.

Purifilter

Travelers and campers can always be sure of clean, pure water by taking their own water-filter system with them. Pocket-size — it weighs less than a pound — the Purifilter consists of a rubber bulb with which you can force water through a filter composed of particles of asbestos. Eight squeezes of the bulb will fill an ordinary drinking glass. The asbestos particles carry either negative or positive charges, which attract bacteria and the larger viruses and hold them in the filter system, where they are destroyed by insoluble bacteria-killing chemicals.

This charged-particle system, an adaptation of a method used by airlines to filter drinking water, makes it possible to use a filter coarse enough for the water to go through easily. The filter removes any suspended matter — chlorine, fluorine, sulphur, organic tastes and odors, mud, and sand. It does not work with ocean water because the heavy concentration of salt immediately clogs the filter. The cartridge will continue to produce clean water until it is clogged. It may last as long as three months in daily use with relatively clear water. The device, with one replacement cartridge, costs $12.95.

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ATLANTIC

readers will receive a

Special Supplement on

SPAIN TODAY

Articles, poems, stories

from Spanish writers

in and out of Spain

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America's women wield some mighty "clubs"!

IN 1868 an American newspaper woman, Mrs. Jennie June Croly, was barred from a press club testimonial dinner for Charles Dickens because she was a woman. Angry and determined, she and eleven of her newspaper sisters formed "Sorosis," America's first women's club.

Today, less than a century later, over 35,000,000 American women are women's club members. Joining together to accomplish good things that no one woman could do alone, these women are organized into more than 200,000 varied and useful clubs.

Just how mighty are these women's clubs? Mighty enough to play a major role in the formation of the first Federal Child Labor Law. Mighty enough to become a strong force in the adoption of the Pure Food and Drug Act and workmen's compensation acts. Today they build community hospitals...fill libraries...support churches... contribute to the public welfare of every community in our country.

Does your wife belong to a women's club? Why did she join? Isn't it because she knows that her desire to improve her own family's life must extend beyond her own home. She knows this desire must reach out into her local community, to her country, and the world.

There are many ways in which your wife works to bring better living into your home. Some are big—like her membership in a women's club. Some may be small —like the little luxuries she brings home with S&H Green Stamps.

Whether your wife is seen in her role as one of the millions of women, shopping for half the families in America, who save S&H Green Stamps or as a member of one of the thousands of women's clubs serving communities across the nation, you can be sure she has but one basic goal—the happiness of her family.

An American Way of Thrift for 24,800,000 Families...

S&H *GREEN STAMPS*

Distributed since 1896 by The Sperry and Hutchinson Company

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THE first decade of Nationalist exile on Taiwan produced material results that come close to justifying the claim that the island has become the show window of Asia. Peasants working their rice in gaily colored plastic raincoats, tilling their fields with mechanical rotary hoes, and patronizing village shops that overflow with consumer goods are the outward signs of the good times.

Statistics confirm this visual evidence. Agricultural production is up by more than 50 per cent; industrial output has trebled; school attendance has reached 95 per cent. It is without doubt a singular record of growth under conditions of extraordinary difficulty, including the constant threat of war and invasion. It was facilitated by a vast American military and economic aid program costing nearly $3 billion, but it could not have been achieved without the skill and honesty of a large number of sophisticated and dedicated exiles from the mainland in whose capable hands the aid was efficiently administered.

Today, in this first year of the second decade of Nationalist exile, when external threats are as serious as ever, Taiwan faces a future in which internal physical limitations are in conflict with human needs and slowly awakening political desires. The island is 240 miles long and 90 miles wide at its broadest point, but rugged mountain ranges, with many peaks rising above 10,000 feet, confine the arable areas to a narrow western plain. The soil is rich and the climate benign, but even two or three crops of rice and vegetables a year, the scientific application of fertilizers, and the cultivation of new and better crop strains are no longer sufficient to cope, in terms of food production, with the increasing population, which now totals approximately 11 million.

A typhoon in August, 1959, reduced to bedrock several thousand acres of the island's best rice-producing land. This disaster, coupled with a drought early this year, revealed somewhat prematurely that Taiwan has become a food deficit area. This was a nasty shock. For, by the importation of 200,000 to 250,000 tons of wheat each year from the United States, the rapidly mounting ascendancy of population over agricultural production had been concealed. Even assuming continued wheat imports in similar quantities, within the next two or three years rice will have to be imported at a cost of roughly a hundred dollars a ton in precious foreign exchange.

The need for industry

This situation will inevitably shape the economic, and probably the political, future of Taiwan. If the burden is not to become insupportable, Taiwan will have to push on rapidly with industrialization. Superficially, the prospects seem bright enough. Hydroelectric power and labor are both cheap. The price of electricity to the consumer is 1.2 cents per kilowatt-hour, compared with 2.5 cents in Hong Kong and 1.5 cents in Japan. A skilled worker earns only $1.25 a day. The island thus possesses the means to underprice its rivals on the U.S. market, and its success in unfinished fabrics is one example of what can be achieved.

Installed power capacity is now only slightly more than 700,000 kilowatts. When all current hydroelectric and thermal power projects are in operation, perhaps by 1963, Taiwan will have an output of 1,250,000 kilowatts. It is questionable, however, whether the power will continue to be available at the existing prices. The rates are calculated to yield a return on evaluation of assets dating back to wartime and pre-war Japanese occupation. And in the great new dams that are appearing in the mountains, nature has been singularly unkind — and costly. Taiwan's crust is as full of holes as Stilton cheese, and time and again after dams have been built, the water has leaked away through unsuspected cracks and fissures, thereby adding heavily to estimated costs.

The military burden

Although able and efficient General Chen Cheng, the Vice President and Premier, is convinced that the pressing economic needs call for substantial industrial development, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who is still the absolute ruler,

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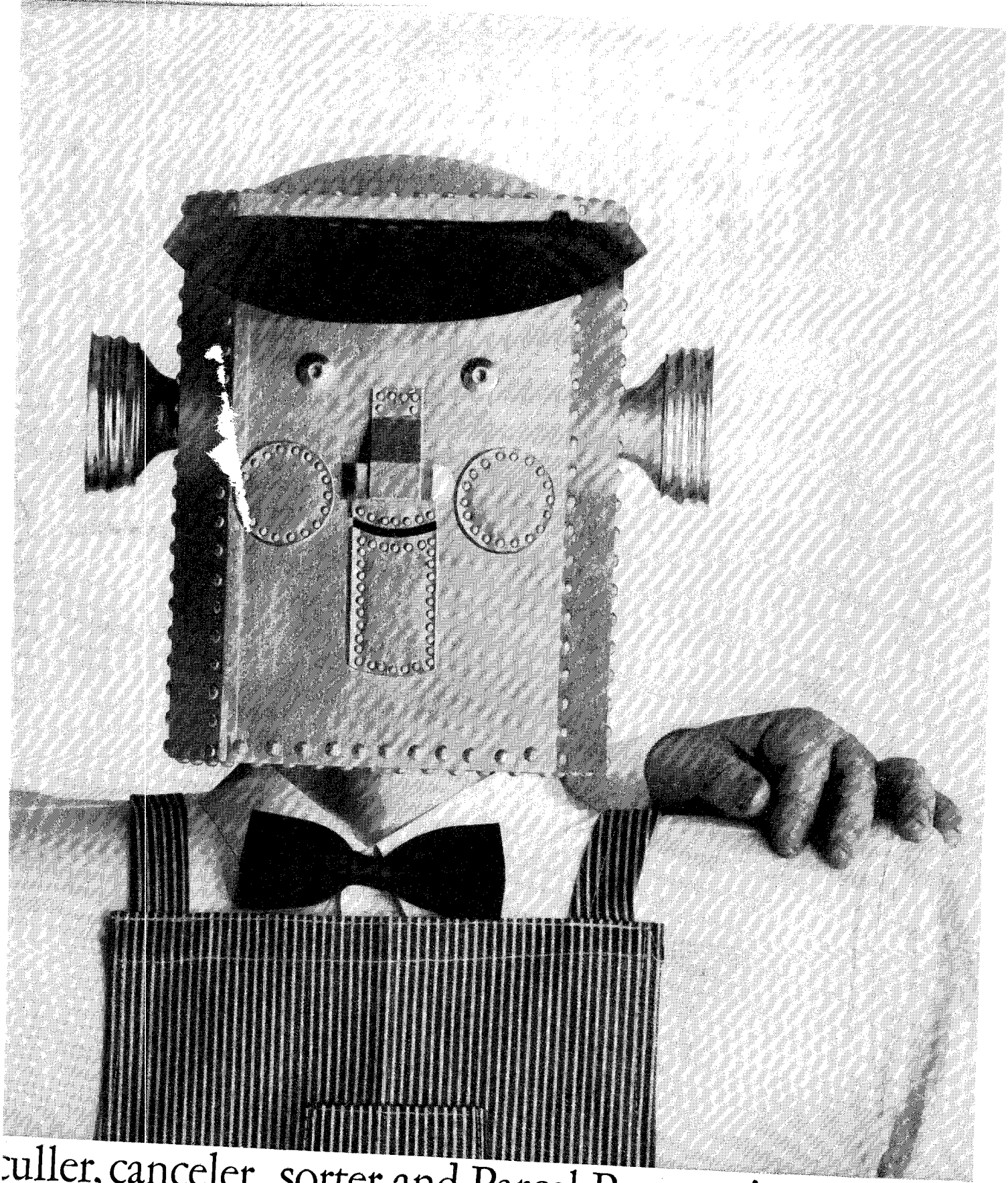

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is concerned with economic and political problems only insofar as they are related to military efficiency and planning. There is, therefore, a built-in, if unexpressed, resistance to making Taiwan too self-contained, since self-sufficiency might breed the twin evils of apathy and complacency, thereby sabotaging the doctrine of return to the mainland.

Despite the evident urgency of the economic situation, the government needed constant prodding by U.S. authorities in Taiwan to produce a serious developmental plan. It was published early this year and called for a balanced budget, banking reforms, and the encouragement of foreign capital. Even now, however, most of the plan is still merely in the talking stage. The prospects for a balanced budget are slim. The banking system is not designed to serve foreign investors, and the only foreign bank, which was set up specifically for trade agreement purposes, is Japanese. And finally, foreign investment looks either for security or quick profits, and so far it has seen the prospect of neither in Taiwan.

One obvious economy could be made by cutting the size of the military forces from their current strength of about 630,000. The Army has never looked better than it does today. It is the best-nourished, best-dressed, best-equipped part of the community, but it does contain a rising proportion of overage mainlanders whose retirement would improve the quality of the force.

Any meaningful move in this direction is inhibited by two factors: Chiang's own sense of loyalty to the men who followed him from the mainland, and the mystique which rejects the reduction of both the Army and the bureaucracy to the point where they would be large enough to embrace only Taiwan within their compass.

The dogged determination with which Chiang has resisted all Washington pressure to rationalize his position on the offshore islands, especially on the Quemoy group, where he has a third of his effectives deployed, flows from this mystique. Quemoy grows more heavily fortified and more strongly defended every year. To retreat militarily from the island now would be to retreat politically into the concept of "two Chinas," which is anathema to Peiping and Taipeh alike. Chiang is therefore determined to stay in the offshore islands and to suppress any political moves in Taiwan that seem likely to foster the two-Chinas heresy.

Mainlanders and Taiwanese

The palliative of rising living standards and the fact that the presence of the mainlanders on Taiwan kept out the Communists served to appease the native-born Taiwanese during the first decade of the Nationalists' government-in-exile. Chiang ruled by a judicious mixture of police controls and cautious political compromise. It is true that there were tensions and strains in the relationship between the Taiwanese and the much more sophisticated mainlanders, but these were not acute.

Elections have not always been completely honest, but there has been none of the ballot stuffing that precipitated the downfall of Syngman Rhee in Korea. On the contrary, the Kuomintang, in nominating candidates in provincial, county, municipal, city, and township assemblies, has usually been shrewd enough to prefer Taiwanese to mainlanders and potential vote winners to party stalwarts.

The result is that the membership of the provincial assembly is now 90 per cent Taiwanese, and though its decisions are subject to Cabinet review, the realization among influential mainlanders that the Taiwanese will one day hold the balance of power is reflected in the Cabinet's use of compromise rather than the veto.

On the national scene, the Taiwanese have little voice. Of the 1576 members of the National Assembly, only 26 are Taiwanese. However, there are now two Taiwanese members of the 15-member central standing committee of the Kuomintang, and the present Minister of the Interior, Lien Cheng-tung, is Taiwanese by birth.

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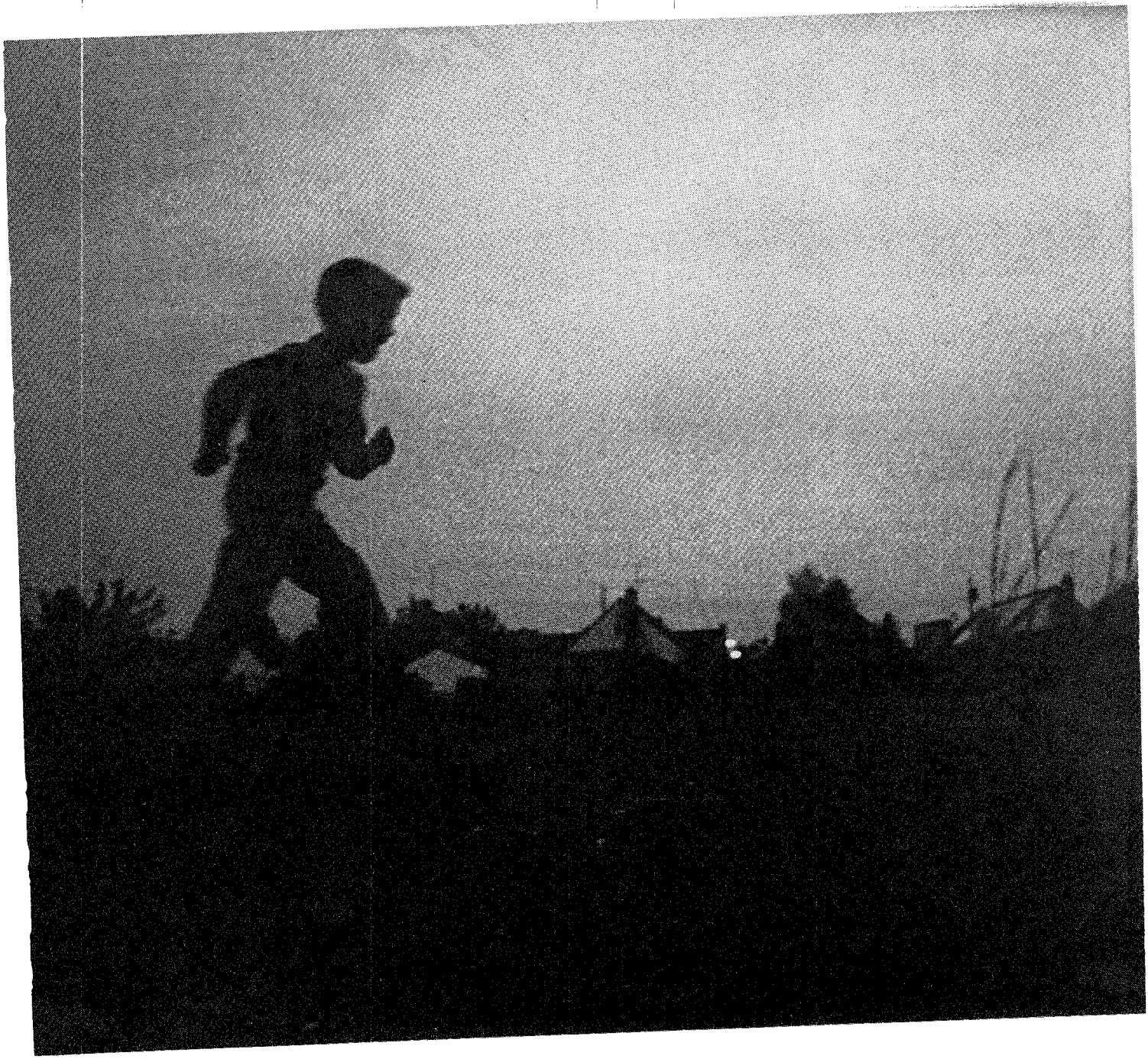

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Long before events in Korea lowered the political flash point in Taiwan, the Kuomintang was realistic enough to understand that controls needed to be balanced by reforms if the mainlanders and the Taiwanese were ever to establish an identity of purpose — the purpose being, of course, to oppose the Communists and return to the mainland.

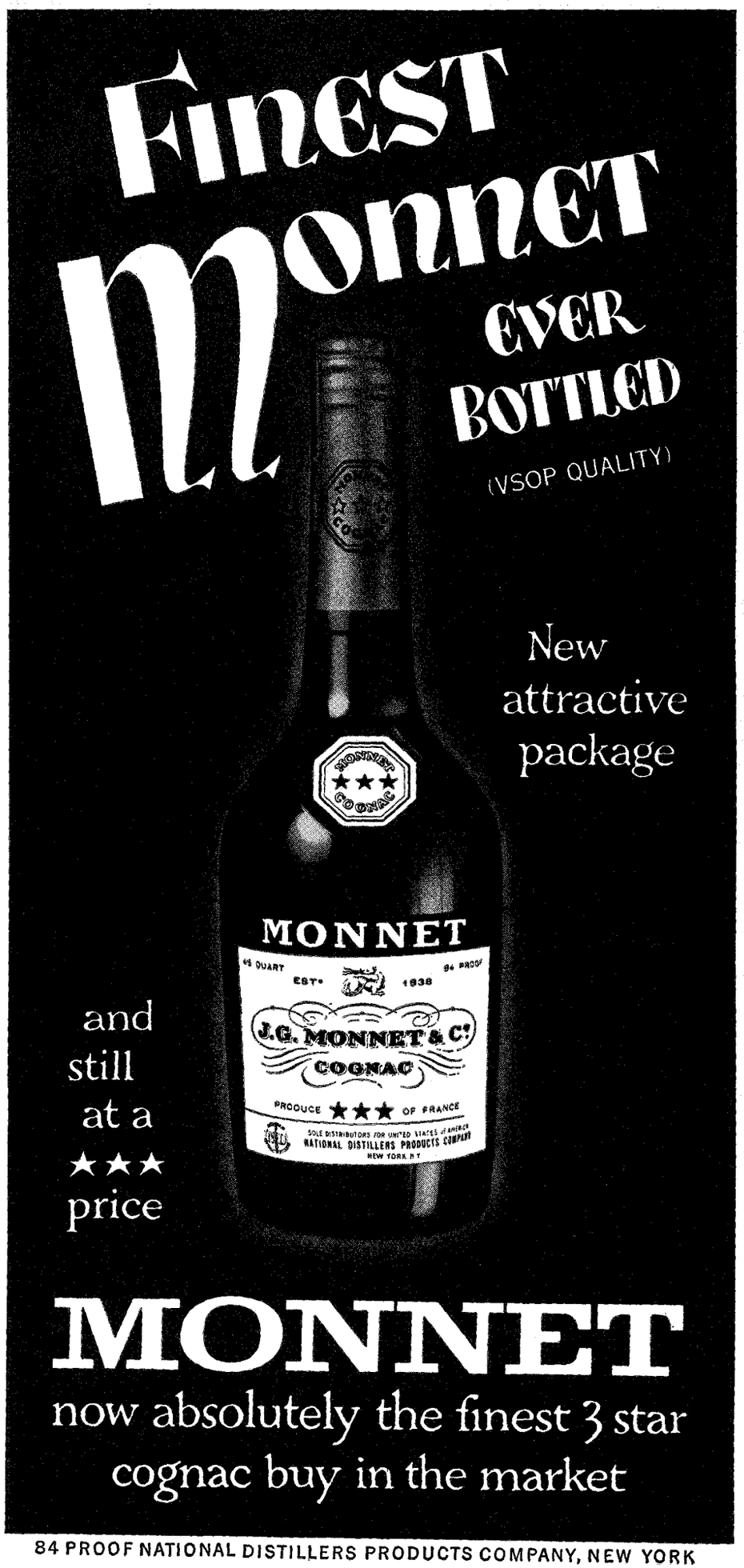
In pursuit of this objective, indoctrination begins in the kindergartens and continues through the secondary schools, the universities, and the Army, where Taiwanese youths are required to do a two-year stint. To the extent that Taiwan is genuinely anti-Communist and has no wish to sample Communist rule, the Kuomintang has succeeded. But indoctrination has failed, even among some mainlanders, to prevent a growing consciousness of the need for creating something more than a military base on Taiwan.

The new opposition

This concept is not quite an acceptance of two Chinas, an idea which most Taiwanese seem to reject as too utopian for practical consideration, but it is close enough to have caused the gravest official apprehensions when two mainlanders of some consequence, Lei Chen and Li Wan-chu, joined with a Taiwanese, Kao Yu-chu, in sponsoring a new opposition party.

Two such parties, the Young China Party and the Democratic Socialist Party, are officially recognized. The new party began life after the elections earlier this year as an "election reform group," and in this guise conducted a number of public meetings in the major cities. Arguing that the Constitution provided for freedom of assembly and expression, it deliberately flouted the martial law requirement that any gathering of more than seven people should be cleared by the military authorities.

While the authorities publicly expressed indifference to the group's political activities, many officials pri-



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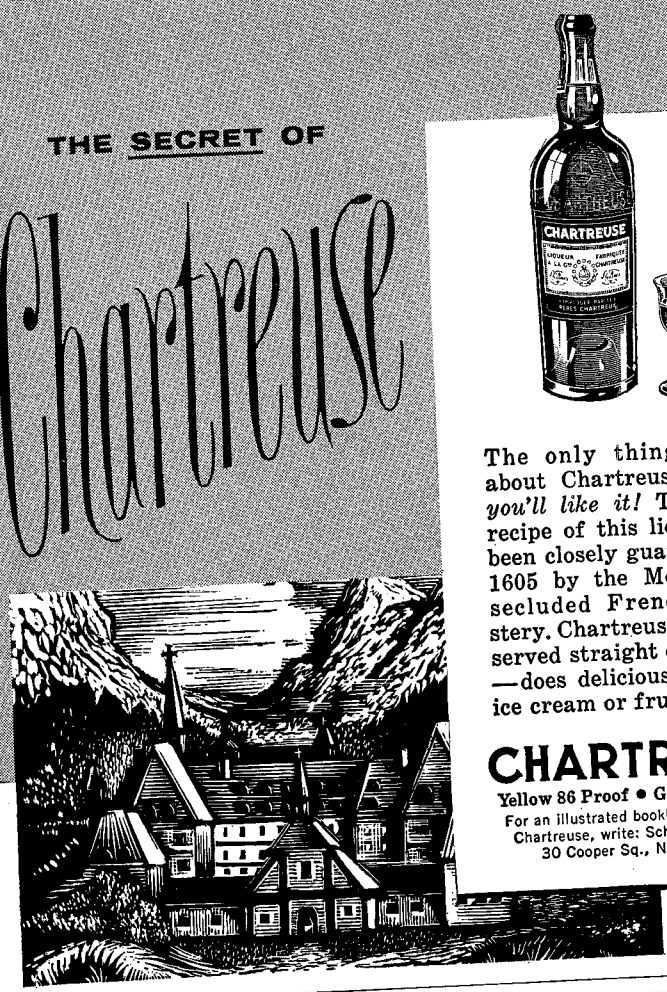

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vately indicated their concern. In their view, the absence of parliamentary machinery through which the new party might challenge the Kuomintang in the National Assembly did not preclude the use of extra-parliamentary methods of the Korean type. Moreover, there was concern with what seems to be a new fearlessness among the Taiwanese, who are increasingly critical about such grievances as taxation without adequate representation.

The public announcement early in September that the new group would henceforth be known as the China Democratic Party precipitated action by the secret police. Lei Chen, a former adviser to Chiang Kai-shek and publisher of the outspoken *Free China Fortnightly*, was arrested, charged with sedition, and sentenced to ten years. Officially, the charges were not related to the China Democratic Party.

From the Kuomintang point of view, the arrest of mainlander Lei in preference to Taiwanese Kao, who made numerous Kuomintang enemies during his term as mayor of Taipeh, from 1954 to 1957, was expedient and superficially adroit. What the Kuomintang did not appear to grasp, however, was that Le and the China Democratic Party were only the early rumblings o discontent which, though political in expression, is fundamentally economic in character.

The Nationalists are not yet face with a major political challenge. Fo the moment, the largely apolitica Taiwanese, who lack the backgroun of governmental style and procedur to enter the administration at th higher levels, find themselves bette off in private life. What they wan and expect, is a continuation of th gratifying upward curve in nationa income and living standards tha marked the first decade of Taiwan rule. The Taiwanese are gentle less revolutionary than the Korean but in the threat to their rice bow there is also a real threat to th Republic of China.

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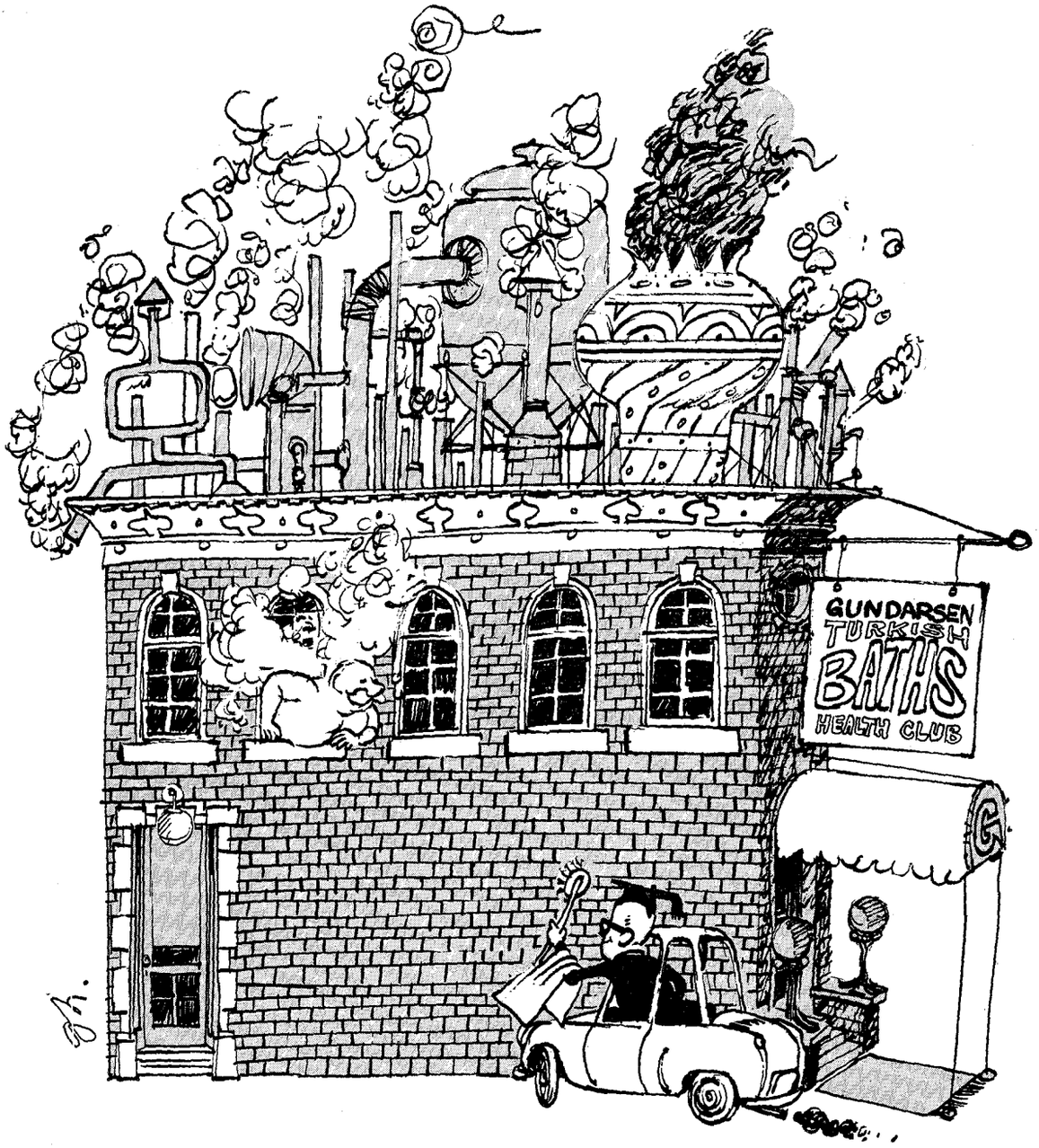

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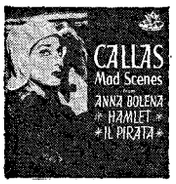

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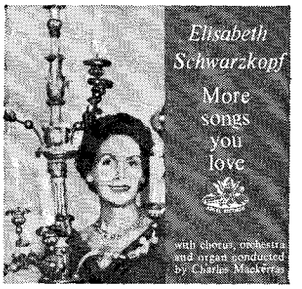

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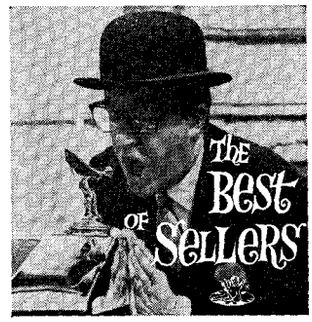

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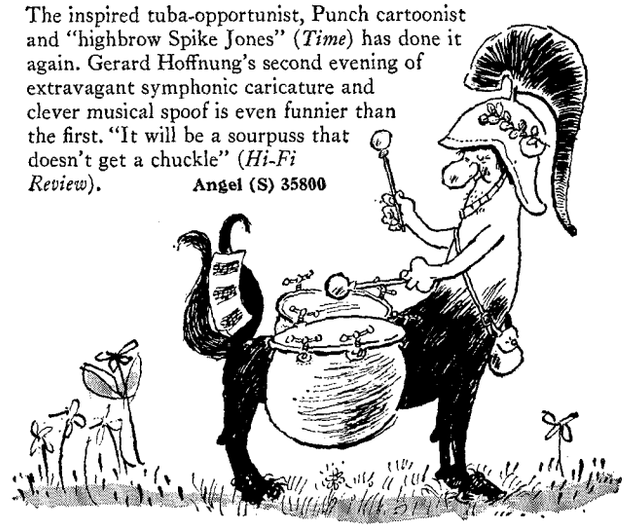

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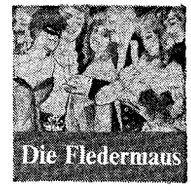
Mozart lovers have been waiting for this! A cast "as fine as could be assembled today" (*Opera News*) with 31-year-old *Eberhard Wächter* as Don Giovanni. *Elisabeth Schwarzkopf* as Elvira; the phenomenal Australian soprano, *Joan Sutherland*, as Donna Anna; *Giuseppe Taddei* as Leporello; *Graziella Sciutti* as Zerlina; *Luigi Alva* as Don Ottavio. Conducted by *Carlo Maria Giulini*, with the Philharmonia Orch. and Chorus. 8 sides, with complete bi-lingual libretto. **Angel (S) 3605 D/L**

DIE FLEDERMAUS



Viennese operetta never had it so good! Otto Ackermann, who has conducted 5 operettas for Angel, directs an all-Viennese cast in a bubbling Strauss performance that has all the nicest effects of champagne. Philharmonia Orch. 4 sides. **Angel (S) 3581 B/L**

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The age of the wordfact

SIR:

I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise and disappointment in finding an article like "The Age of the Wordfact" (by John Kenneth Galbraith, September *Atlantic*) in your magazine. I cannot believe that your judgment or your opinion of your subscribers is so poor as to have allowed its publication, and am therefore forced to conclude that it must have been due to strong pressure of some kind. This article is about the best example of pseudo-intellectual nonsense I have ever had the misfortune to read. It is to be hoped that in the future such trash will find its way into the wastebasket.

EDWARD A. LANE, M.D.
Hartsdale, N. Y.

SIR:

The article on "The Age of the Wordfact" by John Kenneth Galbraith, reprinted in the York, Pennsylvania, *Gazette* and *Daily*, convinced me that I should be reading the *Atlantic Monthly*, and I have subscribed.

How agreeable it is to hear the voice of sanity rise above the fuzz-buzz of the jungle we call civilization! Thank you.

R. F. BURLINGAME
Milan, Mich.

SIR:

Since I was released from the army fourteen years ago I have had for guidance and inspiration the wormy platitudes of some political people, the ridiculous cant of radicals, and the ambiguous drivel of liberals. I suppose that I must include Mr. Galbraith with the last group, since by admission he is not a conservative and by profession not a politician.

Mr. Galbraith has presented no clear evidence that wordfact is a contemporary phenomenon. He even resorts to the most puerile of all suggestions: write your congressman. (What would a congressman do if he had to answer a letter from each of his constituents? The increase of nepotism to provide the necessary secretarial aid would be untenable.)

I look to people such as Mr. Galbraith for either some inspiring new theory or some very plausible means of correcting the existing situation, not some elegantly worded statement of the painfully obvious.

JAMES H. VINCE
Seville, Spain

SIR:

Let's have no more artificial, contrived propaganda in our favorite monthly.

BARBARA J. LANDFIELD
Mt. Sterling, Ill.

SIR:

Congratulations for printing John Kenneth Galbraith's article "The Age of the Wordfact" in the *Atlantic*. Copies of it should be sent to each of the legislative and executive branch members in Washington.

I very definitely agree with Mr. Galbraith's method for dealing with wordfact practitioners when he says that we should greet them with loud and vulgar laughter, followed by equally uncouth speeches and letters. We need a strong nonorganized group of men like Mr. Galbraith — economists, political scientists, and other informed professional men — outside of politics who should reprimand the politicians for shenanigans such as wordfact.

I say that there exists a potential group such as this who can bring pressure to bear on wordfact users. We need their criticism and aid.

NOEL CRISCUOLA
Coupeville, Wash.

SIR:

The career of Dr. Galbraith is well known to me, but it could be that many of your readers do not realize that this liberal is an adviser to Senator Kennedy. His article is political and one hundred per cent anti-Eisenhower-Nixon propaganda. My wonder is that the *Atlantic Monthly*, in describing the career of Dr. Galbraith, did not mention his affiliation with Senator Kennedy.

One could quarrel with Galbraith's statement that Mr. Eisenhower's trip to the Far East was "an unparalleled disaster of its kind." Certainly his reception in Manila, Taiwan, and South Korea would have justified the journey.

Our President had the courage to go to Japan, and would have done so under any conditions if the invitation had not been withdrawn. The humiliation of the Japanese conservatives, who are in the vast majority, gave us the peace treaty which was desired and will continue the conservatives in power. These facts would not have followed if Mr. Kishi had been forced to use his police to fire into Red-inspired mobs in defense of our President.

In considering the propaganda spread over the world by the Reds against Mr. Eisenhower and Mr Nixon, one must remember tha

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they are hated by all Reds from Alger Hiss to Khrushchev. One should like them for their enemies.

ROBERT L. EICHELBERGER
Asheville, N. C.

SIR:

I was very much impressed and pleased by Mr. Galbraith's article in the September *Atlantic*. When I considered the title of the article and the nature of its contents, I could not help being reminded of George Orwell's *1984*. Did Mr. Galbraith intend this similarity? If so, his point was well made.

CHARLES H. EBERT III
State College, Pa.

SIR:

The Galbraith article contains precisely the sort of debunking which is so greatly needed and so seldom found in American magazine writing today. This year, when we are subjected to a veritable deluge of word-facts, such articles as Galbraith's are especially needed. If only the *Atlantic* were a weekly!

ROBERT W. HARRIS
Houston, Tex.

SIR:

The article should have been subtitled "A Political Broadside" and should have a sequel proposing a name for authors who peddle blatant politics under the wordfact guise of academic dissertations.

MAX S. MAIRE
Braintree, Mass.

SIR:

One can only hope that Dr. Galbraith will see fit to expand his fine essay into another meaningful book. It could well be called *The Artificial Society*.

H. A. SCHUSTER
Evanston, Ill.

SIR:

I loved the Galbraith wordfact story. Whoever accepted it certainly picked a corker — as always.

OTTO ZAUSMER, *Editor*
The Boston Globe
Boston, Mass.

The blameless Krupps

SIR:

I protest your article "The Krupp Empire" by Terence Prittie (September *Atlantic*), and especially the decoration of the title page with swastikas.

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's

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No Englishman has the right to complain about class snobs in other countries. If there is a backward country in the world in this respect, it is Great Britain with its antiquated feudal system. As an Oxford graduate, Mr. Prittie should know.

In the article, reference is made to "the Allies." Mr. Prittie should be reminded that Germany today is an allied country — and, as a matter of fact, a country fulfilling its commitments in NATO, which cannot be claimed for Great Britain.

Her Majesty's subjects should learn that they are living in the Atlantic Community and set aside their jealousy. It probably would not be well received in Great Britain if correspondents on the Continent were to remind their readers continuously of the hideous crime committed by Great Britain in its recent attack on Egypt, and of the fact that some of the people responsible are still in the British government.

F. W. KROHN
Del Mar, Calif.

Fiction for the sixties

SIR:

I read James Baldwin's story in the September *Atlantic*, "This Morning, This Evening, So Soon," and thought it had great artistic merit; the writing is fine, sensitive, and beautiful. I finished it with a thought about the black people enjoying freedoms in Europe they couldn't have in America.

HARRIET FRYE
Delaware, Ohio

SIR:

The success of James Baldwin's "This Morning, This Evening, So Soon" lies not only in his ability to write an interesting story but also in his power to make clear the validity of the black man's feeling for the white race. It also makes one realize the basis for this friction — the egotistical need of the white man for the black.

GLORIA STANFORD
Chesterland, Ohio

SIR:

Having read with great attention your fiction features in September's *Atlantic*, "Fiction for the Sixties," I feel that they should be called imaginative reporting, not fiction. They are deft and ingenious but not creative.

Accuracy is nothing. It reflects only the author in his choice of detail. A great author is a great painter — he takes an old bottle, a blue rag, and a banana and whirls them up into his own world, where each object bears a relation to his central theme or purpose, and so they end by being not quite a bottle, a blue rag, and a banana, but much more than that, more than if he had simply taken a camera to record their image. The great characters of fiction are larger than life, but that was because their authors were larger than life. To hell with this literal reporting of truth; if these authors are going after absolute accuracy, make them put in the real names and sources, with footnotes and all. If their writing is fiction, then make it bounce.

BARBARA ROWLEY
Beloeil, Quebec, Canada

SIR:

James Baldwin is another of those much too numerous Angry Men. He has no direction, no love for humanity, and far too much bitterness, and is contributing to more hatred.

I'm a native Texan. I hate no one. My friends hate no one. It's time someone started talking about good will, helpful relations, and love and appreciation of the best country on earth, where even members of a minority group may rise to any heights.

MRS. J. G. CLARK
Fort Worth, Tex.

SIR:

I have feared for some time that an enthusiastic interest in young writers no longer existed in publishing circles in America. Certainly, first novels are still being published, but not with the fervor of former days. It's the big names that get the advertisement and interest from the critics, too. But your September issue is a most welcome exception to this general trend. It is a thoroughly absorbing issue, filled with gusto and a flair for first-rate writing, which has always made *Atlantic* the front-ranking literary magazine of the United States. I imagine it took a lot of courage to simply concentrate on an issue of good writing without giving consideration to name writers, topical subjects, and "I remember, I remember" articles. Bless you, and may you prosper. And do it again. Soon. Please.

I should like especially to thank

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James Baldwin for his wonderfully controlled, gentle but unsentimental, balanced, and unsensational story, "This Morning, This Evening, So Soon." And Jack Ludwig deserves all the warmhearted appreciation I can muster for his magnificently human document, "Requiem for Bibul."

JOHN L. DOOLEY
Malibu, Calif.

SIR:

I am truly impressed by Mr. Herbert Gold ("Fiction of the Sixties," September *Atlantic*). He has that doubly rare ability to stand apart from society so as to view it objectively and the fortitude to describe accurately what he sees. Let us hope his words are heard and heeded.

LAWRENCE E. HOLBOKE
Pasadena, Calif.

SIR:

The *Atlantic* is a splendid magazine. I have been reading it for about fifteen years, and the last three issues have been the best ever. Bravo to James Baldwin, Gerald W. Johnson, Catherine Drinker Bowen, Martha Gellhorn, Newton F. Tolman, Hans Bethe; to your advertisers who back this winning combination; and to a fine editor and Peripatetic Reviewer.

MARGOT KERNAN
Redwood City, Calif.

From Poland

SIR:

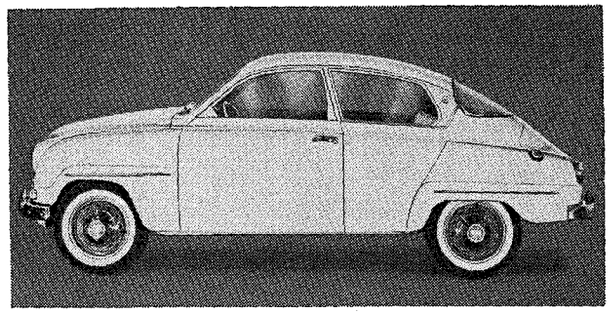
On my return from a visit to Poland in August I read with great interest the excellent article about it by Martha Gellhorn ("Poland Revisited," August *Atlantic*). She has done a great service to the Poles in putting, with such keen perception, her impressions into print. The *Atlantic* performed an equally great service to its American readers by permitting them to share these impressions.

I felt obliged to write this letter because the final chapter of the Nowa Huta riot had apparently not been written when Martha Gellhorn left Poland. The "victory for human nature" of which she speaks was short-lived. In place of the church for which the earth had been consecrated, there now stands a school, symbol of the State against which so many had vainly fought.

BEVIS LONGSTRETH, JR.
Cambridge, Mass.

A letter to the motoring public about a remarkable new car

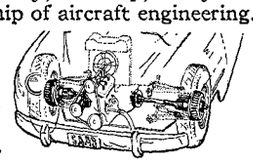
designed for Americans by Sweden's leading builder of jet aircraft

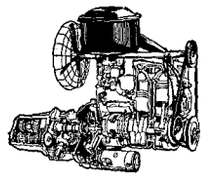


Dear Motorist:

Four years ago, SAAB of Sweden introduced the Saab automobile in the United States. Built by one of Europe's leading producers of jet aircraft, the Saab presented an entirely new automotive concept to American motorists. But it was a concept that had already been proved over hundreds of millions of miles throughout Europe. Americans took to the Saab with enthusiasm. Here was a car that combined beauty, economy, safety and comfort with the precision craftsmanship of aircraft engineering.

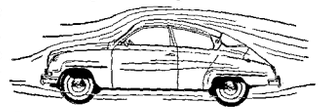
Most notable of Saab's many unique features is its front wheel drive, developed and perfected more than ten years ago. By combining the engine, gear box and differential in a compact front-end power pack, Saab offers exceptional traction, maneuverability and ease of handling—even in mud, snow and sand.



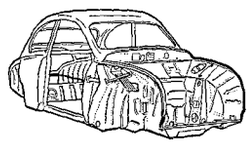


Another significant feature is Saab's highly efficient dual-stroke engine. With no valves, no cams, no tappets; the engine has only seven basic moving parts. Three cylinders do the work of six—with the same smooth power flow. Saab owners often travel more than 100,000 miles without an engine overhaul.

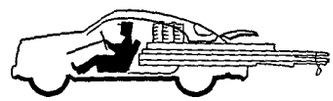
Saab is a beautiful car. But its sleek body lines are as functional as they are handsome. The design was actually developed in a wind tunnel to minimize wind resistance and air drag. As a result, Saab's ride is amazingly smooth, quiet and stable—even at high speeds. Another advantage of the car's aerodynamic design is remarkable fuel economy which averages 33-38 miles per gallon.



An authoritative automotive magazine recently referred to Saab as the "safest small car in the world." Here again Saab's aircraft experience was of prime importance, for the car was actually subjected to stress tests in much the same manner as airplane construction is tested. Saab's body shell is an armored fuselage of heavy gauge steel, welded and reinforced for tremendous strength and solidity.

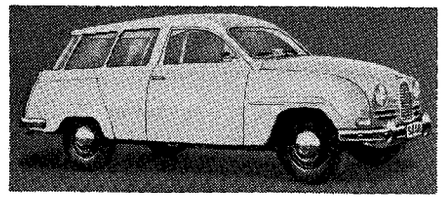


Saab is unique among cars. Its compact exterior dimensions belie its interior spaciousness. Compared with other imported cars Saab offers more leg room, more head room and much more luggage space for greater driving comfort. The special convertible seating transforms the car at will into a utility wagon for big loads or a camping unit to sleep two. Although it consistently wins sports car rallies and competitions—often against larger, more powerful cars—Saab is very much a family car. It is nimble in traffic, easy to park.



Under Saab's sound marketing policy, fine dealer service is assured through regional depots with complete supplies of spare parts promptly available. Furthermore, all Saab parts are in standard American S.A.E. tool sizes. Any service man can work on a Saab.

In the four years Saab has been in the United States, we have made over 30 improvements in comfort and performance to meet American preferences. Yet there have been no changes in Saab's basic and proven design. Unlike many domestic cars which undergo yearly changes for change sake only, Saab retains its smartness and value for years. We do not build in obsolescence; we build in quality.



We firmly believe the 1961 SAAB 5-seater Sports Sedan and 7-pass. Station Wagon to be the finest automobiles ever produced for the money. They incorporate many important advancements—at no increase in price.

May I suggest you visit your nearest Saab dealer and let him show you the unusual features of this remarkable automobile. Then test-drive and compare the '61 SAAB for yourself!

Ralph T. Millet, President
Saab Motors Inc.

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We like to think that our spaceman will land safely on the surface of the moon. But we're not forgetting that people will continue to live and work in their accustomed ways—under the light of that same moon. Anaconda will be there. On the moon . . . and under it.

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THE ATLANTIC

THE BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT

A Light Jab at the Past

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The sinking of the BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT *is a loss which is still lamented in Boston. The paper, which in its precise and independent way had set a singular standard in American journalism, went down with all hands in 1941. But before it sank, those dedicated members of its staff, like* CHARLES W. MORTON, *now the associate editor of the* ATLANTIC, *suffered through a series of hopes and despairs which Mr. Morton will relate in this and successive issues.*

WHEN I went to work for the *Boston Evening Transcript* as a news reporter at the beginning of 1930, it seemed to me a wonderfully good break. I was thirty years old, and it had taken me almost eight years to disentangle myself from the hardware business. Yet, with barely a year of newspapering behind me, I was on the staff of this celebrated sheet. True, its circulation was somewhere around 38,000, but many of us, in office conjectures, felt that this figure could be boosted to 40,000 — perhaps even 45,000 — if we all pitched in on the news side. The fact that our circulation was slightly junior to that of evening papers in Passaic, New Jersey, Canton, Ohio, and Elmira, New York, impressed none of us. All we knew about circulation was that the *Transcript*, in some mysterious way, could get along without it.

The Depression was just at its onset. I doubt that any of us understood at the time why the stock market crash of a few months earlier did in fact mean the inevitable end of the paper. Our general reaction was that things were tough for the moment, so tough that they could only change for the better. Yet the real situation was that the *Transcript* had depended almost exclusively on financial advertising announcing new issues of all sorts of securities. On this category of display space, the *Transcript's* rate was approximately the same as that of the *New York Daily News*, which had a circulation more than twenty-five times as large as ours. The paper might have lived comfortably on this income had it continued, with relatively high revenues and the low production costs of a small circulation. But when financial advertising stopped, as it did, the paper had to begin suddenly to live on its fat.

At the beginning of 1930, in spite of the portents, the *Transcript's* news staff was far from pessimistic. There was a vague legend in the city room that whenever circulation shot up again to the 45,000 mark, the department stores would suddenly reinstate their advertising in the *Transcript*. The legend had a strange quality of reality for us; it was almost as if a committee representing the department stores would meet on a certain day, summon our advertising manager, and bestow on him a packet of lavish contracts. Meanwhile, as we were given to imagining, the committee was watching closely our circulation figures, awaiting only the reassurance of that additional five or seven thousand readers. At the time of my arrival, the paper was losing not more than $500 a day. My own part in this deficit was a wage of $55 a week and an expense account that ranged between $3 and $4 a month. The department store situation, we felt, was temporary, even

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though it had obtained for decades. It was bound to improve and eventually to bring a general lift in city room salaries. This would be especially true in the case of later arrivals, such as myself, who naturally received less pay than the veterans. It was one of the very first inequalities which would be ironed out just as soon as the department stores saw the light.

WORKING conditions at the *Transcript* were generally regarded by Boston newspapermen as ideal. The first of its three editions on weekdays closed at 10:30 A.M., and the local staff did not have to report for work until 8:15 A.M. Unlike morning-paper people, we were able to sleep nights. We had Sundays off, closed at 1:15 P.M. on Saturdays. We were allowed as much as fifteen or twenty minutes for lunch. If a man appeared five minutes late of a morning, in some instances he was not even admonished.

Practically everything in the *Transcript* was in a department. We had one called "Patriotic and Historical"; another was "The Churchman Afield"; and we had a big one entitled "Genealogical." Even our sports page was subdivided, with specialists who covered nothing but golf, or yachting, or horses and dogs.

So great was the degree of specialization that almost anything remotely relating to a department was handed over to its proprietor for expert treatment. Every year, for instance, a considerable number of Bostonians would be announced as ticket holders in the Irish Sweepstakes, and the news staff was sent out among them to find out what the winners would do with the money. These stories at times were odd and amusing, and the Boston Irish must have bought enough sweepstakes tickets over the years to build hospitals for most of the Western world. But no matter how numerous or queer the stories, the disposition of them was always assigned to the horse-and-dog editor, on the theory that these winnings were resulting from a horse race, the Grand National or the Derby. Ordinary news judgments confronted by such a circumstance, so the reasoning went, would be incompetent.

I have forgotten some of the nomenclature, but there were also departments dealing with schools and colleges, women's clubs, banks and real estate, necrology, and so on. By and large, the proprietor of one of these departments did nothing else. He was a specialist, an expert — indeed, he was known as an "editor," and in dealings with the outside world would casually refer to himself as "one of the editors of the *Boston Evening Transcript*." In this sense, the paper must have had twenty or thirty editors. Their day was more leisurely than that of the news staff; they seemed to have to do a great deal of reading in the office, thumbing through the trade journals of their specialty, boning up on the latest caper among Sealyham breeders or road builders. Occasionally one would seize shears and a pot and paste up, verbatim, a long release from a press agent or advertising agency, and this would appear intact a few days later in the larger Wednesday or Saturday edition. Probably no other paper ever brought such joy and astonishment to publicists, and one can only imagine their reactions at finding the whole handout in a Saturday *Transcript* without even its lead rewritten, let alone abridged.

These "editors" were obliged to spend considerable time away from the office, at meetings and conventions. They traveled widely, but the technique was usually the same, and the signed story, arriving in great lumps of Western Union copy, usually bore a strange similarity to the mimeographed material which had already reached the office as third-class mail, advance copy.

I had been on the *Transcript* staff for about two weeks when I finally asked one of the other news reporters about one of the hard-reading editors.

"What does that fellow do?" I inquired.

The answer was brief but definitive: "If it isn't banks, he doesn't do it."

With so many desks occupied by editors, the *Transcript* maintained no rewrite staff as such. There would not have been room for one, and I dare say it would have seemed a needless expense. The news staff, consequently, did its own legwork and its own writing. If the story were in town and the hour suitable, the staff man rushed back to the office and wrote his story. He had to write his own heads, incidentally, and usually had to decide how big a head the story deserved. He then read copy on himself and as often as not popped the story, without further reading by anyone, into a tube to the composing room. It was up to the make-up man upstairs, then, to shuffle things around and locate them as he saw fit. If the reporter was particularly attracted by his story, he would mark it "Page One." If he had doubts about its future, he would even add "Must." In this way, the city editor undoubtedly found a lot of news in the paper each evening which he had never seen before. We were not altogether sure who the managing editor was at any given moment, but the same would have been true in his case. I don't intend to imply that we had any great turnover in managing editors but rather that the title and function were, for some years at any rate, a matter of conjecture.

Again for reasons obscure to me, this somewhat

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informal system seemed to work out happily enough. In the early part of the day, a certain amount of copy was read and pondered, but along toward closing time, the common practice was to railroad as much of it as seemed necessary. This gave the city editor an abundance of free time, so that he was able to keep a vigilant eye on how long the news staff took for lunch.

Apart from the assortment of editors, the *Transcript's* news staff included the normal list of beat men — city hall, waterfront, police headquarters, and such — a wholly unpredictable string of suburban correspondents, many of whom were unheard from for months on end, and a hard core of a half-dozen or so writing reporters. We were all virtuosos, possessed, in the face of constantly diminishing evidence to support it, by the belief that all Boston, and much of the outside world, depended breathlessly each day on what we were about to write. Whereas this may have been true of press agents and public relations artificers, who would have been foolish indeed to omit clipping the first edition, in which so much of their "advance" copy was served forth intact, I doubt that other parts of the paper produced quite the impact on the reader that the writing of them did on us.

The average age of our circulation must have been the highest in the land, but we plugged along at the run of the news without realizing that the department of "Recent Deaths" was probably the hottest piece of reading matter in the paper for most of the customers. When the *Transcript* finally suspended publication in 1941, I overheard a dialogue between two elderly Bostonians which afforded a fair hindsight, it seems to me, on how we had been doing. The *Christian Science Monitor*, a paper celebrated for its reluctance to mention death from any cause whatever, was falling heir, temporarily, to some of the *Transcript's* circulation, and the two Bostonians were comparing notes.

The conversation, as they reached for their evening papers, went:

"Too bad about the *Transcript*."

"Great paper."

"What are you reading now?"

"*Globe*."

"I'm trying the *Monitor*."

"Well, I tried the *Monitor* a while ago, but I didn't like it. Couldn't tell who's dead or anything."

I MUST pull up for a moment at this point to explain that the *Transcript's* interest in necrology as something calling for the maximum journalistic effort was matched only by the attention it paid to football and the stock market. Nothing threw the city room into so much high-speed sleuthing and telephoning as a first-rank bereavement. A system of research into maiden names, grandparents, undergraduate clubs at Harvard, Junior League, Sewing Circle, and funeral arrangements was immediately set in motion. Anyone passing our two telephone booths could tell by the unctuous tones of the reporter inside that he was talking to the newly bereft relative of an influential corpse. A bedside manner beyond reproach, it became a stunt of the first order, part of the office repertory of conversational histrionics; the man who could get the most spuriously funereal or excessively sympathetic note into the clichés of the occasion rightly counted himself an artist, esteemed by all.

Great lumps of trivial detail which no other paper would have dreamed of publishing thus fortified the *Transcript's* obits. We were especially interested in the deaths of Harvard graduates and anyone with early New England ancestry, and this latter category would embrace at full length even those families which were no longer rich. When a really big death came along, someone who met all the tests — old family, Harvard, still rich — the response would be about the same as to a general conflagration. Other prominent citizens would be telephoned and induced to say for publication that they deeply regretted the death; our obituary editor would turn to; the male society editor of the *Transcript* would put in one of his rare appearances in the city room to see that no reference work lay unconsulted; other news projects were sidetracked as the pursuit of funeral arrangements was loosed. After a fury of telephoning, typing, pasting, and scanning, the obit would be sent along, the most lavish journalistic compliment the deceased had ever received. The extent of the obit was bound to surprise even the most infatuate relatives and friends of its subject.

If the *Transcript* went to town on a death, it outdid itself on a funeral. Whereas the death might have turned up first in the morning papers, most funerals were held during the *Transcript's* working hours. Here was another chance to demonstrate the solid virtues of an evening sheet, to teach the A.M.'s a lesson in how to clean up on a big story and leave nothing for the next day. It was not uncommon for us to send more staff to a funeral than to a murder trial, even though church services and burial seemed to have been worked out, as a general thing, on a fairly stable basis — that is, without disorders, arrests, or whatever it was that we expected to have happen at the obsequies which called for the vigilance of a smart news staff. It was no particular trick to get the names of the clergy, pallbearers, and the musical program over the phone, but we covered the funerals just the same to make sure that no slip-ups occurred. We spent most of our time outside,

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leaning up against churches, although in a fit of tenacity I once elbowed my way into a sort of minstrels' gallery at the funeral of a prominent banker and market rigger and sat in the middle of a bosomy quartet of female vocalists. A variation of this kind was well regarded by the rest of the city staff, in that it was hard to do and had, at the same time, a certain useless quality which appealed to all of us.

I believe it would be fair to take our obits as representing the ideal *Transcript* story. The obit was always too long, for the executives held that the longer the story, the harder the reporter had worked, an end in itself. A short story could not be so desirable as a long one, since it meant that the reporter had been frittering away his time in lunchrooms or worse — a correct estimate, I must add, since we did go to almost any lengths to get out of the office for a few hours.

The obit had a great deal less standing with other papers in Boston. This enabled the *Transcript* to harvest richly in the field of obituaries and to feel at ease in an appreciation of news values which other editors did not have enough sense to comprehend. The obit was authoritative, exhaustive, and uninteresting. It required more work than it was worth, and it was a story which other papers usually managed to do without. It was, in sum, what we used to call a "technical scoop."

It sounds absurd to say that the *Transcript* had a commercial interest in funerals, that what we published under "Recent Deaths" was by way of being a "reader," like one of the pasted-up stories describing plans for the regional convention of Frigidaire salesmen. I am sure that none of our executives, consciously, expected the legatees of a *Transcript* death to start an advertising campaign in the paper as a result of the handsome obit. But I could not escape the notion, watching so many pallbearers shouldering their burdens, that an excellent reason must underlie our interest. Wiser heads than mine had figured it out, and I was willing to give it a whirl. Although it was hard for me to see what use the beneficiaries of a Boston trust might want to make of our advertising columns, the answer might lie somewhere in the overlapping and mysterious intricacies of high finance. Perhaps the deceased himself had been the stumbling block, cherishing an old prejudice against the *Transcript* and preventing his associates from giving us a little business. Perhaps even now they were re-examining, in the light of our unique performance, their earlier judgments of newspaper media and rates. With the old man out of the way, a fresh approach was possible. New ties could be cemented in sorrow or in relief or whatever, and things would pick up again for the *Transcript*.

As I say, no one formally enunciated any such motives. I doubt if I could have discerned them at the time, yet they are perfectly plain to me today, and they offer almost the only explanation of why so many dissimilar people worked so hard for so little at projects so completely wide of the mark. Only good could follow such drudgery, we felt. But like the department stores, the heirs and successors never did get around to laying it on the line. A friend or flunky of the deceased with some literary flair or reputation would favor us with a memoir for the editorial page a week or two later, but that was about all. We even made a final stab at the proceedings in probate court, reporting faithfully the public bequests — the sums to be shared equally by the Animal Rescue League, the New England Home for Little Wanderers, the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, the Boston Society for the Care of Girls, the New England Anti-Vivisection Society, Trinity Church, and such — and the story always ended: "The residuary estate is to be held in trust for the widow during her lifetime. . . ." It was not that we actually expected to be mentioned in the will, yet my own vague impression was that the testator would have put the *Transcript* down on his list if he had only realized our great need.

A HORDE of charitable organizations preyed upon the *Transcript* in its latter years. No scheming merchant, if we had been blessed with the advertising of local retailers, would have coerced the paper into so many puffs, endorsements, and general publicity as these welfare organizations unblushingly exacted from the *Transcript*. True, they did carry paid announcements in the paper each week, but, I suspect, at nominal rates, and for every line of what they were buying, they obtained without charge truly fantastic hospitality for their press releases. Like the fifty-fifty hash of rabbit and horse, one rabbit for one horse, the deal amounted to a half column of free space for every line of advertising. It became another of the despairing stunts with which the city staff idled away its time to see who could get into the paper verbatim the longest and worst press releases from this swarm of vultures.

Here again was a curious motivation. One would not expect a staff genuinely striving for the paper's success to cripple its pages with such pitiful rubbish. In this case, the whole thing was a queer, reverse English attempt to rid ourselves of the city editor.

As I have said, the news staff was an oddly assorted group, but it had a common characteristic, the blend of ignorance, egotism, and enthusi-

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asm with which each of us viewed the *Transcript* and our own part in it. We were going to save the paper in spite of itself, and most of our momentum was spent on that hapless functionary, the city editor, who was in fact the only executive with whom we had to deal. So firmly was the discipline of our relationship fixed that none of us ever gave him a flat refusal or denounced him to his face, and it seems unlikely that he would have known what we were talking about had we tried to straighten him out. He was only the inheritor of the attitudes which he applied to us, but we detested him and, again in our innocence, were sure that, given his head, he would commit some supreme folly which would eliminate him. Thus, when it came to letting a handout from the Anti-Vivisection Society drivel move along without the touch of a pencil, we counted it a bitter medicine for the paper but one which might at least cure the *Transcript* of its city editor. Someone was bound to see the stuff and complain.

I recall putting up a whole treatise, unabridged, from the M.S.P.C.A. on how to boil a live lobster without causing it pain, although the biological authority for the recipe was really no more than the fiat of the Society's publicity man. If anyone really cares, the method, as I remember it, was to start the lobster off in lukewarm water and bring it slowly to the boil. This is not only at direct variance with the approved water's-edge theory of beginning with boiling water, but if you stop to think of it, it sounds like a prolongation and refinement of whatever discomfort the lobster experiences. The press release explained that the lukewarm water made the lobster groggy and that it yielded up the spirit hardly aware that anything unusual was going on. I have mentioned this press release at times in trying to explain the *Transcript*, but it was always taken to be mere facetiousness on my part. All I can say is that I am willing to bet anyone that a deadpan telephone inquiry or visit to the M.S.P.C.A. will bring, even today, an official written instruction on how to boil a live lobster without hurting it enough to give the Society grounds for action. (I have never seen any similar release from the Society with respect to oysters.)

I worked for the *Transcript* almost seven years. In five of them we were each presented with a turkey on Thanksgiving, or rather with a turkey order on some market. In the sixth there was no turkey order. We took three pay cuts — a 10, a 20, and a 40 per cent reduction; it may have been two twenties instead of the forty. At any rate, I left the paper in the summer of 1936 on a Saturday afternoon. With one stratagem or another, my wage had curved up slightly from its low. After running my legs off for six and a half years, I was getting only $10 a week less than when I had started.

(*To be continued*)

PROTEUS OF THE PIAZZE

BY LYNNE LAWNER

When hair of sea nymphs tangles in the early morning
Baskets of fresh chicory,
Dens of the Palatine release their tigers, turning
Reef in a green sea;
When cats doze mosaic and triumphal arches leap
Through buttery hoops of sun,
Here in the traveling circus of our noonday sleep,
One plus one is but one.
Tortoises to sprites to dolphins to spray say "*Grazie*"
In a delirious loss of identity:
A hatchet of dreams — hand it to him! — Proteus of the Piazze,
Marketing his daily mystery.

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HOLIDAY

BY KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

In FLOWERING JUDAS, *her first and memorable collection of short stories, and in* PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER, KATHERINE ANNE PORTER *evoked some beautiful impressions of the Southwest, a region which she knew as a girl and which is very dear to her. To it she returns in this new and exceptional narrative.*

AT THAT time I was too young for some of the troubles I was having, and I had not yet learned what to do with them. It no longer can matter what kind of troubles they were, or what finally became of them. It seemed to me then there was nothing to do but run away from them, though all my tradition, background, and training had taught me unanswerably that no one except a coward ever runs away from anything. What nonsense! They should have taught me the difference between courage and foolhardiness, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself. I learned finally that if I still had the sense I was born with, I would take off like a deer at the first warning of certain dangers. But this story I am about to tell you happened before this great truth impressed itself upon me — that we do not run from the troubles and dangers that are truly ours, and it is better to learn what they are earlier than later. And if we don't run from the others, we are fools.

I confided to my friend Louise, a former schoolmate about my own age, not my troubles but my little problem: I wanted to go somewhere for a spring holiday, by myself, to the country, and it should be very simple and nice and, of course, not expensive, and she was not to tell anyone where I had gone; but if she liked, I would send her word now and then, if anything interesting was happening. She said she loved getting letters but hated answering them; and she knew the very place for me, and she would not tell anybody anything. Louise had then — she has it still — something near to genius for making improbable persons, places, and situations sound attractive. She told amusing stories that did not turn grim on you until a little while later, when by chance you saw and heard for yourself. So with this story. Everything was just as Louise had said, if you like, and everything was, at the same time, quite different.

"I know the very place," said Louise. "A family of real old-fashioned German peasants, in the deep blackland Texas farm country, a household in real patriarchal style — the kind of thing you'd hate to live with but is very nice to visit. Old father, God Almighty himself, with whiskers and all; old mother, matriarch in men's shoes; endless daughters and sons and sons-in-law, and fat babies falling about the place; and fat puppies — my favorite was a darling little black thing named Kuno — cows, calves, and sheep and lambs and goats and turkeys and guineas roaming up and down the shallow green hills, ducks and geese on

Wood engraving by Thomas W. Nason. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

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the ponds. I was there in the summer when the peaches and watermelons were in —"

"This is the end of March," I said, doubtfully.

"Spring comes early there," said Louise. "I'll write to the Müllers about you, you just get ready to go."

"Just where is this paradise?"

"Not far from the Louisiana line," said Louise. "I'll ask them to give you my attic — oh, that was a sweet place! It's a big room, with the roof sloping to the floor on each side, and the roof leaks a little when it rains, so the shingles are all stained in beautiful streaks, all black and gray and mossy green, and in one corner there used to be a stack of dime novels, The Duchess, Ouida, Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth, Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems — one summer they had a lady boarder who was a great reader, and she went off and left her library. I loved it! And everybody was so healthy and goodhearted, and the weather was perfect. . . . How long do you want to stay?"

I hadn't thought of this, so I said at random, "About a month."

A few days later I found myself tossed off like an express package from a dirty little crawling train onto the sodden platform of a country station, where the stationmaster emerged and locked up the waiting room before the train had got round the bend. As he clumped by me he shifted his wad of tobacco to his cheek and asked, "Where you goin'?"

"To the Müller farm," I said, standing beside my small trunk and suitcase with the bitter wind cutting my shoulders through my thin coat.

"Anybody meet you?" he asked, not pausing.

"They *said* so."

"All right," he said, and got into his little ragged buckboard with a sway-backed horse and drove away.

I turned my trunk on its side and sat on it facing the wind and the desolate mud-colored shapeless scene and began making up my first letter to Louise. First I was going to tell her that unless she meant to be a novelist, there was no excuse for her having so much imagination. In daily life, I was going to tell her, there are also such useful things as the plain facts that should be stuck to, through thick and thin. Anything else led to confusion like this. I was beginning to enjoy my letter to Louise when a sturdy boy about twelve years old crossed the platform. As he neared me, he took off his rough cap and bunched it in his thick hand, dirt-stained at the knuckles. His round cheeks, his round nose, his round chin were a cool, healthy red. In the globe of his face, as neatly circular as if drawn in bright crayon, his narrow, long, tip-tilted eyes, clear as pale-blue water, seemed out of place, as if two incompatible strains had collided in making him. They were beautiful eyes, and the rest of the face was not to be taken seriously. A blue woolen blouse buttoned up to his chin ended abruptly at his waist as if he would outgrow it in another half hour, and his blue drill breeches flapped about his ankles. His old clodhopper shoes were several sizes too big for him. Altogether, it was plain he was not the first one to wear his clothes. He was a cheerful, detached, self-possessed apparition against the tumbled brown earth and ragged dark sky, and I smiled at him as well as I could with a face that felt like wet clay.

He smiled back slightly without meeting my eye, motioning for me to take up my suitcase. He swung my trunk to his head and tottered across the uneven platform, down the steps slippery with mud, where I expected to see him crushed beneath his burden like an ant under a stone. He heaved the trunk into the back of his wagon with a fine smash, took my suitcase and tossed it after, then climbed up over one front wheel while I scrambled my way up over the other.

The pony, shaggy as a wintering bear, eased himself into a grudging trot, while the boy, bowed over with his cap pulled down over his ears and eyebrows, held the reins slack and fell into a brown study. I examined the harness, a real mystery. It met and clung in all sorts of unexpected places; it parted company in what appeared to be strategic seats of jointure. It was mended sketchily in risky places with bits of hairy rope. Other seemingly unimportant parts were bound together irrevocably with wire. The bridle was too long for the pony's stocky head, so he had shaken the bit out of his mouth at the start, apparently, and went his own way at his own pace.

Our vehicle was an exhausted specimen of something called a spring wagon, who knows why? There were no springs, and the shallow enclosed platform at the back, suitable for carrying various plunder, was worn away until it barely reached midway of the back wheels, one side of it steadily scraping the iron tire. The wheels themselves spun not dully around and around in the way of common wheels, but elliptically, being loosened at the hubs, so that we proceeded with a drunken, hilarious swagger, like the rolling motion of a small boat on a choppy sea.

The soaked brown fields fell away on either side of the lane, all rough with winter-worn stubble ready to sink and become earth again. The scanty leafless woods ran along an edge of the field nearby. There was nothing beautiful in those woods now except the promise of spring, for I detested bleakness, but it gave me pleasure to

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think that beyond this there might be something else beautiful in its own being, a river shaped and contained by its banks, or a field stripped down to its true meaning, plowed and ready for the seed. The road turned abruptly and was almost hidden for a moment, and we were going through the woods. Closer sight of the crooked branches assured me that spring was beginning, if sparely, reluctantly; the leaves were budding in tiny cones of watery green besprinkling all the new shoots; a thin sedate rain began again to fall, not so opaque as a fog, but a mist that merely deepened overhead, and lowered, until the clouds became rain in one swathing, delicate gray.

As we emerged from the woods, the boy roused himself and pointed forward, in silence. We were approaching the farm along the skirts of a fine peach orchard, now faintly colored with young buds, but there was nothing to disguise the gaunt and aching ugliness of the farmhouse itself. In this Texas valley, so gently modulated with small crests and shallows, "rolling country" as the farmers say, the house was set on the peak of the barest rise of ground, as if the most infertile spot had been thriftily chosen for building a shelter. It stood there staring and naked, an intruding stranger, strange even beside the barns ranged generously along the back, low-eaved and weathered to the color of stone.

The narrow windows and the steeply sloping roof oppressed me; I wished to turn away and go back. I had come a long way to be so disappointed, I thought, and yet I must go on, for there could be nothing here for me more painful than what I had left. But as we drew near the house, now hardly visible except for the yellow lamplight in the back, perhaps in the kitchen, my feelings changed again toward warmth and tenderness, or perhaps just an apprehension that I could feel so, maybe, again.

The wagon drew up before the porch, and I started climbing down. No sooner had my foot touched ground than an enormous black dog of the detestable German shepherd breed leaped silently at me, and as silently I covered my face with my arms and leaped back. "Kuno, down!" shouted the boy, lunging at him. The front door flew open and a young girl with yellow hair ran down the steps and seized the ugly beast by the scruff. "He does not mean anything," she said seriously in English. "He is only a dog."

Just Louise's darling little puppy Kuno, I thought, a year or so older. Kuno whined, apologized by bowing and scraping one front paw on the ground, and the girl holding his scruff said, shyly and proudly, "I teach him that. He has always such bad manners, but I teach him!"

I had arrived, it seemed, at the moment when the evening chores were about to begin. The entire Müller household streamed out of the door, each man and woman going about the affairs of the moment. The young girl walked with me up the porch steps and said, "This is my brother Hans," and a young man paused to shake hands and passed by. "This is my brother Fritz," she said, and Fritz took my hand and dropped it as he went. "My sister Annetje," said the young girl, and a quiet young woman with a baby draped loosely like a scarf over her shoulder smiled and held out her hand. Hand after hand went by, their palms variously younger or older, broad or small, male or female, but all thick hard decent peasant hands, warm and strong. And in every face I saw again the pale, tilted eyes, on every head that taffy-colored hair, as though they might all be brothers and sisters, though Annetje's husband and still another daughter's husband had gone by after greeting me. In the wide hall with a door at front and back, full of cloudy light and the smell of soap, the old mother, also on her way out, stopped to offer her hand. She was a tall strong-looking woman wearing a three-cornered black wool shawl on her head, her skirts looped up over a brown flannel petticoat. Not from her did the young ones get those water-clear eyes. Hers were black and shrewd and searching, a band of hair showed black streaked with gray, her seamed dry face was brown as seasoned bark, and she walked in her rubber boots with the stride of a man. She shook my hand briefly and said in German English that I was welcome, smiling and showing her blackened teeth.

"This is my girl Hatsy," she told me, "and she will show you to your room." Hatsy took my hand as if I were a child needing a guide. I followed her up a flight of steps steep as a ladder, and there we were, in Louise's attic room, with the sloping roof. Yes, the shingles were stained all the colors she had said. There were the dime novels heaped in the corner. For once, Louise had got it straight, and it was homely and familiar, as if I had seen it before. "My mother says we could give you a better place on the downstairs," said Hatsy, in her soft blurred English, "but *she* said in her letter you would like it so." I told her indeed I did like it so. She went down the steep stairs then, and her brother came up as if he were climbing a tree, with the trunk on his head and the suitcase in his right hand, and I could not see what kept the trunk from crashing back to the bottom, as he used the left hand to climb with. He put his burden down and straightened up, wriggling his shoulders and panting only a little. I thanked him

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and he pushed his cap back and pulled it forward again, which I took for some sort of polite response, and clattered out hugely. Looking out of my window a few minutes later, I saw him setting off across the fields carrying a lighted lantern and a large steel trap.

I began changing my first letter to Louise. "I'm going to like it here. I don't quite know why, but it's going to be all right. Maybe I can tell you later —"

THE sound of the German speech in the household below was part of the pleasantness, for they were not talking to me and did not expect me to answer. All the German I understood then was contained in five small deadly sentimental songs of Heine's, learned by heart; and this was a very different tongue, Low German corrupted by three generations in a foreign country. A dozen miles away, where Texas and Louisiana melted together in a rotting swamp whose sluggish undertow of decay nourished the roots of pine and cedar, a colony of French immigrants had lived out two hundred years of exile, not wholly incorruptible, but mystically faithful to the marrow of their bones, obstinately speaking their old French, by then as strange to the French as it was to the English. I had known many of these families during a certain long summer happily remembered, and here, listening to another language nobody could understand except those of this small farming community, I knew that I was again in a house of perpetual exile. These were solid, practical, hard-bitten, landholding German peasants who stuck their mattocks into the earth deep and held fast wherever they were, because to them life and the land were one indivisible thing; but never in any wise did they confuse nationality with habitation.

I liked the thick warm voices, and it was good not to have to understand what they were saying. I loved that silence which means freedom from the constant pressure of other minds and other opinions and other feelings, that freedom to fold up in quiet and go back to my own center, to find out again, for it is always a rediscovery, what kind of creature it is that rules me finally, makes all the decisions no matter who thinks they make them, even I; who little by little takes everything away except the one thing I cannot live without, and who will one day say, "Now I am all you have left — take me." I paused there a good while listening to this muted unknown language which was silence with music in it; I could be moved and touched but not troubled by it, as by the crying of frogs or the wind in the trees.

The catalpa tree at my window would, I noticed, when it came into leaf, shut off my view of the barns and the fields beyond. When in bloom the branches would almost reach through the window. But now they were a thin screen through which the calves, splotchy red and white, moved prettily against the weathered darkness of the sheds. The brown fields would soon be green again; the sheep would not look then as they did now, merely lumps of moving earth, but would be washed by the rains and become clean gray. All the beauty of the landscape now was in the harmony of the valley rolling fluently away to the wood's edge. It was an inland country, with the forlorn look of all unloved things; winter in this part of the South is a moribund coma, not the Northern death sleep with the sure promise of resurrection. But in my South, my loved and never-forgotten country, after her long sickness, with only a slight stirring, an opening of the eyes between one breath and the next, between night and day, the earth revives and bursts into the plenty of spring with fruit and flowers together, spring and summer at once under the hot shimmering blue sky.

The freshening wind promised another light sedate rain to come at evening. The voices below-stairs dispersed, rose again, separately calling from the yards and barns. The old woman strode down the path toward the cow sheds, Hatsy running behind her. The woman wore her wooden yoke, with the milking pails covered and closed with iron hasps, slung easily across her shoulders, but her daughter carried two tin milking pails on her arm. When they pushed back the bars of cedar which opened onto the fields, the cows came through lowing and crowding, and the calves scampered each to his own dam with reaching, opened mouths. Then there was the battle of separating the hungry children from their mothers when they had taken their scanty share. The old woman slapped their little haunches with her open palm, Hatsy dragged at their halters, her feet slipping wide in the mud, the cows bellowed and brandished their horns, the calves bawled like rebellious babies. Hatsy's long yellow braids whisked round her shoulders, her laughter was a shrill streak of gaiety above the angry cow voices and the raucous shouting of the old woman.

From the kitchen porch below came the sound of splashing water, the creaking of the pump handle, and the stamping boots of men. I sat in the window watching the darkness come on slowly. All the sounds of the place gathered under the roof while the lamps were being lighted. My own small lamp had a handle on the oil bowl, like a cup's. There was also a lantern with a frosted chimney hanging by a nail on the wall. A voice called to me from the foot of my stairs and I looked down into the face of a dark-skinned,

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flaxen-haired young woman, far advanced in pregnancy, and carrying a prosperous year-old boy on her hip, one arm clutching him to her, the other raised above her head so that her lantern shone upon their heads. "The supper is now ready," she said, and waited for me to come down before turning away.

In the large square room the whole family was gathering at a long table covered with a red checkered cotton cloth, heaped-up platters of steaming food at either end. A crippled and badly deformed servant girl was setting down pitchers of milk. Her head was so bowed over, her face was almost hidden, and her whole body was maimed in some painful, mysterious way, probably congenital, I supposed, though she seemed wiry and tough. Her knotted hands shook continually, her wagging head kept pace with her restless elbows. She ran unsteadily around the table scattering plates, dodging whoever stood in her way; no one moved aside for her, or spoke to her, or even glanced after her when she vanished into the kitchen.

The men moved forward to their chairs. Father Müller took his patriarch's place at the head of the table, Mother Müller looming behind him like a dark boulder. The young men ranged themselves about one side, the married ones with their wives standing back of their chairs to serve them, for three generations in this country had not made them self-conscious or disturbed their ancient customs. The two sons-in-law and three sons rolled down their shirt sleeves before beginning to eat. Their faces were polished with recent scrubbing and their open collars were damp.

Mother Müller pointed to me, then waved her hand at her household, telling off their names rapidly once more. I was a stranger and a guest, so was seated on the men's side of the table, and Hatsy, whose real name turned out to be Huldah, the maiden of the family, was seated on the children's side of the board, attending to them and keeping them in order. These infants ranged from two years to ten, five in number — not counting the one still straddling his mother's hip behind his father's chair — divided between the two married daughters. The children ravened and gorged and reached their hands into the sugar bowl to sprinkle sugar on everything they ate, solemnly elated over their food and paying no attention to Hatsy, who struggled with them only a little less energetically than she did with the calves, and ate almost nothing. She was about seventeen years old, pale-lipped and too thin, and her sleek fine butter-yellow hair, streaked light and dark, real German peasant hair, gave her an air of fragility. But she shared the big-boned structure, the enormous energy and animal force that was like a bodily presence itself in the room; and seeing Father Müller's pale-gray deep-set choleric eyes and high cheekbones, it was easy to trace the family resemblance around the table: it was plain that poor Mother Müller had never had a child of her own — black-eyed, black-haired South Germany people. True, she had borne them, but that was all; they belonged to their father. Even the tawny Gretchen, expecting another baby, obviously the pet of the family, with the sly smiling manner of a spoiled child, who wore the contented air of a lazy, healthy young animal, seeming always about to yawn, had hair like pulled taffy and those slanted clear eyes. She stood now easing the weight of her little boy on her husband's chair back, reaching with her left arm over his shoulder to refill his plate from time to time.

Annetje's baby drooled comfortably down her back, while she spooned things from platters and bowls for her husband. Whenever their eyes met, they smiled with a gentle, reserved warmth in their eyes, the smile of long and sure friendship.

Father Müller did not in the least believe in his children's marrying and leaving home. Marry, yes, of course; but must that take a son or daughter from him? He always could provide work and a place in the household for his daughters' husbands, and in time he would do the same for his sons' wives. A new room had lately been built on, to the northeast, Annetje explained to me, leaning above her husband's head and talking across the table, for Hatsy to live in when she should be married. Hatsy turned very beautifully pink and ducked her head almost into her plate, then looked up boldly and said, "*Jah, jah,* I am marrit now soon!" Everybody laughed except Mother Müller, who said in German that girls at home never knew when they were well off — no, they must go bringing in husbands. This remark did not seem to hurt anybody's feelings, and Gretchen said it was nice that I was going to be here for the wedding. This reminded Annetje of something, and she spoke in English to the table at large, saying that the Lutheran pastor had advised her to attend church oftener and put her young ones in Sunday School, so that God would give her a blessing with her next child. I counted around again, and sure enough, with Gretchen's unborn, there were eight children at that table under the age of ten; somebody was going to need a blessing in all that crowd, no doubt. Father Müller delivered a short speech to his daughter in German, then turned to me and said, "What I say iss, it iss all craziness to go to church and pay a preacher goot money to talk his nonsense. Say rather that he pay me to come and lissen, then I vill go!" His eyes glared with sudden fierceness above his square speckled gray and yellow beard that

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sprouted directly out from the high cheekbones. "He thinks, so, that my time maybe costs nothing? That iss goot! Let him pay me!"

Mother Müller snorted and shuffled her feet. "Ach, you talk, you talk! Now you vill make the pastor goot and mad if he hears. Vot ve do, if he vill not chrissen the babies?"

"You give him goot money, he vill chrissen," shouted Father Müller. "You vait und see!"

"Ah sure, dot iss so," agreed Mother Müller. "Only do not let him hear!"

There was a gust of excited talk in German, with much rapping of knife handles on the table. I gave up trying to understand, but watched their faces. It sounded like a pitched battle, but they were agreeing about something. They were united in their tribal skepticisms, as in everything else. I got a powerful impression that they were all, even the sons-in-law, one human being divided into several separate appearances. The crippled servant girl brought in more food and gathered up plates and went away in her limping run, and she seemed to me the only individual in the house. Even I felt divided into many fragments, having left or lost a part of myself in every place I had traveled, in every life mine had touched, above all, in every death of someone near to me that had carried into the grave some part of my living cells. But the servant, she was whole, and belonged nowhere.

I SETTLED easily enough into the marginal life of the household ways and habits. Day began early at the Müllers', and we ate breakfast by yellow lamplight, with the gray damp winds blowing with spring softness through the open windows. The men swallowed their last cups of steaming coffee standing, with their hats on, and went out to harness the horses to the plows at sunrise. Annetje, with her fat baby slung over her shoulder, could sweep a room or make a bed with one hand, all finished before the day was well begun; and she spent the rest of the day outdoors, caring for the chickens and the pigs. Now and then she came in with a shallow box full of newly hatched chickens, abject dabs of wet fluff, and put them on a table in her bedroom where she might tend them carefully on their first day. Mother Müller strode about hugely, giving orders right and left, while Father Müller, smoothing his whiskers and lighting his pipe, drove away to town with Mother Müller calling out after him final directions and instructions about household needs. He never spoke a word to her or looked at her and appeared not to be listening, but he always returned in a few hours with every commission performed exactly. After I had made my own bed and set my attic in order, there was nothing at all for me to do, and I walked out of this enthusiastic bustle into the lane, feeling extremely useless. But the repose, the almost hysterical inertia of their minds in the midst of this muscular life, communicated itself to me little by little, and I absorbed it gratefully in silence and felt all the hidden knotted painful places in my own mind beginning to loosen. It was easier to breathe, and I might weep, if I pleased. In a very few days I no longer felt like weeping.

One morning I saw Hatsy spading up the kitchen garden plot, and my offer to help, to spread the seeds and cover them, was accepted. We worked at this for several hours each morning, until the warmth of the sun and the stooping posture induced in me a comfortable vertigo. I forgot to count the days, they were one like the other except as the colors of the air changed, deepening and warming to keep step with the advancing season, and the earth grew firmer underfoot with the swelling tangle of crowding roots.

The children, so hungry and noisy at the table, were peaceable little folk who played silent engrossed games in the front yard. They were always kneading mud into loaves and pies and carrying their battered dolls and cotton rag animals through the operations of domestic life. They fed them, put them to bed; they got them up and fed them again, set them to their chores making more mud loaves; or they would harness themselves to their carts and gallop away to a great shady chestnut tree on the opposite side of the house. Here the tree became the *Turnverein*, and they themselves were again human beings, solemnly ambling about in a dance and going through the motions of drinking beer. Miraculously changed once more into horses, they harnessed themselves and galloped home. They came at call to be fed and put to sleep with the docility of their own toys or animal playmates. Their mothers handled them with instinctive, constant gentleness; they never seemed to be troubled by them. They were as devoted and care-taking as a cat with her kittens.

Sometimes I took Annetje's next to youngest child, a baby of two years, in her little wagon, and we would go down through the orchard and into the lane for a short distance. I would turn again into a smaller lane, smoother because less traveled, and we would go slowly between the aisles of mulberry trees where the fruit was beginning to hang and curl like green furry worms. The baby would sit in a compact mound of flannel and calico, her pale-blue eyes tilted and shining under her cap, her little lower teeth showing in a rapt smile. Sometimes several of the other children would follow along quietly. When I turned, they all turned without question, and we would proceed back to the house as sedately as we had set out.

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The narrow lane, I discovered, led to the river, and it became my favorite walk. Almost every day I went along the edge of the naked wood, passionately occupied with looking for signs of spring. The changes there were so subtle and gradual, I found one day that branches of willows and sprays of blackberry vine alike were covered with fine points of green; the color had changed overnight, or so it seemed, and I knew that tomorrow the whole valley and wood and edge of the river would be quick and feathery with golden green blowing in the winds.

And it was so. On that day I did not leave the river until after dark and came home through the marsh with the owls and nightjars crying over my head, calling in a strange broken chorus in the woods until the farthest answering cry was a ghostly echo. When I went through the orchard the trees were freshly budded out with pale bloom, the branches were immobile in the thin darkness, but the flower clusters shivered in a soundless dance of delicately woven light, whirling as airily as leaves in a breeze, as rhythmically as water in a fountain. Every tree was budded out with this living, pulsing fire as fragile and cool as bubbles. When I opened the gate their light shone on my hands like fox fire. When I looked back, the shimmer of golden light was there, it was no dream.

Hatsy was on her knees in the dining room, washing the floor with heavy dark rags. She always did this work at night, so the men with their heavy boots would not be tracking it up again and it would be immaculate in the morning. She turned her young face to me in a stupor of fatigue. "Ottilie! Ottilie!" she called loudly, and before I could speak, she said, "Ottilie will give you supper. It is waiting, all ready." I tried to tell her that I was not hungry, but she wished to reassure me. "Look, we all must eat. Now, or then, it's no trouble." She sat back on her heels, and raising her head, looked over the window sill at the orchard. She smiled and paused for a moment and said happily, "Now it is come spring. Every spring we have that." She bent again over the great pail of water with her mops.

The crippled servant came in, stumbling perilously on the slippery floor, and set a dish before me, lentils with sausage and red chopped cabbage. It was hot and savory and I was truly grateful, for I found I was hungry, after all. I looked at her — so her name was Ottilie? — and said, "Thank you." "She can't talk," said Hatsy, simply, stating a fact that need not be emphasized. The blurred, dark face was neither young nor old, but crumpled into crisscross wrinkles, irrelevant either to age or suffering; simply wrinkles, patternless blackened seams as if the perishable flesh had been wrung in a hard cruel fist. Yet in that mutilated face I saw high cheekbones, slanted water-blue eyes, the pupils very large and strained with the anxiety of one peering into a darkness full of danger. She jarred heavily against the table as she turned, her bowed back trembling with the perpetual working of her withered arms, and ran away in aimless, driven haste.

Hatsy sat on her heels again for a moment, tossed her braids back over her shoulder, and said, "That is Ottilie. She is not sick now. She is only like that since she was sick when she was baby. But she can work so well as I can. She cooks. But she cannot talk so you can understand." She went up on her knees, bowed over, and began to scrub again, with new energy. She was really a network of thin taut ligaments and long muscles elastic as woven steel. She would always work too hard, and be tired all her life, and never know that this was anything but perfectly natural; everybody worked all the time, because there was always more work waiting when they had finished what they were doing then. I ate my supper and took my plate to the kitchen and set it on the table. Ottilie was sitting in a kitchen chair with her feet in the open oven, her arms folded, and her head waggling a little. She did not see or hear me.

At home, Hatsy wore an old brown corduroy dress and galoshes without stockings. Her skirts were short enough to show her thin legs, slightly crooked below the knees, as if she had walked too early. "Hatsy, she's a good, quick girl," said Mother Müller, to whom praising anybody or anything did not come easily. On Saturdays, Hatsy took a voluminous bath in a big tub in the closet back of the kitchen, where also were stored the extra chamber pots, slop jars, and water jugs. She then unplaited her yellow hair and bound up the crinkled floss with a wreath of pink cotton rosebuds, put on her pale-blue China silk dress, and went to the *Turnverein* to dance and drink a seidel of dark-brown beer with her devoted suitor, who resembled her brothers enough to be her brother. On Sundays, the entire family went to the *Turnverein* after copious washings, getting into starched dresses and shirts, and getting the baskets of food stored in the wagons. The servant, Ottilie, would rush out to see them off, standing with both shaking arms folded over her forehead, shading her troubled eyes to watch them to the turn of the lane. Her muteness seemed nearly absolute; she had no coherent language of signs. Yet three times a day she spread that enormous table with solid food, freshly baked bread, huge platters of vegetables, immoderate roasts of meat, extravagant tarts, strudels, pies — enough for twenty people.

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If neighbors came in for an afternoon on some holiday, Ottilie would stumble into the big north room, the parlor, with its golden-oak melodeon, a harsh-green Brussels carpet, Nottingham lace curtains, crocheted lace antimacassars on the chair backs, to serve them coffee with cream and sugar and thick slices of yellow cake.

Mother Müller sat but seldom in her parlor, and always with an air of formal unease, her knotted big fingers cramped in a cluster. But Father Müller often sat there in the evenings, where no one ventured to follow him unless commanded; he sometimes played chess with his elder son-in-law, who had learned a good while ago that Father Müller was a good player who abhorred an easy victory, and he dared not do less than put up the best fight he was able, but even so, if Father Müller felt himself winning too often, he would roar, "No, you are not trying! You are not doing your best. Now we stop this nonsense!", and the son-in-law would find himself dismissed in temporary disgrace.

Most evenings, however, Father Müller sat by himself and read *Das Kapital*. He would settle deeply into the red plush base rocker and spread the volume upon a low table before him. It was an early edition in blotty black German type, stained and ragged in its leather cover, the pages falling apart, a very bible. He knew whole chapters almost by heart, and added nothing to, took nothing from, the canonical, once-delivered text. I cannot say at that time of my life I had never heard of *Das Kapital*, but I had certainly never known anyone who had read it, though if anyone mentioned it, it was always with profound disapproval. It was not a book one had to read in order to reject it. And here was this respectable old farmer who accepted its dogma as a religion — that is to say, its legendary inapplicable precepts were just, right, proper, one must believe in them, of course; but life, everyday living, was another and unrelated thing. Father Müller was the wealthiest man in his community; almost every neighboring farmer rented land from him, and some of them worked it on the share system. He explained this to me one evening after he had given up trying to teach me chess. He was not surprised that I could not learn, at least not in one lesson, and he was not surprised either that I knew nothing about *Das Kapital*. He explained his own arrangements to me thus: "These men, they cannot buy their land. The land must be bought, for *Kapital* owns it, and *Kapital* will not give back to the worker the land that is his. Well, somehow, I can always buy land. Why? I do not know. I only know that with my first land here I made good crops to buy more land, and so I rent it cheap, more than anybody else I rent it cheap, I lend money so my neighbors do not fall into the hands of the bank, and so I am not *Kapital*. Someday these workers, they can buy land from me, for less than they can get it anywhere else. Well, that is what I can do, that is all." He turned over a page, and his angry gray eyes looked out at me under his shaggy brows. "I buy my land with my hard work, all my life, and I rent it cheap to my neighbors, and then they say they will not elect my son-in-law, my Annetje's husband, to be sheriff because I am atheist. So then I say, all right, but next year you pay more for your land or more shares of your crops. If I am atheist, I will act like one. So, my Annetje's husband is sheriff, that is all."

He had put a stubby forefinger on a line to mark his place, and now he sank himself into his book, and I left quietly without saying good night.

THE *Turnverein* was an octagonal pavilion set in a cleared space in a patch of woods belonging to Father Müller. The German colony came here to sit about in the cool shade, while a small brass band played cloppity country dances. The girls danced with energy and direction, their starched petticoats rustling like dry leaves. The boys were more awkward, but willing; they clutched their partners' waists and left crumpled sweaty spots where they clutched. Here Mother Müller took her ease after a hard week. Her gaunt limbs would relax, her knees spread squarely apart, and she would gossip over her beer with the women of her own generation.

On the other side of the pavilion, Father Müller would sit with the sober grandfathers, their long curved pipes wagging on their chests as they discussed local politics with profound gravity, their hard peasant fatalism tempered only a little by a shrewd worldly distrust of all officeholders not personally known to them, all political plans except their own immediate ones. When Father Müller talked, they listened respectfully, with faith in him as a strong man, head of his own house and his community. They nodded slowly whenever he took his pipe from his mouth and gestured, holding it by the bowl as if it were a stone he was getting ready to throw.

On our way back from the *Turnverein* one evening, Mother Müller said to me, "Well, now, by the grace of Gott it is all settled between Hatsy and her man. It is next Sunday by this time they will be marrit."

All the folk who usually went to the *Turnverein* on Sundays came instead to the Müller house for the wedding. They brought useful presents, mostly bed linen, pillow covers, a white counter-

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pane, with a few ornaments for the bridal chamber; and the bridegroom's gift to the bride was a necklace, a double string of red coral twigs. Just before the short ceremony began, he slipped the necklace over her head with trembling hands. She smiled up at him shakily and helped him disentangle her short veil from the coral, then they joined hands and turned their faces to the pastor, not letting go until time for the exchange of rings — the widest, thickest, reddest gold bands to be found, no doubt — and at that moment they both stopped smiling and turned a little pale. The groom recovered first, and bent over — he was considerably taller than she — and kissed her on the forehead. His eyes were a deep blue, and his hair not really Müller taffy color, but a light chestnut; a good-looking, gentle-tempered boy, I decided, and he looked at Hatsy as if he liked what he saw. They knelt and clasped hands again for the final prayer, then stood together and exchanged the bridal kiss, a very chaste reserved one, still not on the lips. Then everybody came to shake hands and the men all kissed the bride and the women all kissed the groom. Some of the women whispered in Hatsy's ear, and all burst out laughing except Hatsy, who turned red from her forehead to her throat. She whispered in turn to her husband, who nodded in agreement. She then tried to slip away quietly, but the watchful young girls were after her, and shortly we saw her running through the blossoming orchard, holding up her white ruffled skirts, with all the girls in pursuit, shrieking and calling like excited hunters, for the first to overtake and touch her would be the next bride. They returned, breathless, dragging the lucky one with them, and held her, against her ecstatic resistance, while all the young boys kissed her.

The guests stayed on for a huge supper, and Ottilie came in, wearing a fresh blue apron, sweat beaded in the wrinkles of her forehead and around her formless mouth, and passed the food around the table. The men ate first, and then Hatsy came in with the women for the first time, still wearing her square little veil of white cotton net bound on her hair with peach blossoms shattered in the bride's race. After supper, one of the girls played waltzes and polkas on the melodeon, and everyone danced. The bridegroom drew gallons of beer from a keg set up in the hall, and at midnight everybody went away, warmly emotional and happy. I went down to the kitchen for a pitcher of hot water. The servant was still setting things to rights, hobbling between table and cupboard. Her face was a brown smudge of anxiety, her eyes were wide and dazed. Her uncertain hands rattled among the pans, but nothing could make her seem real, or in any way connected with the life around her. Yet when I set my pitcher on the stove, she lifted the heavy kettle and poured the scalding water into it without spilling a drop.

The clear honey green of the early morning sky was a mirror of the bright earth. At the edge of the woods there had sprung a reticent blooming of small white and pale-colored flowers. The peach trees were now each a separate nosegay of shell rose and white. I left the house, meaning to take the short path across to the lane of mulberries. The women were deep in the house, the men were away to the fields, the animals were turned into the pastures, and only Ottilie was visible, sitting on the steps of the back porch peeling potatoes. She gazed in my direction with eyes that fell short of me, and seemed to focus on a point midway between us, and gave no sign. Then she dropped her knife and rose, her mouth opened and closed several times, she strained toward me, motioning with her right hand. I went to her, her hands came out and clutched my sleeve, and for a moment I feared to hear her voice. There was no sound from her, but she drew me along after her, full of some mysterious purpose of her own. She opened the door of a dingy, bitter-smelling room, windowless, which opened off the kitchen, beside the closet where Hatsy took her baths. A lumpy narrow cot and a chest of drawers supporting a blistered looking-glass almost filled the space. Ottilie's lips moved, struggling for speech, as she pulled and tumbled over a heap of rubbish in the top drawer. She took out a photograph and put it in my hands. It was in the old style, faded to a dirty yellow, mounted on cardboard elaborately clipped and gilded at the edges.

I saw a girl child about five years old, a pretty smiling German baby, looking curiously like a slightly elder sister of Annetje's two-year-old, wearing a frilled frock and a prodigious curl of blonde hair on the crown of her head. The strong legs, round as sausages, were encased in long white ribbed stockings, and the square firm feet were laced into old-fashioned soft-soled black boots. Ottilie peered over the picture, twisted her neck, and looked up into my face. I saw the slanted water-blue eyes and the high cheekbones of the Müllers again, mutilated, almost destroyed, but unmistakable. This child was what she had been, and she was without doubt the elder sister of Annetje and Gretchen and Hatsy; in urgent pantomime she insisted that this was so — she patted the picture and her own face, and strove terribly to speak. She pointed to the name written carefully on the back, Ottilie, and touched her mouth with her bent knuckles. Her head wagged in her perpetual nod; her shaking hand seemed to flap the

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photograph at me in a roguish humor. The bit of cardboard connected her at once somehow to the world of human beings I knew; for an instant some filament lighter than cobweb spun itself out between that living center in her and in me, a filament from some center that held us all bound to our inescapable common source, so that her life and mine were kin, even a part of each other, and the painfulness and strangeness of her vanished. She knew well that she had been Ottilie, with those steady legs and watching eyes, and she was Ottilie still within herself. For a moment, being alive, she knew she suffered, for she stood and shook with silent crying, smearing away her tears with the open palm of her hand. Even while her cheeks were wet, her face changed. Her eyes cleared and fixed themselves upon that point in space which seemed for her to contain her unaccountable and terrible troubles. She turned her head as if she had heard a voice and disappeared in her staggering run into the kitchen, leaving the drawer open and the photograph face downward on the chest.

At midday meal she came hurrying and splashing coffee on the white floor, restored to her own secret existence of perpetual amazement, and again I had become a stranger to her like all the rest, but she was no stranger to me, and could not be again.

The youngest brother came in, holding up an opossum he had caught in his trap. He swung the furry body from side to side, his eyes fairly narrowed with pride as he showed us the mangled creature. "No, it is cruel, even for the wild animals," said gentle Annetje to me, "but boys love to kill, they love to hurt things. I am always afraid he will trap poor Kuno." I thought privately that Kuno, a wolfish, ungracious beast, might well prove a match for any trap. Annetje was full of silent, tender solicitudes. The kittens, the puppies, the chicks, the lambs and calves were her special care. She was the only one of the women who caressed the weanling calves when she set the pans of milk before them. Her child seemed as much a part of her as if it were not yet born. Still, she seemed to have forgotten that Ottilie was her sister. So had all the others. I remembered how Hatsy had spoken her name but had not said she was her sister. Their silence about her was, I realized, exactly that — simple forgetfulness. She moved among them as invisible to their imaginations as a ghost. Ottilie their sister was something painful that had happened long ago and now was past and done for; they could not live with that memory or its visible reminder — they forgot her in pure self-defense. But I could not forget her. She drifted into my mind like a bit of weed carried in a current and caught there, floating but fixed, refusing to be carried away. I reasoned it out. The Müllers, what else could they have done with Ottilie? By a physical accident in her childhood, she had been stripped of everything but her mere existence. It was not a society or a class that pampered its invalids and the unfit. So long as one lived, one did one's share. This was her place, in this family she had been born and must die; did she suffer? No one asked, no one looked to see. Suffering went with life, suffering and labor. While one lived one worked, that was all, and without complaints, for no one had time to listen, and everybody had his own troubles. So, what else could they have done with Ottilie? As for me, I could do nothing but promise myself that I would forget her, too; and to remember her for the rest of my life.

Sitting at the long table, I would watch Ottilie clattering about in her tormented haste, bringing in that endless food that represented all her life's labors. My mind would follow her into the kitchen, where I could see her peering into the great simmering kettles, the crowded oven, her ruined hands always lifting and stirring, and paring and chopping, her whole body a mere machine of torture. Straight up to the surface of my mind the thought would come urgently, clearly, as if driving time toward the desired event: Let it be now, let it be *now*. Not even tomorrow, no, today. Let her sit down quietly in her rickety chair by the stove and fold those arms, and let us find her there like that, with her head fallen forward on her knees. I would wait, hoping she might not come again, ever again, through that door I gazed at with wincing eyes, as if I might see something unendurable enter. Then she would come, and it was only Ottilie, after all, in the bosom of her family, and one of its most useful and competent members; and they with a deep right instinct had learned to live with her disaster on its own terms, and hers; they had accepted and then made use of what was for them only one more painful event in a world full of troubles, many of them much worse than this. So, a step at a time, I followed the Müllers as nearly as I could in their acceptance of Ottilie and the use they made of her life, for in some way that I could not quite explain to myself, I found great virtue and courage in their steadiness and refusal to feel sorry for anybody, least of all for themselves.

GRETCHEN bore her child, a son, conveniently between the hours of supper and bedtime, one evening of friendly domestic-sounding rain. The next day brought neighboring women from miles around, and the child was bandied about among

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them as if he were a new kind of medicine ball. Sedate and shy at dances, emotional at weddings, they were ribald and jocose at births. Over coffee and beer the talk grew broad, the hearty gutturals were swallowed in the belly of laughter; those honest hard-working wives and mothers saw life for a few hours as a hearty low joke, and it did them good. The baby bawled and suckled like a young calf, and the men of the family came in for a look and added their joyful improprieties.

Cloudy weather drove them home earlier than they had meant to go. The whole sky was lined with smoky black and gray vapor hanging in ragged wisps like soot in a chimney. The edges of the woods turned dull purple as the horizon reddened slowly, then faded, and all across the sky ran a deep shuddering mumble of thunder. All the Müllers hurried about getting into rubber boots and oilcloth overalls, shouting to each other, making their plan of action. The youngest boy came over the ridge of the hill with Kuno helping him to drive the sheep into the fold. Kuno was barking, the sheep were baaing and bleating, the horses freed from the plows were excited; they whinnied and trotted at the lengths of their halters, their ears laid back. The cows were bawling in distress and the calves cried back to them. All the men went out among the animals to round them up and quiet them and get them enclosed safely. Even as Mother Müller, her half-dozen petticoats looped about her thighs and tucked into her hip boots, was striding to join them in the barns, the cloud rack was split end to end by a shattering blow of lightning, and the cloudburst struck the house with the impact of a wave against a ship. The wind broke the windowpanes and the floods poured through. The roof beams strained and the walls bent inward, but the house stood to its foundations. The children were huddled into the inner bedroom with Gretchen. "Come and sit on the bed with me now," she told them calmly, "and be still." She sat up with a shawl around her, suckling the baby. Annetje came then and left her baby with Gretchen, too; and standing at the doorstep with one arm caught over the porch rail, reached down into the furious waters which were rising to the very threshold and dragged in a half-drowned lamb. I followed her. We could not make ourselves heard above the cannonade of thunder, but together we carried the creature into the hall under the stairs, where we rubbed the drowned fleece with rags and pressed his stomach to free him from the water and finally got him sitting up with his feet tucked under him. Annetje was merry with triumph and kept saying in delight, "Alive, alive! Look!"

We left him there when we heard the men shouting and beating at the kitchen door and ran to open it for them. They came in, Mother Müller among them, wearing her yoke and milk pails. She stood there with the water pouring from her skirts, the three-cornered piece of black oilcloth on her head dripping, her rubber boots wrinkled down with the weight of her petticoats. She and Father Müller stood near each other, looking like two gnarled lightning-struck old trees, his beard and oilcloth garments streaming, both their faces suddenly dark and old and tired, tired once for all; they would never be rested again in their lives. Father Müller suddenly roared at her, "Go get yourself dry clothes. Do you want to make yourself sick?"

"Ho," she said, taking off her milk yoke and setting the pails on the floor. "Go change yourself. I bring you dry socks." One of the boys told me she had carried a day-old calf on her back up a ladder against the inside wall of the barn and had put it safely in the hayloft behind a barricade of bales. Then she had lined up the cows in the stable, and sitting on her milking stool in the rising water, she had milked them all. She seemed to think nothing of it.

"Hatsy," she called, "come help with this milk!" Little pale Hatsy came flying, barefoot because she had been called in the midst of taking off her wet shoes. Her new husband followed her, rather shy of his mother-in-law.

"Let me," he said, wishing to spare his dear bride such heavy work, and started to lift the great pails. "No!" shouted Mother Müller, so the poor young man nearly jumped out of his shirt. "Not you. The milk is not business for a man." He fell back and stood there with dark rivulets of mud seeping from his boots, watching Hatsy pour the milk into pans. Mother Müller started to follow her husband to attend him, but said at the door, "Where is Ottilie?", and no one knew, no one had seen her. "Find her," said Mother Müller. "Tell her we want supper, now."

Hatsy motioned to her husband, and together they tiptoed to the door of Ottilie's room and opened it silently. The light from the kitchen showed them Ottilie, sitting by herself, folded up on the edge of the bed. Hatsy threw the door wide open for more light and called in a high penetrating voice as if to a deaf person or one at a great distance, "Ottilie! Suppertime. We are hungry!", and the young pair left the kitchen to look under the stairway to see how Annetje's lamb was getting on. Then Annetje, Hatsy, and I began sweeping the dirty water and broken glass from the floors of the hall and dining room.

The storm lightened gradually, but the flooding rain continued. At supper there was talk about the loss of animals and their replacement. All the crops must be replanted, the season's labor was

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for nothing. They were all tired and wet, but they ate heartily and calmly, to strengthen themselves against all the labor of repairing and restoring which must begin early tomorrow morning.

By morning the drumming on the roof had almost ceased; from my window I looked upon a sepia-colored plain of water moving slowly to the valley. The roofs of the barns sagged like the ridgepoles of a tent, and a number of drowned animals floated or were caught against the fences. At breakfast, Mother Müller sat groaning over her coffee cup. "Ach," she said, "what it is to have such a pain in the head. Here too." She thumped her chest. "All over. Ach, Gott, I'm sick." She got up sighing hoarsely, her cheeks flushed, calling Hatsy and Annetje to help her in the barn.

They all came back very soon, their skirts draggled to the knees, and the two sisters were supporting their mother, who was speechless and could hardly stand. They put her to bed, where she lay without moving, her face scarlet. Everybody was confused; no one knew what to do. They tucked the quilts about her, and she threw them off. They offered her coffee, cold water, beer, but she turned her head away. The sons came in and stood beside her and joined the cry: "*Mutterchen, Mutti, Mutti*, what can we do? Tell us, what do you need?" But she could not tell them. It was impossible to ride the twelve miles to town for a doctor; fences and bridges were down, the roads were washed out. The family crowded into the room, unnerved, in panic, lost unless the sick woman should come to herself and tell them what to do for her. Father Müller came in, and kneeling beside her, he took hold of her hands and spoke to her most lovingly, and when she did not answer him, he broke out crying openly, in a loud voice, the great tears rolling, "Ach, Gott, Gott. A hundert tousand tollars in the bank" — he glared around at his family and spoke broken English to them, as if he were a stranger to himself and had forgotten his own language — "and tell me, tell, what goot does it?"

This frightened them, and all at once, together, they screamed and called and implored her in a tumult utterly beyond control. The noise of their grief and terror filled the place. In the midst of this, Mother Müller died.

In the midafternoon the rain passed, and the sun was a disk of brass in a cruelly bright sky. The waters flowed thickly down to the river, leaving the hill bald and brown, with the fences lying in a flattened tangle, the young peach trees stripped of bloom and sagging at the roots. In the woods had occurred a violent eruption of ripe foliage of a jungle thickness, glossy and burning, a massing of hot peacock green with cobalt shadows.

The household was in such silence, I had to listen carefully to know that anyone lived there. Everyone, even the younger children, moved on tiptoe and spoke in whispers. All afternoon the thud of hammers and the whine of a saw went on monotonously in the barn loft. At dark, the men brought in a shiny coffin of new yellow pine with rope handles and set it in the hall. It lay there on the floor for an hour or so, where anyone passing had to step over it. Then Annetje and Hatsy, who had been washing and dressing the body, appeared in the doorway and motioned. "You bring it in now."

Mother Müller lay in state in the parlor throughout the night, in her black silk dress with a scrap of white lace at the collar and a small lace cap on her hair. Her husband sat in the plush chair near her, looking at her face, which was very contemplative, gentle, and remote. He wept at intervals, silently, wiping his face with a big handkerchief. His daughters brought him coffee from time to time. He fell asleep there toward morning.

The light burned in the kitchen nearly all night, too, and the sound of Ottilie's heavy boots thumping about unsteadily was accompanied by the locust whirring of the coffee mill and the smell of baking bread. Hatsy came to my room. "There's coffee and cake," she said, "you'd better have some," and turned away crying, crumbling her slice in her hand. We stood about and ate in silence. Ottilie brought in a fresh pot of coffee, her eyes bleared and fixed, her gait as aimless-looking and hurried as ever, and when she spilled some on her own hand, she did not seem to feel it.

For a day longer they waited; then the youngest boy went to fetch the Lutheran pastor, and a few neighbors came back with them. By noon many more had arrived, spattered with mud, the horses heaving and sweating. At every greeting the family gave way and wept afresh, as naturally and openly as children. Their faces were drenched and soft with their tears; there was a comfortable relaxed look in the muscles of their faces. It was good to let go, to have something to weep for that nobody need excuse or explain. Their tears were at once a luxury and a cure of souls. They wept away the hard core of secret trouble that is in the heart of each separate man, secure in a communal grief; in sharing it, they consoled each other. For a while, they would visit the grave and remember, and then life would arrange itself again in another order, yet it would be the same. Already the thoughts of the living were turning to tomorrow, when they would be at the work of rebuilding and replanting and repairing — even now, today,

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they would hurry back from the burial to milk the cows and feed the chickens, and they might weep again and again for several days, until their tears should heal them at last.

On that day I realized, for the first time, not death, but the terror of dying. When they took the coffin out to the little country hearse and I saw that the procession was about to form, I went to my room and lay down. Staring at the ceiling, I heard and felt the ominous order and purpose in the movements and sounds below — the creaking harness and hoofbeats and grating wheels, the muted grave voices — and it was as if my blood fainted and receded with fright, while my mind stayed wide-awake to receive the awful impress. Yet when I knew they were leaving the yard, the terror began to leave me. As the sounds receded, I lay there not thinking, not feeling, in a mere drowse of relief and weariness.

Through my half-sleep I heard the howling of a dog. It seemed to be in a dream, and I was troubled to awaken. I dreamed that Kuno was caught in the trap; then I thought he was really caught, it was no dream and I must wake, because there was no one but me to let him out. I came broad awake, the cry rushed upon me like a wind, and it was not the howl of a dog. I ran downstairs and looked into Gretchen's room. She was curled up around her baby, and they were both asleep. I ran to the kitchen.

Ottilie was sitting in her broken chair with her feet in the edge of the open oven, where the heat had died away. Her hands hung at her sides, the fingers crooked into the palm; her head lay back on her shoulders, and she howled with a great wrench of her body, an upward reach of the neck, without tears. At sight of me she got up and came over to me and laid her head on my breast, and her hands dangled forward a moment. Shuddering, she babbled and howled and waved her arms in a frenzy through the open window over the stripped branches of the orchard toward the lane where the procession had straightened out into formal order. I took hold of her arms where the unnaturally corded muscles clenched and strained under her coarse sleeves; I led her out to the steps and left her sitting there, her head wagging.

In the barnyard there remained only the broken-down spring wagon and the shaggy pony that had brought me to the farm on the first day. The harness was still a mystery, but somehow I managed to join pony, harness, and wagon not too insecurely, or so I could only hope; and I pushed and hauled and tugged at Ottilie and lifted her until she was in the seat and I had the reins in hand. We careened down the road at a grudging trot, the pony jolting like a churn, the wheels spinning elliptically in a truly broad comedy swagger. I watched the jovial antics of those wheels with attention, hoping for the best. We slithered into round pits of green mud and jogged perilously into culverts where small bridges had been. Once, in what was left of the main road, I stood up to see if I might overtake the funeral train; yes, there it was, going inchmeal up the road over the little hill, a bumbling train of black beetles crawling helter-skelter over clods.

Ottilie, now silent, was doubled upon herself, slipping loosely on the edge of the seat. I caught hold of her stout belt with my free hand, and my fingers slipped between her clothes and bare flesh, ribbed and gaunt and dry against my knuckles. My sense of her realness, her humanity, this shattered being that was a woman, was so shocking to me that a howl as doglike and despairing as her own rose in me unuttered and died again, to be a perpetual ghost. Ottilie slanted her eyes and peered at me, and I gazed back. The knotted wrinkles of her face were grotesquely changed, she gave a choked little whimper, and suddenly she laughed out, a kind of yelp but unmistakably laughter, and clapped her hands for joy, the grinning mouth and suffering eyes turned to the sky. Her head nodded and wagged with the clownish humor of our trundling lurching progress. The feel of the hot sun on her back, the bright air, the jolly senseless staggering of the wheels, the peacock green of the heavens: something of these had reached her. She was happy and gay, and she gurgled and rocked in her seat, leaning upon me and waving loosely around her as if to show me what wonders she saw.

Drawing the pony to a standstill, I studied her face for a while and pondered my ironical mistake. There was nothing I could do for Ottilie, selfishly as I wished to ease my heart of her; she was beyond my reach as well as any other human reach, and yet, had I not come nearer to her than I had to anyone else in my attempt to deny and bridge the distance between us, or rather, her distance from me? Well, we were both equally the fools of life, equally fellow fugitives from death. We had escaped for one day more at least. We would celebrate our good luck, we would have a little stolen holiday, a breath of spring air and freedom on this lovely, festive afternoon.

Ottilie fidgeted, uneasy at our stopping. I flapped the reins, the pony moved on, we turned across the shallow ditch where the small road divided from the main traveled one. I measured the sun westering gently; there would be time enough to drive to the river down the lane of mulberries and to get back to the house before the mourners returned. There would be plenty of time for Ottilie to have supper ready. They need not even know she had been gone.

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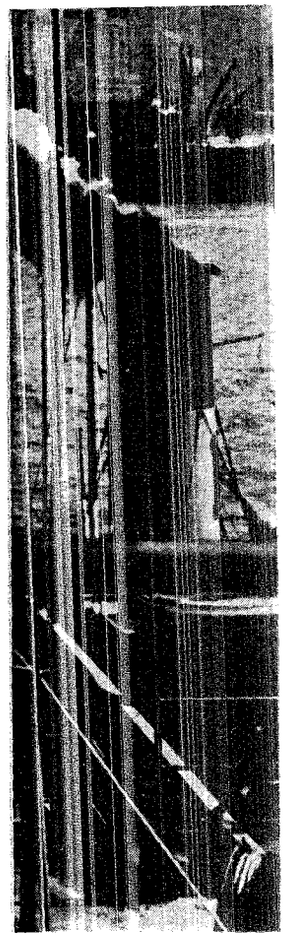
AUTOMATION and the LONGSHOREMEN

A WEST COAST SOLUTION

by WILLIAM GLAZIER



On October 18 management and labor reached an agreement which, when ratified by the local unions, will ensure harmony between the longshoremen and the West Coast maritime employers until 1966. WILLIAM GLAZIER, *administrative assistant to the national officers of the International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union, here explains the complicated issues which had to be resolved by the new contract.*

AMERICANS in all walks of life are increasingly aware that a technological revolution is sweeping American industry. Automation has become a magic word, and if we are to believe what we are told, it holds out the promise of fantastic increases in productivity and in the capacity of the economy to support a higher standard of living, a promise of less backbreaking toil on the job, of more leisure and a better life for all. But revolutionizing industry is necessarily a disruptive process, imposing enormous strains upon labor-management relations.

Last year almost two million organized workers were either on strike or engaged in tense negotiations with employers over disputes arising from the introduction of new methods and new machines. Conflicts over automation all boil down to the same thing: how new labor-displacing machines are being introduced and what unions are demanding to minimize their impact on the workers.

Last year's steel strike and the East Coast dockers' strike were both in part the result of differences over how to handle the major technological changes now going on in these industries. The same can be said for the railroads' campaign against featherbedding. American industry's enormous investment in new and more advanced plant and equipment since World War II is now beginning to bear fruit, and we are witnessing only the beginning of the painful adjustment of industrial relations to a radically changing environment at the place of work.

Probably one of the most interesting and novel approaches to the many complex problems arising out of technical change is that evolving in the West Coast longshore industry. The collective bargaining agreement reached on August 10, 1959, between the Pacific Maritime Association and the International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union, and especially the provisions on mechanization, is of important significance for labor and business leaders throughout America.

More than ten years ago, in an article entitled "Conflict on the Waterfront," by Clark Kerr and Lloyd Fisher, the *Atlantic* reported on the transformation of labor relations that had taken place on the West Coast waterfront. This was the beginning of a new era in labor-management relations in the Pacific ports and the end of one of the most turbulent and combative episodes in American labor history. The white-capped West Coast longshoremen and their cocky, Australian-born leader, Harry Bridges, had been synonymous, to most people, with violent and unrestrained labor power interlarded with radical political views. On the other side, the men then dominating the old shipowners' association made no secret of their determination to stamp out the union by whatever means they could employ.

Yet, in the decade since 1949, the shipowners,

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joined together in the reorganized Pacific Maritime Association, and the ILWU have not only successfully maintained the lull in the fighting but have moved ahead to negotiate major collective bargaining improvements without a single coastwise shutdown. Longshore wages for the standard six-hour straight-time day have risen to $2.82 an hour; the normal work shift has been reduced to a guaranteed eight hours; an elaborate medical and dental care program has been instituted; and vacations and pensions are being enjoyed for the first time.

The West Coast longshoremen, with incomes averaging about $6500 in 1959, have done well under the "new look." The shipowners and operators have also prospered as trade expanded on the foundation of increasingly stable labor-management relations.

By now the revolution in industrial relations which the *Atlantic* reported so accurately a decade ago has lost its novelty, and the union and the employers are at the present time tackling the technological changes in cargo handling which are dramatically beginning to remake the whole face of the longshore industry.

The aim is to create a framework within which the industry can bring about an increase in productivity by introducing new methods and new machines, while at the same time guaranteeing the workers on the docks and in the ships' holds their job security, along with a share of the benefits from technical progress. By comparison, both the widely publicized decision by the meat-packing unions and the Armour company to investigate the problems created by technological unemployment and the joint study committees set up in the steel industry are much more limited.

It has generally been the position of management that sharing the benefits of technological change, as agreed to by the West Coast longshore employers, is as much outside the scope of union bargaining as are the investment decisions which bring the new machines into being. A recent survey conducted among the presidents of selected nationwide firms revealed that 75 per cent feel that "The company is entitled to all of the savings resulting from the introduction of labor-saving equipment"; and fewer than 10 per cent of them believe that the company is obligated to compensate workers displaced by mechanization.

Labor's own thinking in this area seems to be confined almost exclusively to proposals for moderating the impact of labor-displacing machines. Few, if any, national unions have affirmatively accepted technological change as part of a program of sharing the benefits. This explains why Arthur Viat, West Coast regional director of the Federal Conciliation Service, recently commented that the ILWU-PMA plan "will affect the course of labor relations in the United States for years to come."

In 1957 the ILWU conducted a survey in each major West Coast port to determine how rapidly new methods of cargo handling were coming into the industry and what the effect was upon the longshoremen's work opportunities and earnings. The union survey found that, although new methods — in the form of large-size van and container loads, the increased use of bulk handling of cargoes, which were formerly manhandled in sacks and drums, and the employment of new and more powerful lifts and other equipment, both shoreside and in the ship's hold—were impressive in moving many more tons of cargo with fewer man-hours of labor, they had not swept the industry, and their impact upon the men was far from catastrophic. The signs, however, were clear: this was the pattern for the future.

Meeting at Portland, Oregon, in October, 1957, representatives of the longshore locals spent five days examining the many implications of the new mechanized methods. And they were bluntly informed by the union leadership that their own refusal to modify port working rules on such matters as the number of men on a job, the pace of work, and similar conditions had helped drive the shippers to the new labor-displacing methods.

These were no trivial changes longshoremen were facing. One thousand tons of general cargo, handled in the conventional manner of loading or discharging a ship, customarily requires 120 to 150 gang-hours of labor. (Longshore ship gangs on the West Coast normally consist of about 12 men.) The same cargo, completely unitized — particularly by loading it in large vans or containers at the place of origin — might require 10 to 30 gang-hours. In addition, the gangs could, theoretically at least, be cut to one half or one third their present size. The result would be fewer men working fewer hours and stowing more tons of cargo.

West Coast longshoremen, unlike factory workers, are accustomed to unique freedom. They enjoy a choice of working or not working on any day without jeopardizing their employment. Each is ensured an equal share of all the available work and the right to select jobs as they are posted in the hiring and dispatch hall or to replace himself simply by calling the hall for a substitute.

Customarily, longshoremen find their job security in a combination of controls which place as many men as possible on each job and for as long as possible. In an industry where the "factory" is here today and sails tomorrow, today's job is squeezed for everything it will produce.

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Who knows when the next ship will dock and how much work it will furnish? Not surprisingly, longshoremen have been unyielding against machines. Every labor-displacing innovation in cargo handling is a challenge to job control and job security, and arguments that the new methods lessen the backbreaking toil have fallen on deaf ears.

To the shipowners, the savings in labor costs from mechanization are only one part of the benefits of technical change. Minimizing the hours which a ship spends in port is the key to profitable ship operations. A ship is a floating warehouse, and when it is not at sea, costs continue and earnings go down. Speedier loading and discharge not only improve the ship's turn-around time, but in the long run will increase the number of trips a vessel can make each year. The savings in capital investment and the increase in earnings resulting from speedier turn-around could well be impressive.

As far as the public interest is concerned, quite apart from the general benefit the community receives from improved productivity in any segment of American industry, there is the taxpayers' enormous direct investment in the maritime industry. In San Francisco, for example, over 40 per cent of the general cargo flowing through the port is either for the military or for various subsidized foreign aid programs; in these instances, savings in cargo costs from improved productivity would be passed on to the federal government.

The question put to the union delegates at the Portland caucus was: "Do we want to stick with our present policy of guerrilla resistance [to change], or do we want to adopt a more flexible policy in order to buy specific benefits in return?" It was acknowledged by the ILWU officers that the union did have the economic strength and the cohesion to resist and delay mechanization within certain limits. But was this the wisest policy to pursue? ILWU President Harry Bridges argued that, whether the men liked it or not, changes were going to take place "the easy way or the hard way." He insisted that the union would be in the best possible negotiating position if a flexible approach was adopted before mechanization spread further. But he predicted that the strength and the resources of the union would be dissipated in costly losing battles if a rigid hold-the-line program was adhered to. After hours of debate the men voted unanimously to explore with the employers the benefits to be gained if they were to adopt a cooperative policy for orderly introduction of new mechanical methods and changes in working rules.

As a result of the union-management discussions which followed the caucus, an informal understanding was reached before the end of 1957, giving the employers a free hand to mechanize, with appropriate changes in the working rules, while the union was guaranteed that the registered work force would be maintained — less normal attrition — and that there would be a sharing with this work force of a portion of the savings resulting from increases in productivity. The longshoremen put it simply: "No layoffs, and a bite out of the machine."

The employers really had one goal — latitude under the contract to introduce new mechanized methods and to utilize them efficiently. The union's objectives were more numerous. They included guarantees against individual speedup, breaching of safety rules, layoffs, and reduction in take-home pay. The union also hoped in the long run to use the mechanization agreement in order to reduce the length of the work shift and to establish a guaranteed work opportunity or to support a guaranteed wage. Noticeably absent, however, were the customary union demands for retraining programs, unemployment benefits, severance pay, and aid in finding new employment or in relocating displaced workers and their families. None of these are necessary, because layoffs are no threat.

However, the PMA and the ILWU soon discovered that it was easier to agree in principle to share the benefits of increased productivity than it was to figure out how to measure those elusive mechanization benefits. With all the good will in the world, and with the aid of a productivity study in the port of San Francisco conducted by a branch of the National Academy of Sciences, the answers still continued to elude negotiators on both sides as the contract came to an end on June 15, 1959, a year and a half after the basic principles had been agreed to.

The employers' association, pushed by those leaders in the industry who were already introducing new methods, was anxious to get a firm agreement which would unfreeze the working rules on these new operations. Postponement of the issue would have meant another year of expensive guerrilla fighting. The union leaders, however, were committed to getting a share of the machine in 1959, and they weren't ready to sell a liberalization of work rules for a few cents more in wages.

After several months of intensive bargaining, an agreement was finally reached, despite the absence of the requisite measurement data. The PMA, conceding that the time had passed for more talk, proposed to establish a million-dollar fund (approximately one per cent of the annual indus-

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try payroll) as the down payment on the men's share of the benefits that would flow from new methods.

The final mechanization agreement provided that the parties would have one year, to June 15, 1960, to continue their studies of "actual changes made by labor-saving machinery, changed methods of operation, or proposed changes in working rules and contract restrictions." In addition, the down payment into the mechanization fund had been increased to one and a half million dollars, which the union accepted as payment for all the changes made, or to be made, prior to June, 1960.

The one and a half million is really the first installment of a "sharing the benefits of mechanization" fund. It has been agreed that the fund will be put on a continuing basis once the PMA and the ILWU agree on a formula which measures the changes in productivity and determines each employer's contribution to the mechanization fund. The employers further agreed to maintain the 1958 registered regular work force less the normal attrition of about 2 per cent a year. This means no layoffs, despite the introduction of labor-saving machines.

Under the decasualization system which has existed on the West Coast waterfront since 1934, each fully registered longshoreman gets an equal share of all the work available. When shipping is booming and the work pie is big, each man's slice increases; when the pie is smaller, each of the roughly equal individual slices is smaller. Men are not laid off when business declines; they remain on the rolls, dividing up the poverty as they once did the prosperity.

It is this unique system which permits the industry to guarantee continued employment. The men are employees of the whole industry, and the impact of declining work opportunities because of any one company's introduction of new methods is spread through the whole work force. Furthermore, in most ports there is a pool of extra men drawn from the unemployed of other industries. Although large in numbers, this group does only about 10 per cent of the work on the coast. They will not participate in the benefits of the mechanization program, and the chances are that in the future their work opportunities will be reduced, unless the mechanization program happens to coincide with an overall increase in shipping.

The registered men, although guaranteed against layoff by the mechanization agreement, are, of course, not guaranteed against a reduction in their earnings or in the work available to them. To meet this, the union is proposing that the fund be used, as far as possible, to maintain 35 hours of work each week. When, as a result of mechanization, work falls below this level, the present retirement age of 65 would be progressively lowered to 62, with full pensions. These earlier retirements, financed by the fund until the men become eligible for their regular pensions at age 65, would increase the work opportunities for the younger men. Should this prove inadequate, the fund would then be used for supplementing wages.

As to work rules, in the first year of the contract the employers are free, after negotiation and agreement or arbitration, to make whatever operational changes they think necessary. This right, however, is restricted exclusively to changes related to new labor-saving devices; the working rules and practices on all conventional operations have been frozen for the time being.

The effect of this important restriction will be to permit the necessary modifications in rules to come about in an orderly and piecemeal fashion, relating the demands upon the men for change to a new practice, which, in turn, is contributing directly into the coast mechanization fund.

ALTHOUGH it is clear that the ILWU-PMA approach reflects certain unique features in the structure and operation of this industry, it bears comparison with the policies followed by John L. Lewis and the miners.

A good many years ago the United Mine Workers adopted a policy of actively encouraging the modernization of the coal mines in exchange for better wages, hours, and conditions. In the last decade, the mining of bituminous coal has undergone an amazing transformation as the result of the startling rate at which mechanization has taken place in the industry. In 1950 a miner was producing 6.77 tons of coal each day; in 1958 the national average was just under 12 tons. Meanwhile, over the years the miners have established one of the highest hourly wages of any industrial workers in the world. Along with high wages came an elaborate pension and medical care program, improved working conditions, and reduced hours. But the approximately 400,000 miners employed in the bituminous coal industry in 1942 have today been reduced to 200,000, and production is not too much below what it was ten years ago. Lewis himself has accepted shrinking employment and a declining union membership as the price of technological advance.

In both the West Coast longshore industry and in the coal mines, the increase in labor productivity comes about from mechanization; new machines are taking over tasks formerly performed by hand, but a man is still required to control and operate the machine. However, in auto and steel production, in the chemical and petroleum industries, and in many offices all over the country

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automated processes are being introduced which are self-regulatory and which eliminate human control. Another machine does the job of machine operation and supervision.

It really matters little to the individual worker whether the process displacing him is called mechanization or automation or is merely better planning on the part of management. The specter of unemployment comes into the work place when changes are introduced. What is novel about automation is the increased scale and speed of labor displacement.

There are few union leaders who do not recognize that technical advance is the key to raising living standards; but unharnessed technological change possesses a vast potential for social catastrophe. The pattern resulting from the introduction of more advanced and automated production processes is a pattern of growing discrepancy between growth in production and growth in employment. Jobs in manufacturing are not keeping pace with man-hour increases in productivity, to the misfortune of both new recruits and established workers. This helps to explain why some unions, by insisting upon prior consultation by management before new and more technically advanced methods are introduced, hope to control the rate at which new machinery is introduced, and thereby to minimize the impact upon their members.

THERE is no point in ignoring the serious questions which are raised by suggestions to control technology. A recent round-table discussion was directed in part to the proposal that there be "some kind of public appraisal, planning and control of the most powerful, dangerous and influential products of technology." The proposal was sharply attacked by Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, as "impossible," "unwise," and "one of the greatest potential attacks on freedom of thought I have ever heard about."

On the other hand, it is widely charged that a major showdown is shaping up precisely because the unions are trying to halt or severely slow down the trend toward more efficient ways of doing and making things. Yet, if labor were to adopt the John L. Lewis policy, what would management offer as a *quid pro quo?*

Education and retraining to handle new jobs, moving displaced workers to other company plants or helping them find jobs elsewhere, instituting or increasing severance pay — these are the kinds of policies which have been proposed or instituted in a few of the firms already embarked on automation programs. It is doubtful, however, whether these even begin to meet the problem of job security as the average rank-and-file worker sees it; nor do such policies hold out the promise of any direct sharing of the benefits of technical change with the workers most affected.

For example, we have to anticipate, until it is demonstrated to the contrary, that the new and more highly skilled jobs created by introducing an automated process will *not* be filled by retraining the semiskilled workers who have been displaced. These new positions will most likely be filled by retraining and promoting the top skilled men of the old production line, supplemented by new skilled men. Upward transfers outside of this small group will probably be few. Most of the employees who formerly filled the many semiskilled jobs which were eliminated will be laid off; a few will be demoted to jobs as materials handlers.

The pat formula repeats that automation will enable management to cut costs and prices and thus expand sales and output. New jobs will be created as a result, and more goods will become available at lower prices. In this way, it is contended, workers and the whole nation will eventually benefit. But there is no good reason to expect this to happen under all market situations or in all phases of the business cycle. Improved productivity can result in any one of numerous combinations of price, production, profit, and wage movements. The trouble lies with the more general economic arrangements of our society, which do not include machinery to deal with technical changes smoothly and without creating unemployment. We can only hope for an expanding economy, which would provide a balance between growing productive capacity and the demand for goods at a level high enough to maintain full employment.

Changing tools and changing techniques are shaping and reshaping our society. To what extent will today's union movement inhibit or accelerate this process? Can we anticipate that, as technological change makes work itself more repetitious and boring, a union, through its role in helping determine the conditions at the place of work, might offer workers the means of rediscovering themselves as creative, productive human beings? And in what manner can we hope to impose social considerations on this evolution which are broader than the current thinking of labor and management in this field?

One conclusion, at least, appears to be abundantly clear: the labor movement has the initial responsibility to originate the kind of creative thinking called for by the technological revolution.

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THE BURIAL OF A CHILD

Bayamon, Puerto Rico

BY IRVING FELDMAN

Of an afternoon, sunny and still,
The mourners come with slow and lingering pace.
A dozen peasants climb the hill

Together, though alone. With grace
An uncle or father bears upon his head
The little lavender cask of his race.

Within, a child of two is dead.
And the coffin gaily limps like a boat at sea,
But lacks a flag. A child is dead.

And quietly they nod at me
And pass where an old stream had gone to rust.
Today a special dignity

Walks with each man through the dust:
They want to steal away this child from death.
And whatever they do this day is just.

And so their memories or breath,
Their sighs or smiles or secret crossroads rite
Dance around the lavender death,

Tiny waves that caress or bite
And take what is their due, dissolve the soul
With elements of the soul. It is right.

Of an afternoon, they talk and stroll,
And slowly so they struggle up the hill
And bring the coffin to a hole.

And how like a river they rise and spill,
Flow back upon the spring and goal.
A child is dead, alone, and still. . . .

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To a Young Dancer

by

AGNES DE MILLE

Dancer, choreographer, and writer, AGNES DE MILLE *originated the famous ballets for the Rodgers-Hammerstein musicals, danced the lead in her own colorful* RODEO, *and is the author of two books describing the resurgence of the dance in America,* DANCE TO THE PIPER *and* AND PROMENADE HOME. *In this paper she addresses herself to a young aspirant who is on the point of entering a professional career of dancing.*

IN AMERICA it is desirable for the student to have a basic training in ballet. It is also helpful to have experience with modern movement. The two styles, once drastically opposed, are now reconciled and complementary. Tap used to be a requisite for a Broadway or Hollywood job. It is not now. But it, too, helps, for it provides unmatched training in rhythm. Ballet practice will strengthen your legs and feet, will give you resilience and elevation, speed, virtuosity, and endurance. It will also provide a long, pure body line and correct all faults of posture. Modern work will teach you dynamics, phrasing, a greater emotional use of the arms and torso. It will give importance and weight to all your movements. Ballet students tend to disregard the body from the waist up. When the moderns lift an arm or a head, it is an event.

Try to get under the direction of a first-rate choreographer. If there is a choice, forgo billing and quick commercial advancement, in order to perform in fine works under a master. Under poor direction you can pick up bad habits which will be impossible to shake later. You can ruin your own best instincts.

The ideal position for a serious beginner is in a ballet company that plays repertory. Be sure, however, that the staff choreographers and *régisseurs* are first-rate. There is seldom opportunity in television or musical comedy for the acquiring of more than one style, for quickness of perception, for memory training, for the building of taste, reliability, stamina — all those assets that distinguish the veteran. Behind Margot Fonteyn, Alicia Markova, Maria Tallchief, Anthony Tudor, Jerome Robbins, Michael Kidd, Gwen Verdon are years of playing every kind of dancing role from walk-ons to leads, and in many different styles — years and years of experiencing and delivering under stress.

The prerequisites for a first job are talent, a handsome or healthy appearance, and training. Experience is not necessary. Agents cannot help you and are not permitted, by union ruling, to function on behalf of chorus applicants. And no one, not even the producer, can guarantee you anything the choreographer or ballet master does not also agree to. Do not listen to promises from anyone else.

Do not write for a job or send photographs. No management will hire you without a personal interview. Once you start looking, it may take months. Give yourself time.

What does a ballet company look for? Talent; a good, clean, strong body, adequately trained; and a flair either for movement or acting. Ballet companies wish to develop their own soloists, and therefore they will favor youth. They will insist on classic style and on the promise of virtuosity.

"Swan Lake," glass design by George Thompson, engraving design by Sidney Waugh. Courtesy of Steuben Glass, New York.

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What do Broadway, television, and Hollywood look for? Attractiveness and charm.

What does any management consider attractive? First, a good figure — strong and lithe. Height is not of much consequence, although in a girl anything under five feet or over five feet seven inches presents special problems; in a boy the range must lie between five feet seven inches and six feet. Muscular strength and endurance are more than assets, they are necessities.

Youth counts. The desirable age range is from sixteen (our legal minimum) to twenty-six. Twenty-six seems young until you stand in tights beside a sixteen-year-old competitor. Markova was a leading soloist with the Diaghilev company at fifteen, as was Fonteyn with the Sadler's Wells. There is no definite age limit to performing once you have reached the top. Ulanova, Markova, Youskevitch are all over forty. But they made their mark young.

You will give the audition in practice tights. Be sure they are clean.

Be on time, and be warmed up beforehand. You will get more attention at the beginning of the session. During a single sitting, the choreographer has to examine many applicants. Toward the end of the session, enthusiasm and discernment flag.

Come alone. Don't bring mother, father, or teacher with you. If you are old enough to hold down an adult job for pay, you are old enough to get it unaided. (Don't bring an agent unless you are an established soloist, in which case you need no advice from me.)

Be calm. Remember that the people out front are experts and have all been through the mill themselves. They expect you to be nervous and will discount the symptoms. Nerves will not alter the bony structure of your head; they may disturb your posture, destroy your balance, and make you sick at your stomach. But they will leave untouched the coordination of your arms and the shape of your leg. The choreographer will recognize the difference between nerves and lack of technical training.

The choreographer will tell you what to do — and do precisely this. Don't clamor. All allowances are made for desperation, but the management is hiring a human being as well as a talent. Your character is being judged as well as your appearance and skill.

Don't follow the choreographer home. Don't lie on his door mat and plead. Don't waylay him outside the theater. Don't, if you get hold of his telephone number, make use of it. He has a private life, and when he goes home it is to rest or work. You will not win his sympathy by ruining his evening.

If you are lucky enough to last through to the final tryouts, the management will keep you standing in line for as long as half an hour while they discuss your relative merits. During this ordeal, try not to lose your faith in God, and remember: if a girl, you can always marry and have children; if a boy, you can change jobs. You are strong. Truck drivers get three times the pay of dancers.

And if you are not chosen, do not despair. There are many reasons for a choice: in ballet companies the repertory is being cast with specific roles in mind; on Broadway, variety is a necessity. Special types are selected for special needs, and opinions differ as to beauty. In America there are more managements and more chances than in any other country.

Every ballet company and musical has to make replacements throughout its run, so if you fail to get into a cast at the beginning of rehearsals, there is always opportunity later on. Give your name to the *régisseur* or stage manager. A list of replacements is kept and drawn on when needed.

If you are young in the business, be prepared to go out on the road. Do not insist on staying in New York, where the competition is cutthroat. Road pay is better, and the chances of promotion quicker. What you need is experience. Right now it doesn't matter where.

REHEARSING

At the first rehearsal, be attentive and be patient with yourself and with the choreographer; above all, be responsive. Rehearsals are long and slow. Do not permit yourself to grow bored. The choreographer carries a tremendous and difficult responsibility. Try to remember this. He will be grateful, and the entire work will benefit. A dancer who shows indifference or fatigue in the face of creative effort damages the working relationship of all, particularly his own usefulness to his boss.

Watch others. The composition is not over just because you have stopped rushing around. Try to understand your movement in relation to the whole. Study the working methods of the choreographer. You will learn much. Nearly every successful choreographer learned his métier just this way.

When you go home at night, review what you have learned — think how you can make it better, do not change it, but develop it in your mind. Stars return to rehearsal with a great deal accomplished between sessions. Beginners rarely do this, but it can be of enormous value.

If there is a bit you cannot understand or perform, practice it on the side with someone who can help you, or ask the choreographer to explain, but do not abuse his time. He is a composer and

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director. He is neither teacher nor coach and cannot be expected to wet-nurse you. Persuade him to clarify what he wants, but solve your own technical problems. Anyone who accepts a solo passage should be capable of practicing alone, with judgment and discipline. The veteran dancers will always help. They are invariably willing and kind.

You have become an expert athlete, but you may not yet be an artist, which is a very different matter. You can presumably turn; you can jump very high and for long stretches of time, and you can look comfortable doing so; you can bend backward to the ground; you can raise your legs and hold them high and steady in difficult positions. You can keep hurrying around for six minutes and never draw audible breath.

But this is not all a choreographer will demand. Can you also walk? Or have you forgotten how? Can you run and skip so that these simple activities become lovely? When you walk across the room, does your passage mean something? Or are you just carrying an apparatus over to another spot for further demonstration? Can you, for God's sake, stand still? You will be required to do this from now on. And this is not simple.

You will have longer passages of dancing than ever before, and endurance will present problems. It is part of your job to regulate your energy so that you do not fail before the end; it will help if you think of the dance as a whole, not just as a succession of traps and tests. The dazzle of the big steps depends on the quiet mastery of the little ones, and during quiet passages you can get your breath and take stock of the physical situation about you. But do not think of these periods as rest and just let go. You are building suspense. You are saying, "Watch what's coming."

Dancing, no matter what the style or technique, is presence and must be so considered. Even stillness is a positive factor; it is to motion what silence is to sound. Music does not cease every time there is a rest; rather, it suspends and projects, using the *tacets* as a vital part of the pattern. Similarly, the dancer, for as long as he is in view, is active, even if motionless.

Each gesture makes a path in time and a path in space — on the ground, in the air — on three planes. Actually the gesture is expressed within the sphere and orbit of the body's reach, but the physical implications stretch far beyond; an outstretched hand establishes an atmosphere. The arm passes through the air and reveals surfaces, depths, distances, lightness, heaviness, the movement setting up visual overtones like those set up audibly when a gong is struck; think of your body and arms and legs not just as things to lift and put down and move about but as the percussive part of an instrument whose sounding board is the air and all space. You move ringed with echoes and extensions. Your body is in fact the heart of extending and overlapping cycles of movement. It will be your skill to develop a sense of touch on this great instrument as a pianist learns touch on the keyboard. Watch any fine orchestral conductor and you will see how his hands define the shape and dynamics of what he wants to establish audibly. His hands are visible music. Your whole body should be just this.

Pay attention therefore to the phrasing of every step, even the exercises you practice daily. Each has a beginning, a development, climax, and decrescendo; the release and ending are as important as the start or the highest point of effort. Finish through. Don't just let go when the hard part has been achieved. This is very important, and most young dancers never give it a thought. When later they come to phrasing long passages or *enchaînements* or whole solo dances, they are at a loss as to how to sustain strength or interest. The preparation, the ending, and the joining movements are as important as the big muscular tricks, and the great artist is known by his handling of transitions.

Be simple. The least effort, the least motion for a given effect is what is wanted. All training is an attempt to strip extraneous tension, nervousness, and fidgeting away from the pure line. A great dancer seems to move more slowly through any given exercise because there is no waste motion whatsoever, and therefore in fact there is more time for the movement.

Margot Fonteyn is notable for this quality. She is like the stillness in the heart of the hurricane and appears to be moving languidly, until one shuts one's eyes and listens to the music, which may be pumping out a presto. It puts one in mind of Jules Janin's remarks in the 1830s concerning Fanny Elssler: "Her steps are so finished, her dancing so correct, her feet so agile, that one wonders whether she really dances or is standing still."

The wrist is a joint and should not become the seat of emotions. The hand, the head, and the torso tell the story. Every fancy wiggle or ripple that steals attention from what is important — that is, from yourself, your body, your vital organs — can only be confusing and unwanted. The extra flourishings of wrist, elbows, knees, and fingers are only trimming; they can be used prettily or wittily, but they should never be thought of as part of the basic gesture. Your hand is your voice; don't babble.

The practice mirror is to be used for the correction of faults, not for a love affair, and the figure you watch should not become your dearest friend.

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It would be wise to practice exercises twice a week with your back to the glass. Matters of balance, speed, and body angling, particularly the use of the head, can become permanently warped by staring always into one spot. If you watch the results while simultaneously trying to generate emotion, you reach an impasse. All instinct shuts off under this self-scrutiny. The choreographer or *régisseur* will furnish correction. On the stage, believe me, the audience is no mirror, but the eye of God.

When someone else is dancing, support him by your attention — focus toward him. This gives him a real strength to play against and concentrates the audience's attention as an added spotlight does. Look your fellow performers in the eye. Beware the dancer who will not face you squarely; he considers you a prop. He does not wish you to get into the power beam. But you are there whether he likes it or not, and his evasiveness will only succeed in short-circuiting both of you.

Be courteous. If you are a man, be chivalrous. Do not crowd and push to the front all the time, or bump into your neighbors, or hit them as you pass. Controlling your body in space while working close to other people is part of your job. You are going to have to live with your companions both on and off stage.

Learn the proper way to mark steps. You will find it advantageous in long rehearsals to indicate big jumps and lifts in order to prevent collapse. But never mark or indicate tempo, expression, or style. Even when marking, you must think each step through and feel its rhythm, its shape and meaning. Only by doing so will you keep the rehearsal fruitful.

PERFORMING

Performing is a spiritual experience and is the responsibility of the artist alone. It is a point of view. It is the sum total of his personality. He spends his life in preparation for this — the whole of his life, not just the time he gives to class exercises.

When you enter the stage in the presence of a live audience, everything you have ever learned is suddenly different. You lose your breath where you never did before; you have strength you never guessed; you are more aware of your body and less aware. Headaches and stomachaches disappear, but just keeping your mouth shut has become an achievement. You can see both in front and behind you at once. You see the whole stage and the rip under your sleeve. You hear everything, each cough, each musical instrument, the grip dropping a gelatin off stage, your partner's whispered warning, the creak of your shoes; you hear nothing — a fire engine could drive down the aisle and you would still know how many turns there were left to do; that bit of just standing around feels wonderful, but the long lifts are boring, they were fun to work out but they are boring to watch. How do you know they are boring to watch? You have not seen them. You know. Suddenly you know.

You finish walled safe by light. And there are the faces and the noise, and it was over so fast, this thing you prepared ten years for. It was completely changed from the way it had been that very afternoon. You are changed. You have not been yourself for some minutes. It was like a rebirth.

And now you want to perform it really! Now you are ready! Now! Now! But it's done. It's over.

And a whole new set of problems and considerations takes over your life.

PROJECTION

For the first time you face the problem of projection. This cannot be learned, or even gauged in the rehearsal hall. This is the test of whether or not you are a performer. When the very great enter a stage, a thrill goes over the nerves of all watchers. This tremendous communication has nothing to do with hairdressing or false eyelashes or high kicking. These are not what get the tribute of silence or the triumphal salute of laughter. The chosen few who have the magic are freighted with power and hope. They know what they are meeting, and they join forces with the waiting audience in high anticipation. The greatest stars have not always been beautiful, but all have had the royal prerogative of commanding with every tiny gesture total, rapt, heart-hungry attention, as have had comedians. Indeed, there are fewer great comedians than ballerinas or *danseurs nobles*. Some beginners are blessed this way; the mark is on their foreheads from childhood. These are stars, experienced or not.

As nearly as we can define it, projection, mesmerism, is really a matter of concentration combined with absolute confidence. Every faculty, every nerve is bent on communicating a definite idea. Not one iota of energy is wasted in fear.

It is the self-conscious performer who fails. If he is going to give a performance of a performer in action, he stops giving a performance of the dance, and he becomes his own worst rival. The audience will sense the fraud, the divided intent, and lose interest. A show-off pushing to the front of the stage can become almost invisible, while the expert at the back makes himself known through rows of thrashing bodies. A show-off is troubling

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the waters in order to hide, and what he is hiding is self-doubt. He cannot hide this. It will be perfectly apparent to all. The stage is like an X ray and reveals what you are, not what you hope you are or wish to be.

Therefore, do not fool. You may think the audience cannot see your face, but they can tell from the lines of your back and the carriage of your head when the tension of projecting and communicating has stopped. Some stars do joke and talk, but they know how and when. Until you can make an audience laugh or cry at will, do not permit yourself this laxity.

No matter how confident you are in your ability, you will from time to time be nervous. That's all right. Nerves are part of the actor's equipment. There are two kinds of nerves. The one that sharpens the edge of perception to cutting point, that ensures the gathering of forces and the expenditure of total energy — this is to performing what light is to color. The other kind is an unraveling of concentration into a tangle of self-pity, at the horrid core of which appears the ugly sore, a fear of performing — in fact, a desire not to perform. This cancer can coexist with talent.

The pseudo or neurotic performer will always fall ill at the time of testing or destroy himself with stage fright. The true pro tries not to go on unless good and ready, but can anyway, if he must. Most ballet dancers learn to meet crisis as gallantly as soldiers, sometimes with little or no preparation. A girl turns an ankle, another soloist is on in twenty minutes with only a verbal briefing in the wings. When the replacements involve stars, the hazards are enormous. Just think of the colossal nerve it takes to walk to the center of a stage before the knowledgeable eyes of three thousand people and calmly start lengthy and repeated spins on the big toe of the left foot. Particularly if at dinnertime one hadn't expected to do anything of the sort.

This steadiness is not learned quickly, although it can be applied in emergency. It is acquired humbly by drudgery over many years. It is built into daily living. It is built into the fibers of character. Few trades require such discipline. It is equal to that of the research chemist or the practicing surgeon.

Training in physical techniques is spiritually good from every point of view. No amount of personality will help you spin or jump. It is very salutary to come to terms regularly with the laws of nature, where the charming giggle has almost no effect, and fight it out on a basis as universal and enduring as gravity. This testing cleanses and clarifies. There is no class of people more severely disciplined than dancers, more regularized as to life habits (excepting always the cloistered religious), or more sensible in practical affairs. This has been largely acquired in the daily exercises.

POSTSCRIPT

You have been told by all your friends that this is a tough and difficult business, and if you have any gumption, you have disregarded all such warnings. But when I tell you it's tough, I mean precisely the following: that you may not earn your living for three years; that you may not get beyond a bare earning for six or seven; that the opportunities for frustration and exhaustion are constant, while the chances for quiet and security are small; that in America a career means a direct choice between work and children until such time as you are sufficiently well established to dictate your own terms; and that in the end there is no guarantee that all of your sacrifices will not, from a material point of view, have been in vain.

We are not as careful or cherishing of our artists as Europeans; nevertheless, what with television, movies, and shows, it is possible for outstanding dancers to make a living, while choreographers, directors, and dancing actors can make fortunes. The rest pursue, albeit precariously, a career they respect under stimulating and adventurous conditions. They have to decide whether they prefer to enjoy life this way or in collecting automobiles and refrigerators.

You can accept these statements intellectually perhaps, but let me tell you what it means in terms of daily living. You feel good. You may often feel tired, but you feel good, alive, strong, young, able. You may be in your mid-forties, but that is how you feel when you wake up and when you go to sleep. When you walk down the street, there is a strength in your step. When you sit, you sit straight. You can always sleep — anywhere, under any conditions. You can eat anything. When you practice each morning, you put yourself through a re-examination and testing, a rededication like reciting a rosary. This applies to all of you, body and mind. Tensions are released, tempers forgotten, hates appeased. Trouble works itself out through the muscles. Each time you exercise, you strengthen and test your entire self.

And when you rehearse, you alone of all executants share the creative process. You are there when it happens. You work with the best composers, the best designers and painters, the ranking conductors. No dancer is really bored, or even lonely. You travel the world, and wherever you go, you enter the community as a working member, not as a tourist — you have an international family.

And when you perform — ah, then! — even if you are not a star, even if you have not risen above

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the ranks, what does your daily stint mean, the equivalent of the officeworker's eight hours?

It means this: to step out on the great stages of the world, before thousands of rapt and hoping people, into pristine space, trained and able comrades on either hand, a symphony orchestra at your feet, a carpet of music spread under you each night, to flash and soar — you, the ordinary one, to ride violins and trumpets, to go through the tremendous patterns set for you and to feel the magic work, to accomplish yourself through your breath and your sinews, your enduring heart muscle, and your devotion, and, in the bewitched emptiness haunted by excitements and risks, to sense the blocked mass of attention as tangible as fire, to blow on it, to stir it, to bend and play with it, to feel the stillness, the shudder of excitement, the recognition and acceptance at the reach of your finger tips.

You are out of yourself — larger and more potent, more beautiful. You are for minutes heroic.

This is power. This is glory on earth. And it is yours nightly.

LONGSHORE INTELLECTUAL

BY SEAN LUCY

After all, Charlie, we shall see them go,
And feel renewal with the buff sails stirring,
After this bad weather the tall fleets will embark
Leaving the women on the quayside staring.

The dark pubs at night will become old men's places,
Where the wind rattles the barroom shutters,
Knowing only in retrospect the loud voices and beery faces
Dim as the inarticulate story the senile drinker stutters.

And after all, Charlie, they are the men of action;
We chose the shore life of the seedy dreamer,
Deliberately abandoning the ships then weighing anchor,
Deliberately ignoring the bravado recruiting drummer.

It only needles us when they come home in glory
In camaraderie and the glow of doing,
Making their memory into a mutual and lovely story,
Leaving us wordless with our book contentment dying;

They steal our women and deride our wisdom,
They drink our whisky and borrow our possessions,
This is their ancient and abiding custom,
With uncultured voices and unbridled passions.

But after all, Charlie, we know how they end,
Their bodies washing on the beaches of far nations,
Their eyes black with salt water, their mouths full of sand
And their girl friends lonely — we have our consolations.

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CATHERINE
DRINKER
BOWEN

BERNARD DE VOTO: Historian, Critic, and Fighter

A historian of first rank, a defender of our national parks, and a spokesman from the southwest, Bernard De Voto was one of the most pungent critics this country has known, and few knew him better than CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN. *De Voto's manuscripts and correspondence have recently been acquired by Leland Stanford University, and on this occasion she was asked to make this estimate of De Voto as a historian.*

BERNARD DE VOTO was my valued friend. I am among the host of writers who came to him for advice, for criticism, and for general renewal of spirit. In letters and by word of mouth De Voto and I shouted at each other. But always, in the end, I sat still and listened to what he had to say. And after each encounter, I came away rejoicing in the existence of that vivid, generous, and diabolically intelligent presence.

Mr. De Voto had much influence on me as a writer. He still has. Very often, when I have composed a page on which I look with favor, I hear a voice within. "What," it asks, "would De Voto think of that?" He is looking over my shoulder, his big spectacles level with my eye. I go back, rewrite the passage — an exercise known to De Voto as "just running it through your typewriter again." Out come the adjectives, the passive verb turns active, the sentences tighten and compress. As we grow older, De Voto told me, our style becomes simpler, or it should. Age, he said, reduces us to the ultimate simplicities. There is not time left for frill and ornament. When he died he was only fifty-eight, and when he spoke to me of age he could not have been more than fifty-five.

What a handsome shelf of histories De Voto has given us! *Mark Twain's America* — which surely must be counted as history; *The Year of Decision; Across the Wide Missouri; The Course of Empire.* And finally, his superb edition of *The Journals of Lewis and Clark.* Critics have grouped the three central books as a trilogy; De Voto himself referred to them that way. For my part I cannot separate them from the others. I see the five books as composing the wide arc and panorama of De Voto's thesis: the westward movement of a people, the settling and seeding of a continent, the culture that flowered therefrom, and the slow, episodic acceptance of the federal idea. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, a federal union — impossible, romantic, necessitous conception which today we know as the United States of America. Nobody thought we could do it; in Europe it had not been achieved on anything approaching such a scale. Even Thomas Jefferson supposed that, following the Louisiana Purchase, we might be needing two republics, one east of the Rocky Mountains and one west. "As a historian," wrote De Voto, "I have interested myself in the growth among the American people of the feeling that they were properly a single nation between two oceans; in the development of what I have called the continental mind."

Bernard De Voto was haunted by that idea and by his vision of how it came to pass, geographically, culturally, agriculturally, anthropologically. The continental reality, he called it. He thought and wrote of this reality in terms of history, biography, fiction, poetry (written when he was very young).

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He even composed a play about the Mormons. And there is, it may be said, another word for the condition of a haunted man. Some people call it inspiration.

As for De Voto's "place among American historians," let me say at once that he is not to be placed, classified, or categorized. There is no historian like him and no histories like his. His thinking was direct, ruthless, wholly his own, and because of it, less original men feared him. He was a fighter for public causes, for conservation of our natural resources, for freedom of the press and freedom of thought. The world knew him better in that guise, perhaps, than as a historian. I shall make it my business to speak of De Voto the fighter. For this trait — call it pugnacity, call it passion, hot blood, or a high-beating heart — this trait it is which informs and animates De Voto's historical writing, from his early essays on the Mormons to his last words about the great captains, Lewis and Clark.

When De Voto said the word "west," he meant the desert west, the arid, thin-soiled Rocky Mountain west which begins, he said, "at that place where the average annual rainfall drops below twenty inches." Most of his books are concerned with the movement west. *Mark Twain's America* announced his lifelong theme. It opens in 1835 with "The New Jerusalem," as De Voto called it — that western Zion envisioned by men of piety and men whose god was gold. Mark Twain's parents left their eastern home to settle there. "The migration," wrote De Voto, "was under way. Its great days were just around the turn of spring — and an April restlessness, a stirring in the blood, a wind from beyond the oak's openings, spoke of the prairies, the great desert, and the western sea. The common man fled westward. A thirsty land swallowed him insatiably. There is no comprehending the frenzy of the American folk-migration. God's gadfly had stung us mad."

After *Mark Twain's America*, eleven crowded years went by before De Voto wrote his second volume of social history. *The Year of Decision* is perhaps the most absorbing of De Voto's books, with its account of the Donner Party's fearful march across the desert and Rocky Mountains, a story of starvation, courage, bestiality, faith, and almost incredible endurance. *Across the Wide Missouri* came next. Magnificently illustrated with colored reproductions of contemporary paintings by Alfred Jacob Miller, it won both the Pulitzer and the Bancroft prizes. *Across the Wide Missouri* sets out to tell of the early fur trade — "how it helped to shape our heritage," writes De Voto, "what its relation was to the western expansion of the United States, most of all how the mountain men lived."

This "most of all" is what brings the book alive. And it is an extraordinary reconstruction. Mountain men, free trappers, the long hunter and the hapless tenderfoot — we see them, hear them talk, share their camp, their appalling meals of buffalo guts raw or roasted, their dangers and their hero-sized sprees when the trail ends in safety. We learn more about Indians than we thought we cared to know. Warriors and their squaws confront us, not as Uncas or Hiawatha or Minnehaha, Laughing Water, but as they were actually seen, heard, and smelled by travelers in the wagon trains. Trappers traded furs with the tribes, killed them skulking at night beyond the campfire, or bought the favors of the young squaws. De Voto hated romanticism about Indians, "the squash blossom in the hair and talk about the plumed serpent." It did not help, he said, "to be precious about the rain dance and the mystical awareness that neolithic savages are supposed to have." He hated also the over-intellectual approach and declared that "anyone who thinks of Indians as the Amerinds is not going to add much to our literature."

These are gorgeous books, all three. No less a word will do. They are rich, strong, filled with color and movement. Also they are long books, jammed with fact. Not infrequently there is repetition, a page or two or three which the reader is inclined to skip. This is a fault of all long books; I am not even sure that it is a fault. De Voto, going over a lengthy book manuscript of mine, told me not to worry about including a dull page now and then, of connective matter or exposition or suchlike. "Give the reader time to breathe," he said. Actually, De Voto's method achieved an even more subtle purpose. His books of history have — as Alfred Knopf once pointed out — an interwoven architecture, a deliberate movement from theme to theme. The narrative could have proceeded in a straight line, direct from start to finish. But De Voto chose the more difficult and far more effectual method of taking several stories or themes and carrying them along, parallel. This does not make for careless reading. He who wishes to travel with De Voto will have to keep his head; the journey will not be easy. In one of his prefaces, De Voto confesses the purpose of his books: "to tell the story in such a way that the reader may realize the far western experience — which is part of our cultural experience — as personal experience."

Let readers say if he succeeded. I know one reader who has had to put these books aside at

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times, when the terror and the suffering needed surcease. There is small doubt about this being a shared experience. From Massachusetts, from Virginia, we travel with these humble men and women as they launch their wagon trains over the Alleghenies, through the forests and grasslands to where the trails run west from Council Bluffs or Independence — across the Blue, across the Nishnabotna, across the wide Missouri.

THROUGHOUT the books I have discussed, De Voto's history has been frankly episodic, sectional, a string of vivid anecdotes comprising in space a continent and in time a generation or two. But in his next and fourth volume, *The Course of Empire*, De Voto swings far backward in chronology and ties the long threads together. Boldly his narrative opens in the eighth century with that missionary archbishop who set out over the Atlantic — the Sea of Darkness — and founded, on the legendary island of Antilia, the seven radiant cities of God. The narrative ends in the year 1806, with a line from the diary of Captain Clark, Meriwether Lewis' partner. On a rainy November morning, Captain Clark looks westward from his mountain camp and writes, in his own phonetic spelling, "Ocian in sight. O! the joy."

After this book, De Voto was bound to edit *The Journals of Lewis and Clark*. And by now, he knew these journal writers and these journeys as he knew the back of his hand or the Wasatch Mountains and Weber Canyon, where he roamed as a boy. In the summer of 1946 he had even followed, in person, the actual trails taken by Lewis and Clark. His edition of the journals is authoritative and final. And it is the best kind of historical reading, notes and all. An introduction, vigorous, thick-packed, explains Jefferson's purpose in dispatching the expedition and the political and social urgencies involved. Published in 1955, the book's final chapter is called "The Home Stretch." One could wish that the title had not proved, for De Voto himself, so tragically symbolic.

How did De Voto come to write these books? What conditions of birth, background, and experience shaped his style and caused him to be a man thus haunted? In truth one felt behind this man a compulsion so strong that, but for an essential health and integrity — and a wife like Helen Avis MacVicar De Voto — his talent might have torn him wide apart.

De Voto's father, Florian Bernard De Voto, of Ogden, Utah, was the son of an Italian cavalry officer; his mother was the daughter of a Mormon pioneer. (De Voto liked to say that he was born of an apostate Mormon and an apostate Roman Catholic.) At high school he had a job as a reporter for the Ogden *Evening Standard*. When he was sixteen the paper published his first printed piece, which bore no less a title than "The Reasonableness of World-Wide Conciliation." De Voto entered the University of Utah, but when four members of the faculty were dismissed for unorthodox opinions, the young sophomore left and finished his education at Harvard. He came west again to teach in Illinois, but in his late twenties picked up and migrated eastward to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he spent the rest of his life, except for two years in New York as editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. To my best knowledge and belief he never went farther from the borders of the U.S.A. than a few miles into Canada.

For me, the significant facts of this brief biography are, first, that De Voto was born and raised in Utah; and, second, that he was a novelist before he was a historian. De Voto was conscious of his debt to this literary apprenticeship. The fore matter to *The Year of Decision* carries a page and a half of thanks to those men and women who helped with its preparation — scholars, librarians, critical readers of manuscript. "Finally," says De Voto, "I acknowledge that I could not possibly have written the book if I had not had periodic assistance from Mr. John August."

John August was the pen name signed by De Voto to four novels, all of them serialized in *Collier's* magazine. Perhaps De Voto meant financial assistance. John August, he used to say, paid the rent. But I prefer to read further into that wry little statement. Four novels signed by John August, five signed by De Voto. I have read them all, from *The Crooked Mile* (1924) to *Mountain Time* (1947). I do not care for them, except as their writing taught De Voto to write history, gave him facility, cut the bonds imposed by the academic training and tradition, and allowed him to move freely and exuberantly within the prescribed circle of historic fact. De Voto is not the first historian nor the last to come to his craft by way of fiction writing.

He was early aware of his confessed literary aim — to make America realize the western pioneer experience. Very likely he thought, at the outset, that it could best be done by fiction. De Voto wrote novels periodically from 1924 to 1947, meanwhile casting about for other ways to express his theme. When he was engaged in a novel, De Voto never talked to me about it; our conversations concerned historical writing. Therefore I am only guessing when I say that I think he suffered during the composition of these novels. When he fell short of aim De Voto knew it; he

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did not spare self-criticism. In 1934, I was trying to buy his early novels and he wrote me, "Be warned, my juvenilia are ungodly lousy, and *The Crooked Mile* is the most terrible and amusing of them all." Twenty years later, De Voto told a friend that he had solved his life once he gave up fiction writing.

Yet it was his novels, I believe, which taught De Voto how to lead his readers through the wilderness of historical fact. The writing of fiction is a relentless discipline, and in its exercise an author learns techniques which can serve the historian well. He learns, for instance, to manipulate scene and time, learns how to move his characters about, get them from the back porch into the kitchen. He learns how to arrange his material into a pattern or "plot," so that the reader can follow. History also has its patterns, implicit in the material and only awaiting the artist's eye to perceive and bring them out. In the management of historical time, De Voto was especially skillful. Let me recommend to you page fifty-four of *The Course of Empire*, where De Voto ranges freely across four hundred years, philosophically as well as chronologically — a difficult thing to do without throwing the reader into hopeless confusion. The page in itself is material for a chapter, almost for a book. We travel from 1540 to 1605, back to the medieval mind and forward to the twentieth century. Yet we emerge exhilarated by the journey and quite clear as to where we have been.

Or let us observe a still different manipulation and effect, from *Mark Twain's America*. The narrative begins and ends with Halley's comet. For De Voto it was sheer luck that Samuel Clemens was born with the comet in 1835 and died with its return in 1910. But it was the kind of luck which comes only to the initiated, to an artist who is so absorbed in his subject that everything feeds it. Everything such a man sees, reads, hears is referred to that subject — rejected if immaterial, and if pertinent, retained with almost insane tenacity until the moment for its proper use.

Beginning and ending *Mark Twain's America* with the comet had nothing to do with historiography or scholarship. It had to do with the art of writing; it was a writer's device. Good art, the best art, is full of such devices — circus turns and sleights of hand which invariably succeed. They come off: five rabbits emerge from the hat when we looked for only one; the colored balls fly through the air and land, each in its cup. It requires technique as well as talent to break the barriers between ourselves and the past. By the time I met him in 1934, Benny De Voto was an old pro and proud of it. By no means a professional historian, but a professional writer who referred to himself in print as "a historian, riding on the commuter's local." Not, De Voto implied, a dweller in the sacred city, in the pure temple of the guild historian. And indeed De Voto wandered far beyond the historian's conventional territory. For twenty years he supplied *Harper's* magazine with monthly pieces for its department called "The Easy Chair." The Leland Stanford Library has a list of his published articles and editorials that covers fifty-one sheets of typewriter-sized paper. De Voto taught at Harvard, and it was not history he taught, but writing; he taught also at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in Vermont. "I am," he told his wife once, "a literary department store."

He had learned how to write by writing and his experience in the field was wider than most men's. Novelists are commonly more skillful than historians in describing individuals. It is a novelist's nature to be interested in people. And his descriptions have to start from scratch. His characters are created out of air, with no contemporary portraits to help, such as the historian has — no descriptions in diaries or family correspondence. The novelist simply sits down and sweats it out until his man comes alive on the page.

De Voto knew this. When he had a historical character to describe he assembled the documents, absorbed them thoroughly, and then started again from the beginning, *ab ovo*, as it were. Read his description of "that gnarled grizzly-hunter, Joe Meek." Or of Jim Bridger, mountain man, called Old Gabe, whose habit it was to wake in the night, throw buffalo ribs on the fire, eat hearty, and "sing Injun to himself with a tin pan accompaniment." (Captain Humfreville read *Hiawatha* aloud by the campfire and Old Gabe hated it; he never seen no Indians like them, he said.) Read De Voto's description of the Reverend Samuel Parker, gentle scholar bound west by pack train from Middlefield, Massachusetts. Or his paragraph about the two first white women ever to cross America. Eliza Spaulding, "in heavy boots and swathed by yards of skirt," riding sidesaddle on the South Pass when trappers and Indians galloped whooping down to greet the caravan. "Eliza," writes De Voto, "tall, naturally thin and emaciated by travel and illness, dark-haired, sallow under tan, frightened and appalled by the uproar of hospitality. And Narcissa Whitman who was neither frightened nor appalled — she was delighted. A smaller woman than Eliza but by no means emaciated, the period's ideal in womanly curves, blue-eyed, tanned now but memorably blond.

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Men always remembered her face and red-gold hair. Men in fact remembered Narcissa, and though she was dedicated to God's service she was charged with a magnetism whose nature no one could mistake."

For a historian, this is emancipated language. De Voto is riding the commuter's local. We see these young women, we knew them after a few sentences. De Voto could do it more subtly when he chose, and when the occasion called for subtlety. Hear him on the flaming orator of the 1890s, William Jennings Bryan. Many historians had already described Bryan, who therefore could be disposed of with one hand. "Six years earlier," writes De Voto (it does not matter in what connection); "Six years earlier the sonorous, fraudulent voice of an eater of wild honey in the hills had quieted a Chicago convention hall . . . 'You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.' "

That is all, and it is enough. It assumes a certain amount of historical knowledge on the reader's part. But even without such knowledge, one catches De Voto's meaning. "An eater of wild honey in the hills." De Voto's early training in the Bible served him well. Years ago, I wrote him, "Those black-haired people who brought you up must have read Scripture to you, Benny. What else would put such a roll, such a punch into your sentences?"

It is when De Voto writes of the Mormons that his Biblical phraseology serves him best. Joseph Smith he called a man "drunk on God and glory"; Brigham Young, "an organizer of the kingdom on this earth . . . the one Mormon of history who knew how to laugh." When finally the Mormons triumphed over hardship and over continued hostility, and their city was secure and their credit good, "The Saints," wrote De Voto, "had come into the inheritance promised them, their rivals had fallen away, their enemies had been trodden under foot or converted into business partners, their wars were ended forever, Israel was secure, the stake of Zion had been driven fast."

The De Voto vocabulary was wide and he liked to use it; the tools of his trade felt good to his hand. The word "parallax" was a favorite, the word "eidolon," and terms like "mitosis" from the biologist's lexicon. Mark Twain he spoke of as "a maculate and episodic genius," and a certain phrase which De Voto disliked carried, he said, "a slight taxonomic emphasis on the adjective." Yet De Voto was never carried away by his own virtuosity. He did not succumb to the temptation to be abstruse, to skip three arguments and confuse his readers with the clever man's ellipses. De Voto wrote history in a conversational style, always colorful, often polemical, very difficult to achieve, and wonderfully adapted to what he had to say. There was no room for pompousness. De Voto addressed his readers as if they were his equals — even when he was blasting off at the enemy, which was not infrequent. When occasionally he did slip into one of those large, neophilosophical statements that make for pomposity, De Voto recognized his error and pulled up short. "The genius of the American people. . . ." Thus, in "The Easy Chair," he began a paragraph — and quickly corrected himself. "No," he wrote, "start that one over. The vigor of our democratic system and the size and richness of our continental empire. . . ."

The writing of history needs humor, and humility. And it needs affection, a fellow-feeling for mankind, a perception of motivation in human beings. It needs, in short, the novelist's eternal preoccupation with the whys and wherefores of men's actions. De Voto had this preoccupation. Catch him any time when he was not working and he was ready to talk for hours about why a woman had said a certain thing to her child, or why a young man had not defended himself against attack. His books speak often and lovingly of "the damned human race" — a phrase he got from Mark Twain. And it was a phrase neither comic nor ironic. Man's fate is hopeless, he is doomed, and he endures his fate with valor. This is De Voto's belief, the point of his departure and of his return. And it is the point where his fever rises when he sees this belief questioned, as with Sinclair Lewis, "who spent his talents," said De Voto, "in writing fiction that was conceived to show the contemptibility of American life." *Mark Twain's America* is a fighting book, a book with a thesis. De Voto has an ax to grind and he grinds it till the wheel screams. His pugnacity has been deplored by his admirers as well as by his detractors. He himself admitted in print that one day he might rewrite *Mark Twain's America* and leave out the blasts against Mr. Van Wyck Brooks. I am glad he never did, because I believe that without anger, this book would have fallen short of greatness. Anger drives these pages forward. Anger brings the book to life.

WHAT was Bernard De Voto mad at? His critics protested that they did not know, they could not find out. De Voto, they implied, was just plain born angry, and arrogant, and insulting. What, they demanded, was his thesis? What was he defending and why did it need defense? "Has he a secret?" Edmund Wilson asked, in the *New Republic*. "If so, let him stand and unfold himself. What does he want?"

De Voto made plain enough what he wanted.

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I fail to see why Edmund Wilson didn't recognize it, and Sinclair Lewis, when he wrote, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the diatribe entitled "Fools, Liars and Mr. De Voto." Bernard Augustine De Voto of Ogden, Utah, born January the eleventh, 1897, wanted the facts of history told upon the printed page. He wanted to see history written from fact, not from intuition or from deduction or from the argument a priori and the flowery heights of what he castigated as "the literary mind."

It all began, of course, with De Voto's defense of the frontier and the frontiersman. Various writers, Van Wyck Brooks among them, had intimated that life on the American frontier possessed a certain aridity. To live there would stifle artistic talent in anybody, let alone in Samuel Clemens. The frontiersman was said to be crude, subsisting at a rudimentary animal level; his life lacked every good thing which civilization possesses. From Mormon to mountain trapper, the westerners were nothing more than transplanted Puritans, with the Puritan's hatred of beauty, art, and love.

It was enough to make a Utah man shrink in his bones, or burst the boundaries of Rocky Mountain profanity. "The frontier is not a person," De Voto retorted indignantly. "A historian does not speak of the frontier's tastes and preferences. The historian sees the frontier as many different places, in many different stages of development, inhabited by many people with many different kinds and degrees of culture, intelligence, racial tradition, family training, and individual capacity. He cannot speak of the life of the frontier, for he knows many kinds of frontiers and many kinds of people living many kinds of lives." If these literary historians would examine the facts, they would discover, for one thing, that the American people were "incurably musical. Working westward they carried fiddles and a folk art. Catgut strings were an article of commerce in the fur trade. . . . And there might be music near the three Tetons in the country of the Blackfeet."

"We must be accurate," he said further. "We must make our descriptions exact, verify our conclusions, we must avoid certainty and the loaded dice. Metaphysics is not experience and the philosophy of history is not history."

It infuriated De Voto to have a so-called historian prefer the *must be* and the *ought to be* to the cold fact. History is not made by "thinking it out." Writers "mistake the quirks of their own emotions for the contours of objective fact." They write about the American mind, about Puritans or the frontier without having studied America, Puritans, or the frontiersman. "Authority is not born full grown," he wrote, "in any mind, nor can any one come to it by staring into his own soul, or at his navel, or into the high priest's emerald breast-plate." De Voto could not endure man-made utopias, gospels, prophecies. He said he had had his fill of them in his youth. "Absolutes," he wrote, "are a mirage. And in my desert country, mirages are a commonplace." De Voto, an expert on the religious sects that blossomed in the American forties of the last century, was at his ironic best when describing them. Always, when he says the word "Mormon," the pressure rises. "The Underwriters of Salvation," he called them. Mormonism was "the most colorless of American heresies," and Zion, city of the Saints, in the end "became a successful business venture, blended with the map and joined hands with the damned."

Small wonder that Ogden, Utah, did not welcome its native son on the few occasions when he returned there. In boyhood, Benny must have been a difficult child, precocious, disconcertingly quick, disconcertingly inquisitive and critical. In 1943, on my way east from Oregon, I stopped off at Ogden to see what I could find about that boy and that young man. (Even then, I wanted to write about him.) De Voto's Aunt Martha — Mrs. Grey — told me that, as a child, Benny was aloof. Not a country boy by nature, but studious. His brilliant father, Florian, insisted that he study. Florian De Voto, by the way, read Latin and Greek for his entertainment until he died. When Benny was four he could read *Hiawatha*. As a young man he was bored, his aunt said, if people talked about ordinary things. "Come down to earth," she used to tell him. "Just listen and be interested."

Before I went to Ogden I had read an early article of De Voto's, published in the *American Mercury* when its author had not yet gone east to live. The piece opens with a discouraged tourist, descending from the Overland Limited at Ogden. I, too, stepped from that train and walked out of a station which De Voto had called "hideous." I was confronted, as his tourist had been, with a wide flat street between ugly houses. And then I, too, looked up and saw, at either end of the street, the mountains, red, pink, yellow, and dusted with snow — mountains, De Voto had written, "on which the gods of the Utes walked in the cool of the day."

The stories that I heard in Ogden were diverse. Some were mere gossip, all were amusing. As a child, it seems, Benny was beautiful — black-haired, with fine features; at the age of six he won a beauty contest. Then, said his Aunt Martha, he climbed on the roof and fell off and broke his nose. His friends and his enemies had been hospitable to me; one can have a good time in Ogden. But after three clear and pleasant days in the city

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and environs, I could see why it was that a man of intellect and imagination had to leave Ogden, had to climb onto the Overland Limited, head east, and shake the dust of Utah from his shoes. Yet I saw also how, for the rest of his life, no matter where that Ogden boy might travel, to the Ultima Thule or the seven radiant cities of Antilia, he could not forget those startling deep canyons, that mountain air, and the glowing peaks where walked the gods of the Utes. Born and raised among those dry hard mountains a man must live haunted, his life dedicated to recounting the story of that country and of the caravans which traveled to it from the east.

Bernard De Voto lived with history, read history at night and in the morning, talked history, and was restless when other people did not want to talk history. When I began to write about John Adams, I asked De Voto if I should buy the *Dictionary of American Biography*, known to historians as the D.A.B. There are twenty-one volumes and it is not cheap. De Voto was surprised at my question and surprised that I did not already own the volumes. "Of course, buy it," he said. "It's good to read in bed at night before you go to sleep."

De Voto lived with history and he lived with maps. I never saw such a man for maps. His last four books of history have maps for end papers; maps lined his study walls when he was working. In 1947, De Voto came to stay with us in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; he was to give a lecture on those doubtful historical characters, "The Welsh Indians." He arrived with a suitcase full of maps, big folded maps of the United States, mostly west of Council Bluffs, Iowa. He spread them on the floor of our living room and we crawled from map to map, with Benny talking, until our knees were sore and our minds enlarged with names like Ogallala, Little Blue, Three Forks, Elephant Butte, the country of the Mandans, the Arikaras, and the Blackfeet. When he left our house De Voto gave us, as guest present, a beautiful book about maps. And he never ceased to urge upon me, to my great advantage, the study of maps — though during all those years I happened to be investigating not river, sea, and landfall but the geography of men's minds and the cosmography of their laws and constitutions.

De Voto was generous to other writers — not a common trait among members of the union. When a manuscript needed editing he was ready with time and effort. And he was a believer in good editing; he knew there is more than one way to compose a sentence and that the right way may take some seeking. He did not spare those who came to him. The treatment was rough, and sensitive souls have been known to turn and flee at his approach. Yet he understood the writer's psychology, I think, as few men have understood it, although he declared that he seldom knew the right thing to say to authors. "They bleed on," he wrote, "from wounds healed long ago, which began by seeming mortal but turned out only to need a Band-aid or five pages of type."

Once De Voto wrote a paragraph to me, about American history and his feeling toward it. (I have quoted this in my last book, but it's worth repetition.) The words came, remember, from a man tough-minded, who professed to write history from the facts and the facts alone. I was working, at the time, on our revolutionary period, and I had been challenged by a scholar who declared that my view of American history was too romantic altogether. The men who composed our United States Constitution were interested not in ideals but in property — their own property and its protection. George Washington only went into the army to recover his lands along the Shenandoah, and so on. In distress I wrote De Voto, telling my chagrin because I had not made adequate rebuttal. He wrote back at once. Here is what he said:

"Sure you're romantic about American history. What your detractor left out of account was the fact that it is the most romantic of all histories. It began in myth and has developed through centuries of fairy stories. Whatever the time is in America it is always, at every moment, the mad and wayward hour when the prince is finding the little foot that alone fits into the slipper of glass. It is a little hard to know what romantic means to those who use the word umbrageously. But if the mad, impossible voyage of Columbus or Cartier or La Salle or Coronado or John Ledyard is not romantic, if the stars did not dance in the sky when our Constitutional Convention met, if Atlantis has any landscape stranger or the other side of the moon any lights or colors or shapes more unearthly than the customary homespun of Lincoln and the morning coat of Jackson, well, I don't know what romance is. Ours is a story mad with the impossible, it is by chaos out of dream, it began as dream and it has continued as dream down to the last headlines you read in a newspaper. And of our dream there are two things above all others to be said, that only madmen could have dreamed them or would have dared to — and that we have shown a considerable faculty for making them come true. The simplest truth you can ever write about our history will be charged and surcharged with romanticism, and if you are afraid of the word you had better start practising seriously on your fiddle."

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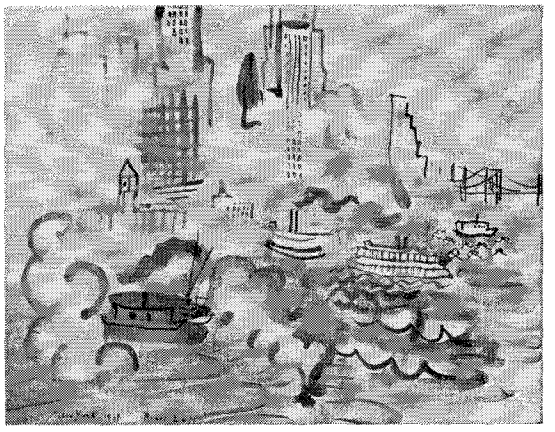

NELSON ALGREN

DOWN WITH ALL HANDS

A novelist who lives close to and often writes about Chicago, NELSON ALGREN *is best known for his two powerful novels* NEVER COME MORNING *and* THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM. *Not long ago he had his initial experience as a first-class passenger on a transatlantic liner, with the following surprising results.*

AT PIER 86 a blue-uniformed baggage hustler took both my bags and the electric typer off my hands, and I asked the elevator guy, on the way up, how much does a baggage hustler get per bag?

"He gets what you want to give in your heart," the guy instructed me.

"I don't want the man to starve," I explained. "How much does he get per bag?"

"Let me tell you something?" the guy asked, just as if I could stop him. "The intelligence you breathe, that you were born with, let *that* be your guide."

If I were going to keep a count of people I met who were in their right minds on this trip and those who were out of them, I decided, the kooks would already be out in front by one. I gave the baggage hustler a dollar and he looked unworried, so I knew I'd overpaid him. Well, easy come, easy go.

This was the first time I was crossing the Atlantic first class. My ticket assigned me to stateroom S-1, meaning sun deck and first to chow, but a man in a seafaring cap told me my home was now in U-68. I looked around to see if U.S. Lines had put me on a submarine by mistake, but the only raft in sight had three decks above water level, so I realized that what traveling first class means is that even if they put you down in the galleys you still don't have to row.

I kept going down stairs until I hit the engine room, and, as long as I was there, I felt I might as well inspect the turbines and the rest of that crazy stuff. The stuff looked to be in better shape for a crossing than I was, for I was a mite self-conscious about the pin that kept my topcoat from flapping against my knees. The bottom button had been missing for some time, so I went upstairs again to see if anyone would sew it on. In U-68 I found my bags, but nobody else was home. I went to sleep until I heard someone hollering, All ashore that's going ashore. Then I looked out of the porthole and saw the whole New York literary scene moving past.

I had seen it closer up than I'd ever see it again, and having come to know two crowds there, one around Broadway that takes a cut off the commerce in fighters and horses, the other that takes its cut off the commerce in books, I had found the track crowd a more trustworthy bunch than the "Have you read Norman Marathon lately?" crowd. Not only because they drank less and knew more, but because, by and large, they were more true to themselves than the bookmen. The sporting people seldom pretended to be something they were not, whereas I had never known a junior editor who knew who he was, and becoming a senior editor only seemed to compound the corruption. I mention this only to explain why the bottom button of my topcoat was missing.

As the sun sank slowly over Manhattan and I

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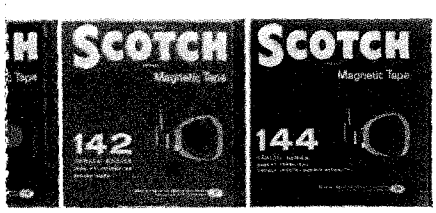

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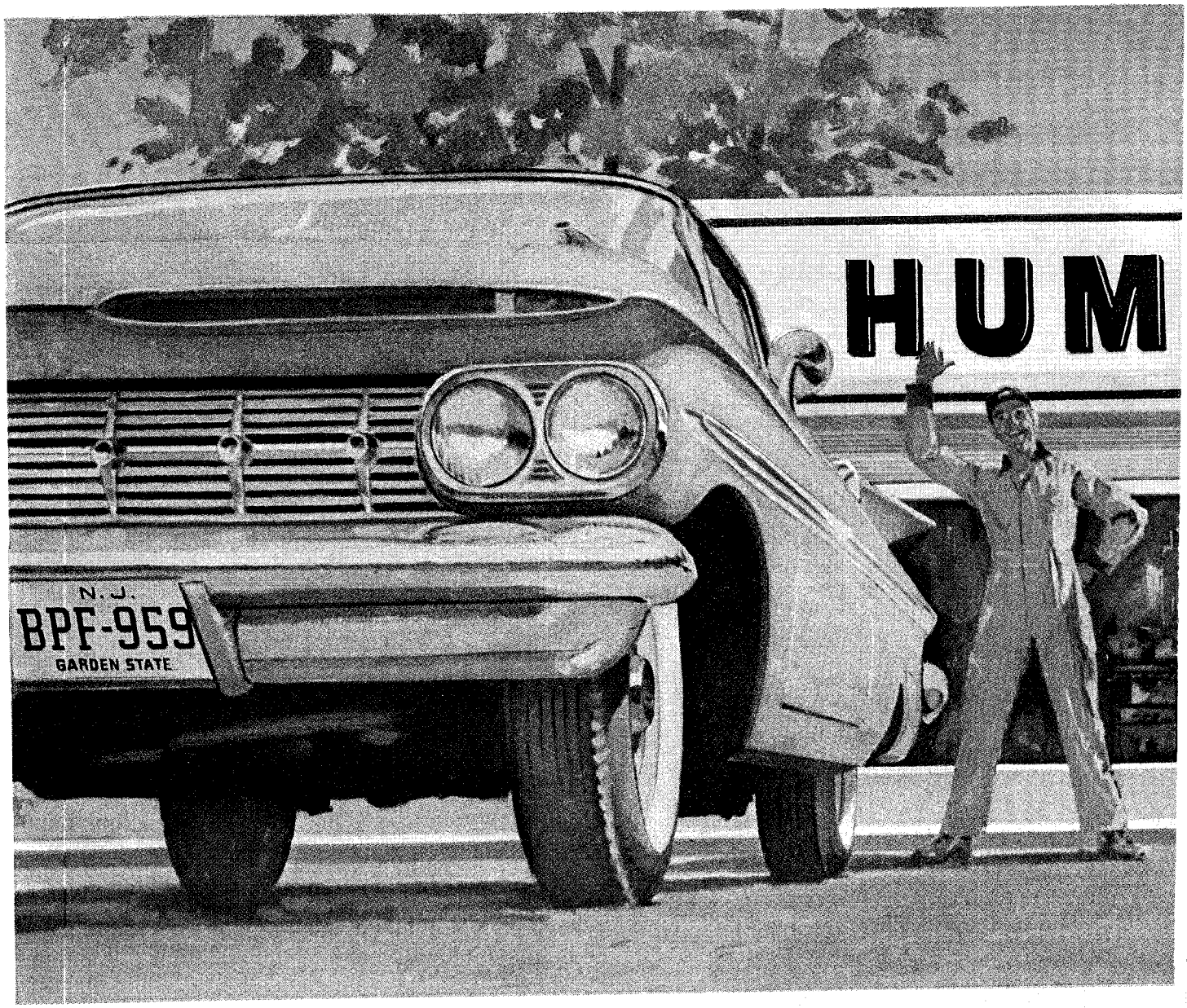

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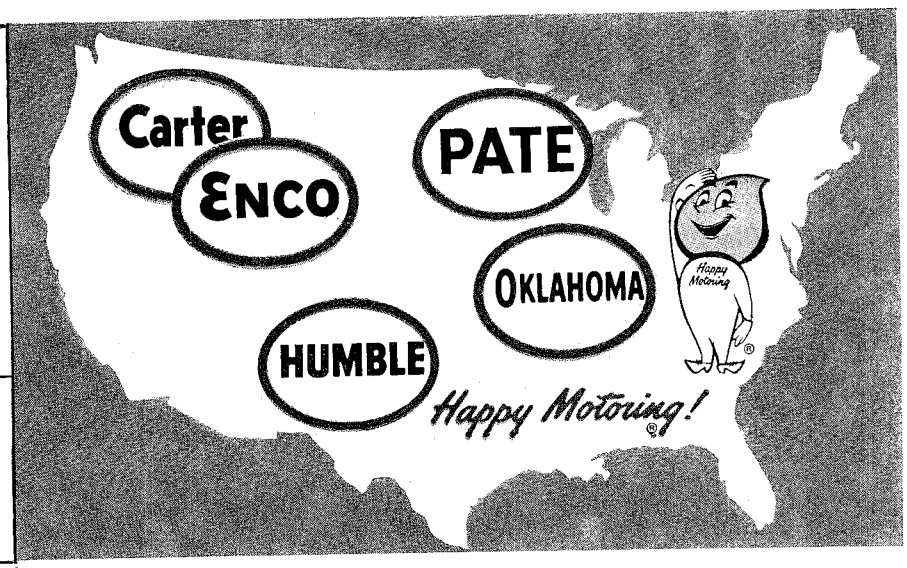

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watched vigilantly for the Statue of Liberty out of the wrong side of the ship, a deck steward entered. I told him the object in the brown metal box was an electric typewriter so he wouldn't try to feed it, and he suggested I go up on the sports' deck.

"I didn't even know you had one," I told him, for the news came as a pleasant surprise. How the man could tell I'd played poker the night before I still don't know. I went up to look around.

Sure enough, there was a young couple leaning on the rail waiting for a game, so I just leaned on the rail beside them and didn't say anything. If they wanted a game, they'd have to make the first move. Neither one said anything, so I thought, You both look like poor losers to me anyhow, and went to a part of the rail I could call my own. There I looked down at the water and let memories flood in.

Like the time the MPs pinched the chaplain for auctioning off the ambulance, or the time in Marseilles, just before embarking, when I got the letter saying, Honey, don't come back. Well, absence makes the heart grow fonder for somebody else, is what I always say. But after a while I got tired of saying it, so I went back down to U-68 to see how much the steward had gotten for my clothes.

Apparently he hadn't even had a decent bid, because all he'd done was hang up my topcoat, a new experience for us both. If I had a needle and thread I'd sew you up myself, you sonofabitch, I told it, so at least you'd hang straight; you're trying to make people think I'm a bum. I went to the mirror and, sure enough, I'd made it.

It wasn't because I needed a shave so much that I made my next move, but out of curiosity about whether the electric razor would work on the bathroom current. It worked fine, so I cleared the dresser, took the typer out of its kennel, and plugged in. At the first jump of smoke I thought, Women and children first, but after I got the plug loose it kept jumping smoke at me, and if that wasn't lead I smelled burning I can whip Chico Vejar. A lucky thing I didn't bring a dish dryer, I thought, half the crew would have been washed overboard.

"Your dirty current blew up my nice typewriter," I accused the steward, but he looked as if he'd anticipated that event. "Lots of people do that lately," he assured me contentedly.

It just goes to show you, you can't plug a typewriter into the S.S. *Meyer Davis* and expect good results. It just wasn't a friendly ship, that was all there was to it.

SHOULD evening ever bring you the need of an apple at sea, either go to bed or keep your fat mouth shut. All I did was to make some casual inquiry about where I might buy one and go for a short stroll, to find, on returning, a basket heaped with apples, three hues of grapes, pears, bananas, oranges, kumquats, and litchi nuts. My first thought was that I must have an admirer aboard, probably the captain.

Now, if I could smuggle this heap down to tourist class, I thought, I might make the price of my ticket back by the greatest seagoing financial coup on record. Finally, I felt I was being treated better than I, or anyone, deserved. A feeling from which I recovered swiftly by eating my way through the heap down to the wood. It didn't occur to me that this could happen twice in my life. Actually, it happened thereafter every time I left U-68. I couldn't take a ten-minute stroll without returning to find a basket of flora transported from the gardens of four continents to rot in my stateroom. Either I was being secretly watched or the stuff was growing out of the wall.

Once, however, I became accustomed to the admiration implicit in the presentation of these baskets, it was like a sudden backhand slap when one showed up definitely short one kumquat. Let the chef collar the clown who perpetrated this cruel mockery or come in and be flogged himself, was my thinking in the matter. Yes, and be damned to the cowardly rabble traveling second and third class over my strictly first-class sea.

Had I only been able to sustain this mood and had I only learned a few words of French, I might easily have qualified as a drama critic for *Partisan Review* or a mutuel clerk at a fifty-dollar window. I might even have been able to hold both jobs, because men are needed in both these lines. And not everyone is presentable enough to qualify. But the mood was melted by the strains, faint yet clear, of Meyer Davis' orchestra swinging *Drink, Drink, Drink to Old Heidelberg* — it was teatime in the cocktail bar and teatime in the lounge! Teatime in the powder room and in the hearts of men. For who can hold bitterness in his heart when music like *that* comes along?

"Oh, good for *you*, kindly Meyer Davis and your kindly orchestra," I thought and hurried to the lounge.

I loved that lounge because it was there that some of the most right-thinking people aboard were to be found, drinking tea just as that evening sun went down. I didn't even mind when the evening sun sank, because then the lights came up and I could see them all better. In fact, I was so moved by the consciousness of being among these great-souled men and women that, when the music stopped, I planted myself directly beneath the orchestra. "As for Meyer Davis' orchestra," I announced, "I say hurrah!"

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The ladies joined me in three rousing cheers for Meyer Davis and I retired, assured that Mr. Davis was pleased to have found so frank an admirer aboard his ship.

Everyone wanted to know, in a sort of teatime huff, What is she so *quiet* about, Why don't she *say* something? Why they figured the poor broad should make more noise than anyone else because she was a duchess I couldn't quite catch.

But there she'd be, evening after evening, waiting for the duke to finish his creamed spinach so she could get started on her sirloin. The duke had had his quota of sirloins by the time she was born and must have been over the hill even then. Now only God and creamed spinach were keeping him pasted together. But, for some reason, he didn't want to fall apart till he was eighty-two. What his reasoning was, I don't know. But if he had more than three days to go, his reasoning was faulty.

Nobody held the duke's extreme age against him but myself. It was the little broad that had the nerve to sit there as if she wasn't yet thirty, when everyone knew she was every day of thirty-four, that made the ladies so salty. Myself, I didn't dare to say she hardly looked twenty-six.

In fact, I approved of the match from her standpoint, which seemed to be the only tenable one. What was the difference who spooned spinach to the duke the last week before he was buried? was how I felt. Either he had had it or he hadn't, and if he hadn't, not even Meyer Davis could help him. If I pulled a chair up beside hers to ask, "Baby, exactly what are your plans?", it would show her whose side I was on. But I never got around to it, being too diverted by the carryings-on of my own table.

At the head of it, in full command, was a seagoing Fatty Arbuckle, a ship's officer who looked like he'd lived on gold braid and some of the threads had caught on his sleeves. Since he was at the head and I was at the foot, there was no chance of pasting him one without knocking over the flowers. He took an immediate liking to me, too.

"Try the gin-ger, it's *tan*-gy." Fatty would recommend a dish of sweets to Mrs. Di Santos, and then leave his mouth hanging, tongue thrust into his cheek in a way that made me want to eat snake. The first time he pulled this on me I got a better grip on my fork in case he came closer. I thought he was after my salad. When you're a victim of overprivilege, you have to be ready for anything.

(The way you know you are traveling first class, *really* first class, is by the way the olive looks up at you, when the glass is gone dry, with a special appeal, saying, "*Please* eat me." Another way you know is by the way the waves back off, bowing, across a strictly first-class sea. It may look a bit rough and wild for the brutes two decks below, and if it isn't, the crew is entitled to knock them about a bit. Otherwise, what am I paying for?)

Mrs. Di Santos, a dazzling blonde from the headwaters of the Amazon, sat at the officer's right. She never showed up till evening, and by that hour was so zonked she had to be strapped into her chair. Everyone, for that matter, had to be strapped, with a view to prevention of personal-injury suits should the tub take a sudden dip, but Mrs. Di Santos would have had to be strapped even on a tennis court.

By the time she came to dinner she had just sense enough left to put stuff in her mouth — if it ran down the inside of her neck, she swallowed. If it didn't run, she chewed it. She was a healthy young sot who liked the stuff that ran down the inside of her neck better than the stuff she was forced to chew. I think she had real class when sober, but I never saw her asleep.

On Fatty's other side sat the Connecticut Child, a twenty-year-old of six foot one and a half, poor child, for I took her walking around the deck and she wasn't wearing high heels. My private guess was that someone had sent her in hope she might gain spirit and elegance. God knows she needed a touch of both. But I couldn't see how she was going to pick up either while she was sitting at our table. There was nobody there to pick up from. All she could learn was how to pass ginger.

Beside the Connecticut Child sat the Rear-echelon Radical, ever ready and always right, a real Fearless Philip, Boy Barrister, of a type usually associated as a junior member with a combination of barracudas called something like Greensponge, Perjuretz, Coldcalk, and O'Posse.

This was a judicial-type phenom, it became too plain, of the kind who sees nothing untenable in demanding that Fagin be presented on television as a Cockney because Cockneys have never suffered a pogrom like us, poor us, even though we were never there ourselves either. Yet we had relatives, we have heard, who were, thus entitling us to draw an exclusive immunity to practice cold-calking shysterism in a strictly legal tradition, poor us.

The Rear-echelon Radical was inevitably against any form of censorship. He was for progress all down the line, of course. Yet you had to be careful about presenting Shylock, lest you give aid to the dark forces allied against Man. It made me wonder what made him think he was on the side of the forces of light. Particularly when he actually didn't give a hang, one way or another,

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about what happened to Man any more than he did what happened on the stage. But his operation, with a few loans made from banks at 4 per cent reloaned at 12, required a certain degree of protection, which he drew, as I've already said, in the tone of the most fair-minded of men, from the persecutions suffered by others. First class, I ought to have told you before, was purely loaded with liberals.

I like fair-minded people myself, so I felt right at home. In fact, I couldn't have picked a better table to study fair-mindedness in action. I had a ringside seat, as it were. Because nobody is more fair-minded than a fair-minded man deciding whether he wants Filet avec Champignons done medium rare or rare. And what I liked most about him was that he didn't mind keeping the rest of the table waiting at the chamber doors while he took the waiter into consultation. With one judicial finger on the menu designating the steak of his ultimate choice, the waiter leaning forward attentively, pencil in hand, the Rear-echelon Radical would frown in thought, while the tension around him mounted and spread, till even the duchess, at the next table, would feel it and crane her head about to see what was affecting her neck. When he had everyone's attention, he would hand his verdict down: "Meeeee-deeeee-yummm ray-err."

It was done. Tension relaxed, conversation picked up. He was the real thing in rear-echelon radicals all right. I wonder how he got his start.

Then it would be my turn, and since the Connecticut Child seemed to expect something from me, I put a bit of spit on the ball myself. I'd hold the menu close to my eyes, one eye nearly shut, and ask, "What is *poissonière?*" Immediately everyone would shout in chorus, "Fish!" — especially Mrs. Di Santos.

"Yeah," I'd answer shrewdly, "but which one?"

That menu was an honor roll of the Vasty Deep. Everything that disports itself in the trough of the waters or hangs upsy-downsy by eyeless suckers to the roof of the deepest sea-sunken cave, that scuttles sidewise across the sands, leaps in a spout of welcome and good cheer to swimmers off Cape Cod, or comes smiling down the Gulf Stream on its hunkers with no thought of tomorrow was on that card. Yet the best I could do, when I'd got through it at last, was to put it down and mutter, with a bored expression, "Nothing much in the way of sea food tonight, is there?" As if the one chance a person had for a decent meal aboard this tub was to harpoon something himself.

"Try the gin-ger," Gold-braid Fatty proposed, "it's *tan*-gy."

"What do we do now?" the Connecticut Child asked in a voice she had, for some reason, lowered.

"Jump ship and pan for gold," was the only solution I could think of at the moment.

Pale fruit, blue flowers, and spangled hats loaded the table where we sat, when the night of the gala Captain's Dinner came around at last. On the balcony just over our heads Meyer Davis and his aides stood ready. Gold-braid Fatty put on the most comical hat of all — and the fun even then had barely begun. I had never seen a table so loaded with favors since the last time I'd played pin the tail on the donkey.

This was it. We were traveling first class at last. We were almost too gay to bear.

Fatty himself, without removing his hat, began hacking at a swordfish as if it had tried to attack him. Mrs. Di Santos was dipping shark's fin with sherry down her neck in a way that made me glad they'd taken the trouble to pour it into a soup bowl instead of just handing her a fin and a bottle. Sharks wouldn't be in it with this one, I strongly suspected, if she ever got sober. While the Fair-minded Radical was inquiring about red snapper in a way that, had I been his waiter, would have caused me to inquire about *him* to a red snapper.

In an unprecedented action he had trapped himself between red snapper and lobster. Now he couldn't move either way because he was committed to lobster *if* the lobster were fresh and not frozen, and no one, simply no one, knew for an absolute certainty, beyond possibility of doubt, whether the brute was fresh or frozen. It seemed he would take it on contingency if it were, and that was contingent upon *how* fresh, and just as I figured to solve the whole matter with one straight shot to the jaw, Fatty dispatched the waiter to discover the hour at which the lobster's death had been registered.

The effect of this production on the Connecticut Child was disastrous, as it intimidated her to the point where she was afraid to order anything at all, lest she commit a misdemeanor. I told her everyone would be impressed if she ordered an eel, my private hope being that they might bring her a black snake by mistake. She liked the idea, but didn't know how to ask for one.

My own move would have been to go to the rail and holler — maybe one would come in and give himself up. Then the waiter returned with the good news for everyone: a dead lobster they had in there had been alive less than an hour before! In that case, the Rear-echelon Radical decided, he'd take it after all. Nobody stopped to ask the lobster how it felt about its choice of being scalded to death or frozen stiff. Well, that's how it goes when you're traveling first class.

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Personally, I found myself wishing that the Rear-echelon Radical would make up his mind about his own life, which he seemed to be living out on contingency.

The remaining problem, it now seemed to me, was, Here it was only Tuesday, and with waiters clearing dishes covered with remains of haddock and whale, sole, clam, salmon, and eel, would there be enough left out there to go around by Friday? Well, no news is good news, and it takes two to tango.

Now, it turned out, Gold-braid Fatty had fixed things with the kitchen for the *surprise du chef*. I resolved quietly that as long as I remained able-bodied I wasn't going to be surprised by so much as a fry cook, not to mention a seagoing chef. But the big news was that the *surprise du chef* was actually Soufflé Grand Marnier, and upon that announcement Fatty took up a deflated balloon and began stretching it in a fashion that wouldn't have been so suggestive if he had kept his eyes open and his mouth shut, or the balloon had not been pink, as it was — the effect sustained was of a minor rapture. It really wasn't necessary, it seemed to me, to put all *that* into a simple thing like stretching a balloon. "You must have been at sea a long time, sir," I suggested, nodding toward the balloon to indicate that he couldn't have managed to stretch a balloon with such skill had he stayed on land.

For reply, Fatty blew the balloon up, tied it to keep it inflated, and then volleyed it toward me in a taunt as gentle as it was contemptuous. I had no choice but to volley it just as gently back.

"That was a good answer, Starbuck," I had to admit. "If I see white water, I'll let you know."

I fought down the temptation to push half a banana into his puss and say, "Call *this* tangy." The chief idea, I realized, was to get the hell out of there before the Soufflé Grand Marnier arrived, to be alone with the smoldering remains of my Smith-Corona, and I would have made it too, except for the straps of the chair. I was trying to get free without a waiter's help when Meyer Davis' orchestra swung into *Bluebird of Happiness*, the ship hit a long swell, the chair of our High Prince of Creamed Spinach went sliding backward from the duchess with the duke himself still in it. And bravely, proudly, he held his little dish firmly so as to spill none as he went, like a man who knows that no man ever knows how many dishes of spinach are left in his life, while two waiters rushed toward him — though it seemed to me they might just as well have walked. They had almost reached him when the ship rose in the swell and the duke promptly slid back toward the duchess, who hadn't yet missed him.

That was the moment, it seems to me now, though it is all made misty in memory for being so long ago, that Gold-braid Fatty rose in his seat with a fork gripped firmly in his hand and stabbed the pink balloon. It did not explode, though the faces of everyone at the table were fixed fast upon it. It gently deflated in mid-air, then turned itself into a tiny spill of green-gray dust, ceaselessly spilling over flowers long faded, fruit long decayed, and faces gone fleshless.

And lost and wandering through vast oceanic ages, the voice of the duchess came grieving to me forever:

"What are your plans *now*, Daddy-o?"

Then downward and down through deeps ever darker, dark-green to dark-blue to total black, I yet feel the impact as the S.S. *Meyer Davis* settled slowly upon the emerald sands.

The sea-sunken sea-drifted sands.

AN ENGLISHMAN TO A CASTLE

BY R. P. LISTER

They pointed out the castle on the hill
And said that it was beautiful, in faith.
And beautiful it is. It makes me ill,
This ghost of ancient miseries, the wraith

Of former wrongs, stuck up for all to see,
As if a sufferer from an old disease
Should be preserved in pickle for the glee
Of curious visitors from overseas.

My ancestors spent several hundred years
Pulling that castle down. Their ways were rough;
They pulled it down about its owners' ears,
But did not, in my view, pull hard enough.

Some stones, as you can see, are standing still.
Sometimes, I must confess, I am inclined
To finish off that castle on the hill,
And other castles that I have in mind.

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A Plea for Straight Talk Between the Races

BY BENJAMIN E. MAYS

BENJAMIN E. MAYS, *the president of Morehouse College, Atlanta, is the leader of the United Negro College Fund and one of the most respected spokesmen in a sensitive and troubled area.*

MANY well-meaning intelligent people have argued since the May 17, 1954, decision of the United States Supreme Court outlawing segregation in the public schools that communication between the races has broken down. They contend that, as a result, the racial situation in the South has grown worse. The plain truth is that, up to a few years ago, Negroes and white people in the South never had honest communication.

Honest communication is built on truth and integrity and upon respect of the one for the other. It is true that, for decades upon decades, Negroes and white people have talked to each other. But it was conversation between a "superior" and an "inferior," a "man" and a "boy," and conversation between "master" and "servant." In this relationship the truth could seldom, if ever, emerge.

For nearly a century the South made itself believe that Negroes and white people were really communicating. So convinced of this were the white Southerners that they almost made the nation believe that they, and only they, knew the mind of the Southern Negro. They were sure that the Negro was satisfied with segregation and with his subordinate role in American life. If only the Communists, the Yankees, and the N.A.A.C.P. would leave the Negro alone, they said, he would live happily forever within the confines of legal segregation. All the Negro wanted was equality within the segregation pattern.

The fallacy in this argument lies in the fact that it was based on falsehood from the beginning. White people got their information from two main sources: one source was their cooks, maids, and chauffeurs. These servants wanted to hold their jobs, and so they told their white employers what they wanted to hear — the Negro is happy with segregation. Most of the white people of the South — and the North, too, for that matter — have never known the cultured and trained Negro. The white South's other source of information was equally deceptive. Many Negro leaders led white Southerners to believe that if the impossible doctrine of separate but equal could be attained — separate schools, but equal; separate jobs, but equal; separate hospitals and recreational facilities, but equal; separate transportation and separate eating establishments, but all equal — Negroes would be satisfied. Many of these Negro leaders courted the favor of the whites either because they were economically dependent upon them or feared that unfortunate economic and physical consequences would follow if they told white people the truth. If what is communicated is false, it can hardly be called communication.

Let me give one illustration. In 1942 a group of Southern Negro leaders met in Durham, North Carolina, to draw up a manifesto in which Southern Negroes would speak plainly to Southern whites, setting forth the aims and aspirations of the Negro people. It was a magnificent document except for one thing. We did not speak with complete candor. Considerable time was spent trying to decide whether we should say in that manifesto that we wanted to see legal segregation abolished in every area of American life. Those of us who wanted to speak with complete honesty on this point were overruled. Every Negro who met in Durham was opposed to legal segregation and wanted it abolished. But we didn't say it. Did we communicate the truth to the white South? Nevertheless, the manifesto was worth while, because out of this meeting came the Southern Regional Council, which in recent years has declared itself in favor of the abolition of a segregated society and is doing magnificent work in this time of crisis.

Negro members of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, which was the forerunner of the Southern Regional Council, never did advocate the abolition of segregation. This is not to reflect discredit on the commission; it did a job that needed to be done, but honest communication hardly ever prevailed. I recall vividly a discussion held by Negro members of the Regional Council

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after one of their state meetings. They all admitted that they did not say what was in their hearts and minds. It was plainly acknowledged that if their true desires about the abolition of segregation had been expressed, the meeting would have been broken up and further meetings would have been impossible. The two races met and talked about what they thought was expedient. At that time, and up to about a decade ago, Negro-white relations were so sensitive that Negroes dared not challenge the institution of segregation. No Negro dared to advocate its abolition publicly. Negroes were hoping against hope that the "separate" would someday be made "equal."

Prior to 1935, the year Negroes began to sue for the equalization of educational opportunities, it was accepted by both Negroes and whites that educational facilities and salaries for whites would be better than those for Negroes. In the early years of the 1930s a high official of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation said publicly, "The only way to advance the education of the Negro child one step is to advance the white child two steps." In this way the white community would accept the advance of the Negro child.

We are now beginning to communicate without hypocrisy and without fear. The May 17, 1954, decision of the United States Supreme Court cleared the air for honesty between the races. The Negroes' contacts in wartime and through travel, and the uprising of suppressed peoples everywhere, have also helped to clear the air. Negroes do not wish to be branded as inferiors by being segregated, and they want to walk the earth as human beings with dignity. This idea was beautifully expressed by the Negro college students in Atlanta when they said, in "An Appeal for Human Rights": "We will 'use every legal and nonviolent means at our disposal' to end segregation."

Negroes have communicated their aspirations through the federal courts, with the result that many public schools in the District of Columbia, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, Kentucky, Oklahoma, and Missouri, and some of the public schools of Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, and Florida have been desegregated. There has also been desegregation in bus and train transportation and in the state universities of the South, except in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi; and in golf courses and in airport restaurants.

For a year Negroes boycotted the buses in Montgomery, Alabama, and finally the buses were desegregated by federal decree, although the atmosphere was tense and there was fear of race riots. The Montgomery boycott resounded around the world; and no one could mistake what the Negroes in Montgomery were saying.

Negro students have continued to fight for desegregation. On February 1, 1960, four freshmen from A and T College in Greensboro, North Carolina, started the sit-in movement. Almost immediately, students in colleges throughout the South joined them. Each campus demonstrated in its own way. Students in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas participated. Many were arrested. How effective the demonstrations were can be determined by the fact that the officials of Kress, Grant, and Woolworth agreed to desegregate their lunch counters in sixty-nine Southern communities. Prior to this announcement, twenty-eight Southern communities had desegregated some of their restaurants.

A new type of demonstration began in Atlanta, Georgia, when twenty-five Negro students and two or three white students attended six white churches on August 7. They were welcomed in four churches. In two they were not so warmly received. From the newspaper accounts, there were attempts at segregation in these two.

The demonstrations will continue, and the goals the students seek will be achieved. Their cause is just. Enlightened public opinion is sympathetic. Both political parties in their platforms approved the students' method of protest. The Negro students are determined to be free. Just before a thousand students of the six Atlanta Negro colleges marched through Atlanta to Wheat Street Baptist Church, in defiance of state officials' threats and in celebration of the sixth anniversary of the Supreme Court decision, they sang: "We will be free, We will be free, We will be free someday, Deep in our hearts, We will be free, We will be free someday." After they assembled in the Wheat Street Baptist Church, they sang: "That old Negro, He ain't what he used to be." For the first time since Emancipation, Negro youths are willing and proud to be arrested and serve time in jail for a cause they believe to be just.

Has communication broken down? The old hypocritical kind of communication between the races has broken down, and that is good. We can now build good human relations on truth, honesty, and sincerity.

Has progress in race relations been set back, as the conservatives claim? Not at all. I am convinced that as I travel throughout the South today I experience more friendly feeling toward me and receive more decent treatment than at any other time in my sixty years. I have never before felt so much like a free human being in the South as I do today.

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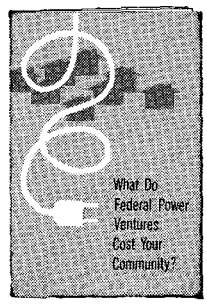

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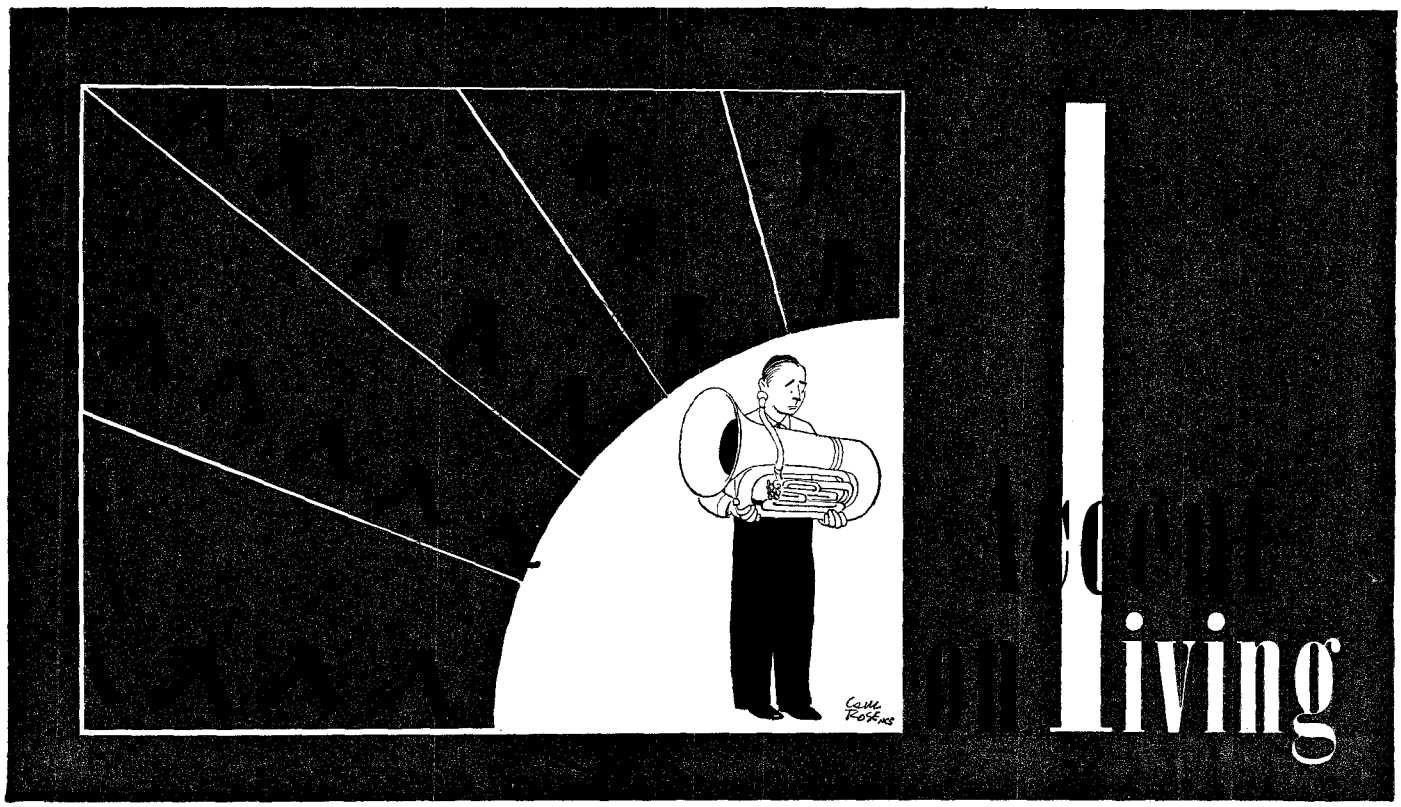

"And that white part of the stands is the famous card section of Berserk University, and you can be sure they'll have a good many surprises for us this afternoon here at beautiful Jones Memorial Stadium, where the Berserk Baboons and the Wingding Woodchucks renew their traditional rivalry. . . ."

The TV camera roves around the stadium, coming to focus on a large section of the opposite stands, where some thousands of Berserk students are holding white cards in such a manner as to hide all else. Enough of the cards are turned, suddenly, to spell in huge letters the two words, "Welcome Woodchucks." Delirious applause and cheering greet this phenomenon. Berserk cheerleaders turn handsprings, cartwheels, and leap in delight.

"Well, there's real sportsmanship for you," the announcer exclaims. "Whoever thought that one up cer'nly knows the traditional American spirit of fair play, off the field and on. Now let's pick up that Berserk band for a minute." Music lovers can identify at this point, by a stretch of the imagination, the strains of *Finlandia*, and we hear the voice of the announcer, reverently hushed and obviously reading from a note just handed to him by his Berserk prompter, "That's the Wingding anthem they're playing, *All Hail, Wingding School of Mines*." How much further could sportsmanship possibly go? Was ever a visiting team, the archenemy, so generously received? The announcer seems overwhelmed by these amenities. At half time, he predicts, what with the card section of Berserk and Wingding's equally famous marching band, will come pageantry that we shall all remember for the rest of our lives.

With the present-day emphasis on the marching band, one is bound to wonder if there is any longer a band that doesn't march. A nonmarching band, presumably, would deploy on a stage or in a bandstand in the park, and the day for that sort of thing is long past. So all bands march, and at half time they march in every conceivable formation. They zigzag, they go backwards, they become a vast wheel with spokes of marching, tooting bandsmen. The college or university has its own marching band, for better or worse, but the professional football games procure their marching bands from high schools all over the country, achieving thereby a much wider variety of uniforms and maneuvers than the colleges can bring out.

It is hard to imagine what becomes of the college bandsmen after graduation. In the case of the high school players, the road ahead is plain: they go to college and join the marching band. But after that? As a hobby, playing in a marching band would be a bit cumbersome for the head of an ordinary household. How could he round up enough fellow marchers of an evening to avoid getting rusty on the more intricate formations? The neighbors would surely think it odd if he went out on his own, uniform and all, high-stepping around the block while tooting a trombone part of the *Washington Post March*.

The voice of the announcer recalls us to half time in beautiful Jones Memorial Stadium. "And now coming on the field is the famous Wingding marching band. Look — they're forming two big letters out there in front of the Berserk stands. Yes, it's B.U., for Berserk University, and they're playing the Berserk song, *Berserk, Fairest of Them All*. That is cer'nly a fine, sportsmanlike tribute."

Let us attend them sympathetically during their short life as a marching band, men for whom there is no tomorrow.

CHARLES W. MORTON

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A TELEVISION
YULE LOG

In a few short years, television has joined the traditions of Christmas—and created some of its own. Again, the message and meaning, the sights and sounds of the holiday season will go out to millions through local and network holiday programs like those below.

VENITE ADOREMUS DOMINUM . . .

Christmas Eve and Christmas Day Services: from cathedrals and churches around the country. Saturday and Sunday, December 24-25.

AND GLORY SHONE AROUND . . .

"The Coming of Christ": The world's art treasures illuminate the Christmas story. Wednesday, December 21 (8:30-9:00 PM).

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE . . .

"Amahl and the Night Visitors": A classic returns to enrich the Christmas season—the beautiful opera of Gian-Carlo Menotti. Sunday, December 25 (4-5 PM).

TO SAVE US ALL FROM SATAN'S POWER . . .

"Golden Child": An original Christmas opera that dramatizes a conflict of love and gold, with Patricia Neway and Jerome Hines. Friday, December 16 (8:30-10 PM).

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS . . .

"From All of Us to All of You": Walt Disney and stars (Snow White, Tinker Bell, Pinocchio, and others) make merry. Sunday, December 25 (6:30-7:30 PM).

'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY . . .

"The Wizard of Oz": A masterpiece of fantasy and humor—the MGM movie starring Judy Garland. Sunday, December 11 (6-8 PM).

DECK THE HALLS . . .

A new production of "Peter Pan"—Sir James M. Barrie's classic—with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Thursday, December 8 (7:30-9:30 PM).

THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD . . .

Marian Anderson and Leonard Bernstein in "Christmas Startime"—a program of the best-loved music of the season. Sunday, December 25 (5-6 PM).

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE
666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

In December

OTHER PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

"Born a Giant"
Drama of the turbulent early career of Andrew Jackson.
Friday, December 2 (9-10 PM)

"The Combat Deepens"
World War II: Germany invades Norway and the Low Countries; Winston Churchill becomes Prime Minister.
Sunday, December 4 (10:30-11 PM)

"The Red and the Black"
A study of the influence of communism on new countries of Africa.
Wednesday, December 7 (10-11 PM)

"The Working Mother"
The problems facing the job-holding woman with young children.
Thursday, December 8 (4-5 PM)

"Featherbedding"
Study of a widespread industry practice.
Friday, December 9 (10:30-11 PM)

"Yul Brynner's Odyssey"
The representative of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees visits camps in Europe and the Middle East.
Saturday, December 10 (8:30-9:30 PM)

"Dunkirk"
Defeat and rescue of the British forces; Churchill offers "blood, toil, tears, and sweat."
Sunday, December 11 (10:30-11 PM)

"Survivors of the Ice Age"
A tribe of Laplanders drives reindeer herd 100 perilous miles to the coast.
Tuesday, December 13 (7-7:30 PM)

"The Berliners: Life in a Gilded Cage."
How 2,500,000 West Berliners live and view the future. On-the-scene report.
Sunday, December 18 (6:30-7 PM)

"The French Agony"
The fall of France. Churchill orders the French fleet at Oran destroyed.
Sunday, December 18 (10:30-11 PM)

"The Last of the Arctic Nomads"
Visit to a winter camp of Lapps, the Mongolese tribesmen who have roamed Scandinavia for 12,000 years.
Tuesday, December 20 (7-7:30 PM)

"Take One with You"
Britain girds for invasion; Churchill meets with FDR: the 50-destroyer deal and lend-lease.
Sunday, December 25 (10:30-11 PM)

"The Great Holiday Massacre"
Graphic illustration and analysis of America's highway safety problems.
Thursday, December 29 (10-11 PM)

"Year-End Roundup"
An analysis of the important news events of 1960.
Friday, December 30 (9-10 PM)

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays:	Television Workshop College News Conference Chet Huntley Reporting Meet the Press The Twentieth Century Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years
Mondays:	Face the Nation
Tuesdays:	Expedition
Thursdays:	Person to Person
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon.-Fri.:	Continental Classroom

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.*

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Fit to be Tied

BY BETTY DUNN

BETTY DUNN *has worked as a news reporter in Texas, taught English at Marquette University, and is now a reporter for* LIFE *magazine in New York.*

Our Christmas gifts from my family arrived by mail the other day. They look as interestingly mauled as all packages do when they've come a long distance. But with the brown paper off them, I can see that the Yule wrappings and ribbons still retain the same old, durable family charm.

At least the ribbons do. As with heirlooms in other families, so it is with old Christmas ribbons in mine. They get handed down. With the proper care a good Christmas ribbon has a longevity which ribbon makers, I am sure, would dislike to have noised around.

There is one ribbon in my family's possession, a wide red satin one, that has gone the full circle on successive Christmases from mother to daughter to sister to father. That was its history three years ago, before I married and moved away. There was talk of getting it off the place that year, perhaps on the plate of fudge destined to go next door, but prudence checked us. Maybe it came from next door in the first place. Besides, it's hard to let a good one go. I don't know which member of the family got the red satin ribbon this year, since I didn't.

The trouble with old ribbons is that they are always too good to throw away. In my family, frequently, that was also the trouble with them last year and the year before. By the third season sentiment threatens to supersede economy, thereby knotting permanently the ties that bind. But not so tightly that they can't be smoothed out and made attractive for family reconsumption.

Everyone has his share of memories of Christmas at home — of the laden board, of cookies overflowing their cookie jars and stuffed carelessly, with the munificence of an Indian cookie prince, into any available pot or pan, of the magic hours spent trimming a glittering tree.

These are almost stock memories for a fortunate segment of mankind. Add to these a vision of an ironing board, as I see it still in my mind's eye, with the lights on early in the evening of a December day, with the Old Christmas Ribbon Box on the table nearby, a slightly exhausted specimen shimmering uncoiled on the board, and the Christmas scene reappears for me in sharp focus.

"Shall we use this nice green one on your father's shirt, or should we start him out fresh this year?" If such a dilemma, as we may loosely term it, occurs in other households this year, I can say with authority that the only solution is to put aside wrapping all family gifts till last, when the new ribbon is running low and clearly must be conserved for last-minute gifts to outsiders. Then the nice green ribbon automatically goes under the tree because — and your conscience is clear — you have no other choice.

And the new ribbon, almost as automatically, goes into the box after Christmas, to be used to lead off with next year. Why is it that those last-minute callers, arms laden, almost never materialize? In the prepared family the expected unexpected outsider rarely shows up to claim the spare bottle of cologne or bubble bath, held back for emergencies. Consequently, you seldom have to fork over the last of the new ribbon.

It isn't just that new ribbon costs too much each year, or that a wildly extravagant display under the family tree is out of place, when it's the thought that really counts (and what's inside), or that the old ribbon can be revived to look just as good anyway. That isn't it exactly. "Entirely" is the more precise word. And with today's expanding families — more children and grandchildren, new cousins-in-law all the time — where better to exercise some Christmas economy than at home among the bows and glittering strands that can become such burdensome financial ties?

A CHRISTMAS POEM FROM BOSTON

BY GEORGE STARBUCK

At the least scrape laid open (and shouldn't they be ashamed?)
to the ripe chalk of their hearts (but they are all heart) four angels
puff at their golden trumpets, promise-crammed
like cornucopias of cotton candy.

Behind them, and of the selfsame gilded stuff
as the Statehouse, shepherds, kings, and some hard-shell sheep
sully, so poets say (and they ought to know), the steep
Common the shovels have sliced for us like divinity fudge,

where a friend of a friend of mine once (I was that close to it) ran
hobbling the blackest lamb in his woolly arms, and ran
till a patrolman nailed him and sent him up-
and-over to Joy Street Station to simmer down.

But they are good plaster creatures. They only
dream (as we all of us dream) a miraculous day
of Spirits spiriting every wiseman and shepherd away,
bringing for every plaster angel its plastered Angel.

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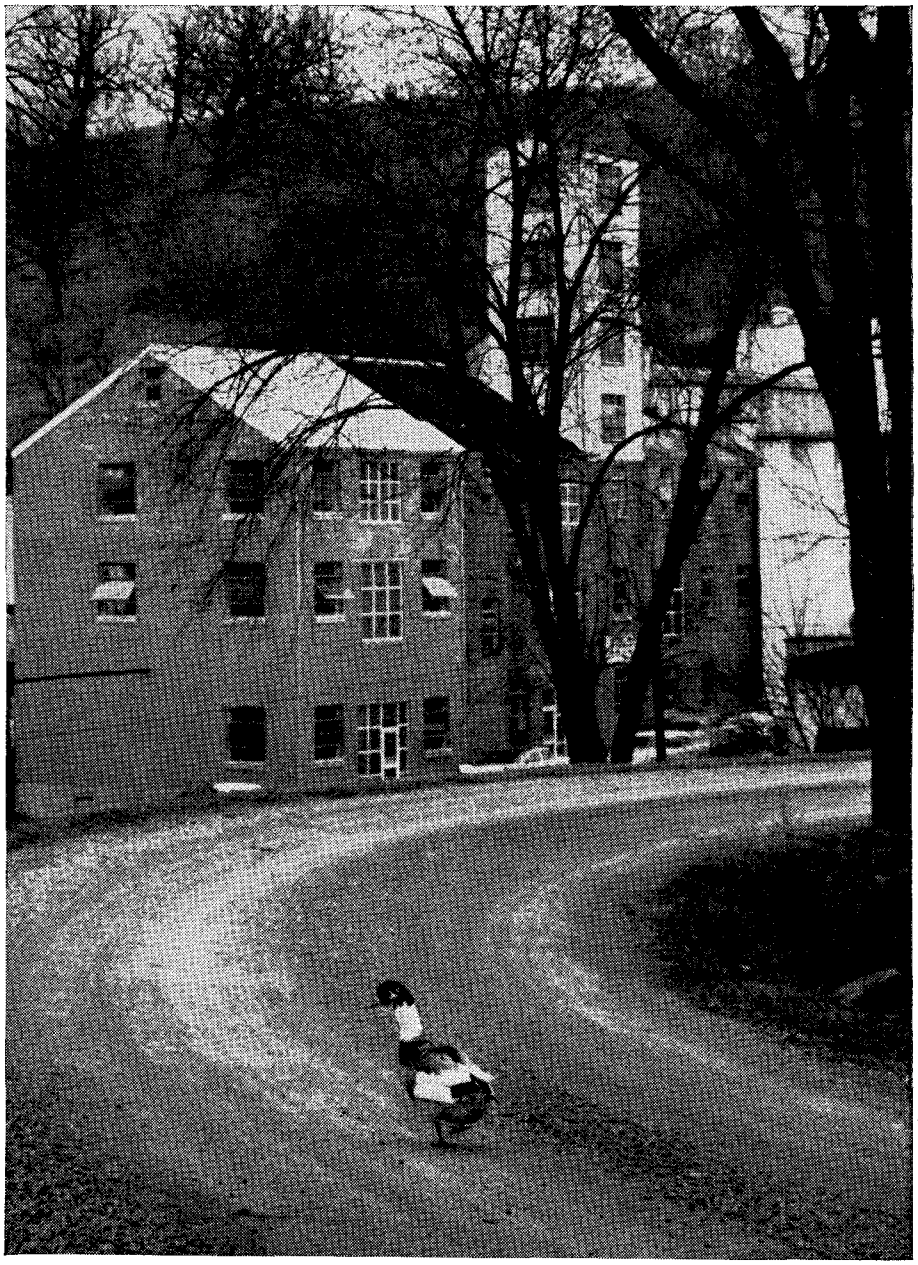
Re-using the old is not only a challenge to the cunning eye and hand — I wish you could see the tie box that I have here for my husband (it probably holds gloves), with the ribbon edges pinked where they were worn, doubtlessly, and a little mashed pine cone taped fondly in place — not only is old ribbon a challenge, but it releases the new for outside use. Which is only fair. Practically the whole of the Old Christmas Ribbon Box is outside stock, contributed by friends, neighbors, distant relatives, and a distinguished few business acquaintances with expense accounts and a devil-may-care attitude toward fifty-cent professional gift wraps. They gave their best, and it has been appreciated, year after year. Any self-respecting family will go all out to return the compliment.

One thing we've never done in my family is fake a Christmas wrap to make it look exactly as though it came from the gift-wrap counter of a store. There's no point in fooling each other, particularly when you can't get away with it. All ready-made ribbon bows are taken apart completely and recreated, with the occasional pine cone, like the one on my husband's tie box, or other professional bauble added in an entirely new context. Nor does anyone go scrounging around for Dixie Cups, in an attempt to ape store gift-wrappers, to protect a bulky decoration in the mail. That explains why it was mashed.

True, the family ribbon robin is hard to maintain once the children have grown, married, and moved away. If you don't know whether you'll settle permanently where you happen to be, you don't take on a responsibility like storing old Christmas ribbon. So I actually send out new to everybody now — mother, father, sister — everybody, without favor or discrimination.

Last year I used gold satin ribbon on white shiny paper. Re-using paper, even if it is of exceptional quality, doesn't work very well unless it comes in on a large box and goes out the next year on a small one. That way you can cut off the wrinkles and creases, because they certainly don't respond very well to the iron. This other package from home attests plainly to that.

But that gold ribbon, now, looks *almost* as good as the day I sent it out.



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Every so often, a newcomer discovers the Hollow and settles down to enjoy the surplus of grain and iron-free water . . . and especially our quiet, unhurried way of life. You see we never bustle around much, for we make an old-time Tennessee whiskey, slowly Charcoal Mellowed to a sippin' smoothness. And we think that makes a lot of patience worthwhile. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll agree.

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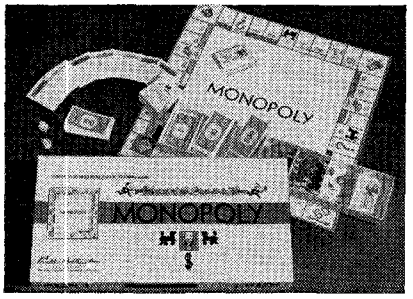

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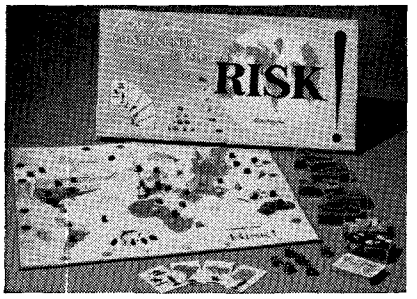

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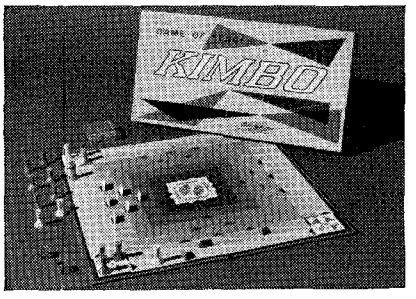

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Nothing Works But Me

BY C. S. JENNISON

C. S. Jennison writes light verse and prose with equal facility and is a frequent contributor to the Atlantic and other magazines.

With all the mechanical and domestic aids available in present-day living, psychologists are getting pretty thoughtful about the plight of the modern housewife. How, they keep asking, is the Little Woman going to fill her time?

I believe that I can answer that question. Speaking as one housewife whose home is loaded with labor-saving devices, I can honestly say that I have experienced no real problem in putting my leisure to good advantage. I simply spend the hours saved by half of the helpful gadgets coping with the other half that aren't functioning. Now and then, I find myself wondering just who is working for whom, but I try not to brood about it.

I think my house is modern and mechanical enough to bother the best psychologist. It bothers me, too. The kitchen is full of those nice stainless counters that never show scorches or knife marks. Just thumb prints, water spots, fly tracks, crumbs, grains of flour or sugar, and anything else you care to mention. If I am careful to wipe the surface twenty times a day with an absolutely clean cloth, free of Pink Whammo or Blue Smudge Cleanser, the metal stays pristine and gleaming with a minimum of effort. The same rule applies to those nifty copper-bottomed pans that last a lifetime. Forty or fifty minutes of uninterrupted polishing after each meal will keep them gay and sparkling enough to please even the most fastidious homemaker. I am not referring to myself. Personally, I leave mine tarnished and store them in the oven, where the broiler broke last June.

No, I guess it was July. June was the month when the well cooker and the only large burner quit. I haven't really missed the well cooker. It's such a useful receptacle for holding odd silverware and unsharpened paring knives. And with two burners still in fair condition, I wouldn't complain about the loss of the third if it weren't for the fact that whenever I want to cook more than four lamb chops I have to divide them between two small frying pans on the little burners, while I'm keeping the peas and mashed potatoes hot on the radiator. (I don't wish to be reminded that lamb chops are much better broiled. See paragraph three. No broiler.)

The role of the housewife in a push-button world is not the unimaginative sluggard's occupation that the psychiatrists and company would like to have people believe. Among my own indispensable domestic appliances, I can name a handy icebox with a short in it, a handy wall fan that won't run, a lot of stove timers and clocks that have long since been defunct, an electric saucepan and fryer that are back at the factory, and several other items I shall bring up later. At the present writing, I am using a cheap alarm clock to replace the timers, I carefully clutch a piece of old inner tube each time I approach the icebox to get at the leftover roast, and I simply open the door when I want to air the smoke out of the kitchen. An open door in lieu of a wall fan cools the room off a good deal in winter, but I usually solve this problem by wearing a storm coat with an apron over it. I'll admit that the outfit is a trifle bulky for easy cooking pleasure, but I got more or less accustomed to heavy kitchen apparel the year the pipes kept freezing under the sink. As I look back, I consider myself fortunate that the vacuum cleaner and oven were both functioning that year. Otherwise, I'd never have been able to plug in the vacuum in reverse on the oven door, in order to run the heat under the sink to thaw the plumbing.

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Speaking of plumbing, we seem to have more than a fair share of it in our rambling split-level colonial. Two showers without pressure, two bathtubs that run all the time, and a laundry tub that's plugged. (Also, assorted basins and a lot of that lovely chrome that stays pristine and gleaming with a minimum of effort, if I am careful to wipe the surfaces twenty times a day with an absolutely clean cloth, etc. See paragraph three.) I can't say I was sorry to stop using the laundry tub when the washing machine broke two years ago. We were having our usual spring flood in the cellar, and even with my sneakers on I felt pretty uncomfortable about running the washer while I was standing ankle deep in water. I know electricity is perfectly safe if you understand it. But I always remember the morning I got riveted to the floor by placing one hand casually on a steel counter as I reached for the icebox handle with the other. You don't forget those things in a hurry.

I suppose all the doctors and psychiatrists reading this article are wondering whether or not I have ever heard of plumbers, electricians, and repairmen. My reply is, Yes, I've heard of them. I've even met a few. Big, jolly men who usually drive black Cadillacs — but not in my direction. On the rare occasions when they deign to respond to my appeals for succor, they wander around the house, comment on the pictures and décor, and say they'll be back tomorrow when they get the parts. Six months later, they return when I'm out, fix something that isn't broken, and send me an itemized but completely incomprehensible bill for fifty dollars or so. Either that or they gaze mournfully at whatever appurtenance is afflicted and fall back on the blanket but irrefutable phrase, "Out of stock." Who am I to argue? What do I know about the mysteries of the trade?

Well, the pioneer woman got along, and so can I. Over the years, I have learned to improvise and to keep my temper when possible, give in to fate when necessary, and in the meantime avoid any real dependence on science's untrustworthy little gifts to the Woman of Today. I believe I'm more a Woman of Yesterday, anyhow. I wouldn't think of cleaning the house with a vacuum cleaner when I'm expecting guests,

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POTPOURRI

Covered casserole, in earth tones, by Wyman. 6" diam. $16
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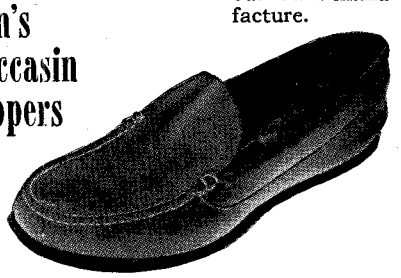

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for instance. That way, I don't run the risk of scooping an extra bagful of dirt off the carpet and limping around all evening because the metal tube has fallen apart and landed on my foot. I use a broom instead. And when I'm putting cigarettes on the tables I ignore the cigarette lighters. If they're not out of fluid, the filters need changing. And if the filters are all right, the wicks are used up. And besides, like most women, I've discovered something better. Matches.

My desk drawer is stuffed with torn and spotted little pamphlets telling me what to do in case of mechanical failures in the home. I could read these pamphlets, but what would be the sense? Whenever I can't figure out my own stopgap answer to a problem, I know exactly what to do until the repairman comes. Scream.

Sheep

BY RIXFORD KNIGHT

RIXFORD KNIGHT, *who is now living at Ayers Cliff, Quebec, has supplied many light essays for Accent on Living.*

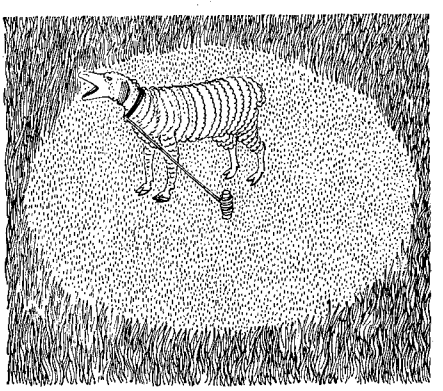
Homeowners who live in the country but gain their livelihoods elsewhere are fortunate people. Their attractive houses are surrounded by splendid big lawns, and in a choice spot on these lawns is the rustic chair where the owner back home from elsewhere can sit with a cooling drink in hand and enjoy his landscape. Yet in this idyllic existence there is a flaw. The owner has to spend so much of his time cutting his lawn to make it look splendid that he never seems to have any left to sit in his chair.

In the city a man faced with this impasse would sell a lot at an exorbitant price to some home-minded couple. The country dweller, however, has to think up something else. After considering getting a horse, which he is rather afraid of, or a cow, which would have to be milked, he is likely to make up his mind to get a nice sheep. This gentle creature, he tells his family, will not only keep the lawn mowed but will add that pastoral touch that their home has hitherto lacked. Since he will not need his lawn mower any longer, he stores it away in an old horse stall out in the barn.

Now, there is an odd thing about sheep: unlike dogs or small boys, which are obnoxious in groups but sufferable when alone, sheep are the other way around. The homeowner, who supposes that the worst thing sheep do is to follow small girls to school, does not realize this until, on opening the rear door of his car to let his new purchase out, the gentle creature knocks him head over heels as she hurtles past.

Having recaptured his sheep and staked her out on his lawn, the homeowner now may sit in his chair and regain his composure. But his peace is soon disturbed. His sheep is bleating. She has cropped a neat circle of grass around her stake and wants to be moved. The homeowner goes to his woodshed to get his ax to attend to this. But his sheep, remembering how he chased her for half an hour after her escape from the car, and seeing him now coming toward her armed with an ax, thinks that this time he surely is after her life and bolts madly away, nearly breaking her neck when brought up short by her chain. Her master, thinking to stop this by being kind to his sheep, thereafter always approaches her with encouraging words and a pan of oats held out at arm's length. But his sheep, soon learning to trust her master, and now wanting her oats when she sees him approaching, dashes eagerly toward him, nearly breaking her neck when brought up short by her chain.

One would suppose that, having set the pan of oats down where the sheep can get it, he would find it an easy matter to pull up her stake and drive it in a new place. But it is not so simple as that.



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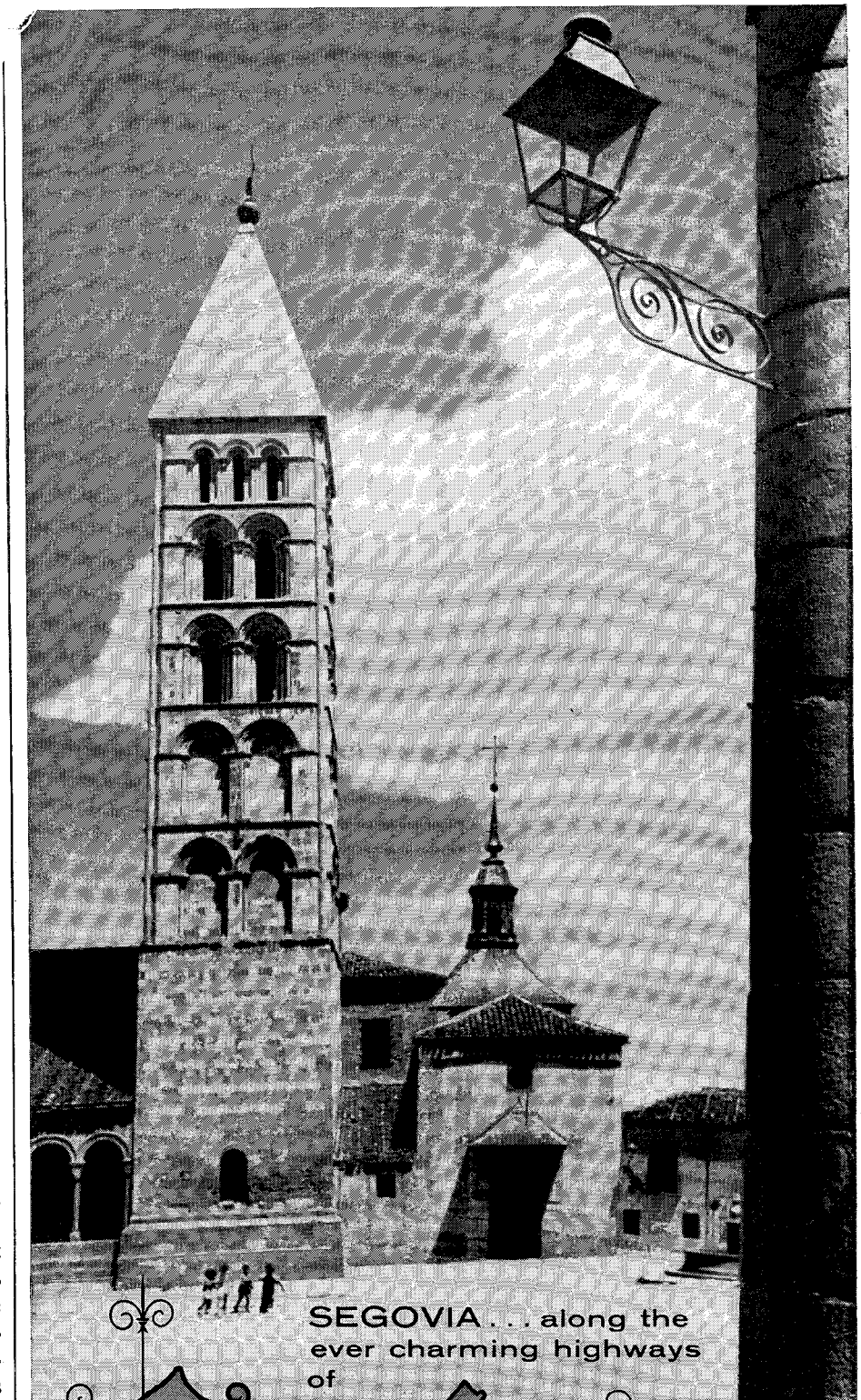
Back in the days when pro[illegible]nd sheep in their mou[illegible]lent were acquiring [illegible]idden reasons [illegible]especially tions w[illegible]s to paw. So [illegible]ally good, and [illegible]flout primordial [illegible]pan a good paw and sca[illegible]e oats all over the place, compelling the patient homeowner to hold the pan up off the ground for her while she nibbles and snuffles in the annoying fashion sheep have when eating oats from a pan.

When she has finished, you would certainly think the sheep would be ready and that the homeowner could move her to her new place. But no. First his sheep must show how grateful she is for her nice oats. She does this by rubbing the side of her stomach up and down against his shinbones, having first got in front of him so he cannot move. If her master tries to walk around her by way of her head, she just cuts athwart him again and forces him off at a tangent. If, instead, he tries to step around her by way of her rear, she just changes sides and he has to step around her again in the other direction, a procedure producing a knit-one, purl-one pattern of progress that annoys the homeowner, who, often as not, has other things to be doing besides playing polka with a sheep.

The homeowner also finds out that sheep must be sheared. He sees his sheep panting piteously in the summer's heat and knows this cannot go on. From the house he procures a pair of shears and approaches his sheep. His sheep is not frightened. On the contrary, she feels cooler already and displays great interest in what he is doing, continually getting her nose in the way of the shears, and forcing him to do her head first so she can see what goes on. After two or three hours he has removed a great deal of wool from her head, neck, and shoulders and now begins on her underparts. But immediately his sheep shows signs of acute trepidation and gives little hiccupy leaps with hind legs. He is unable to continue the shearing



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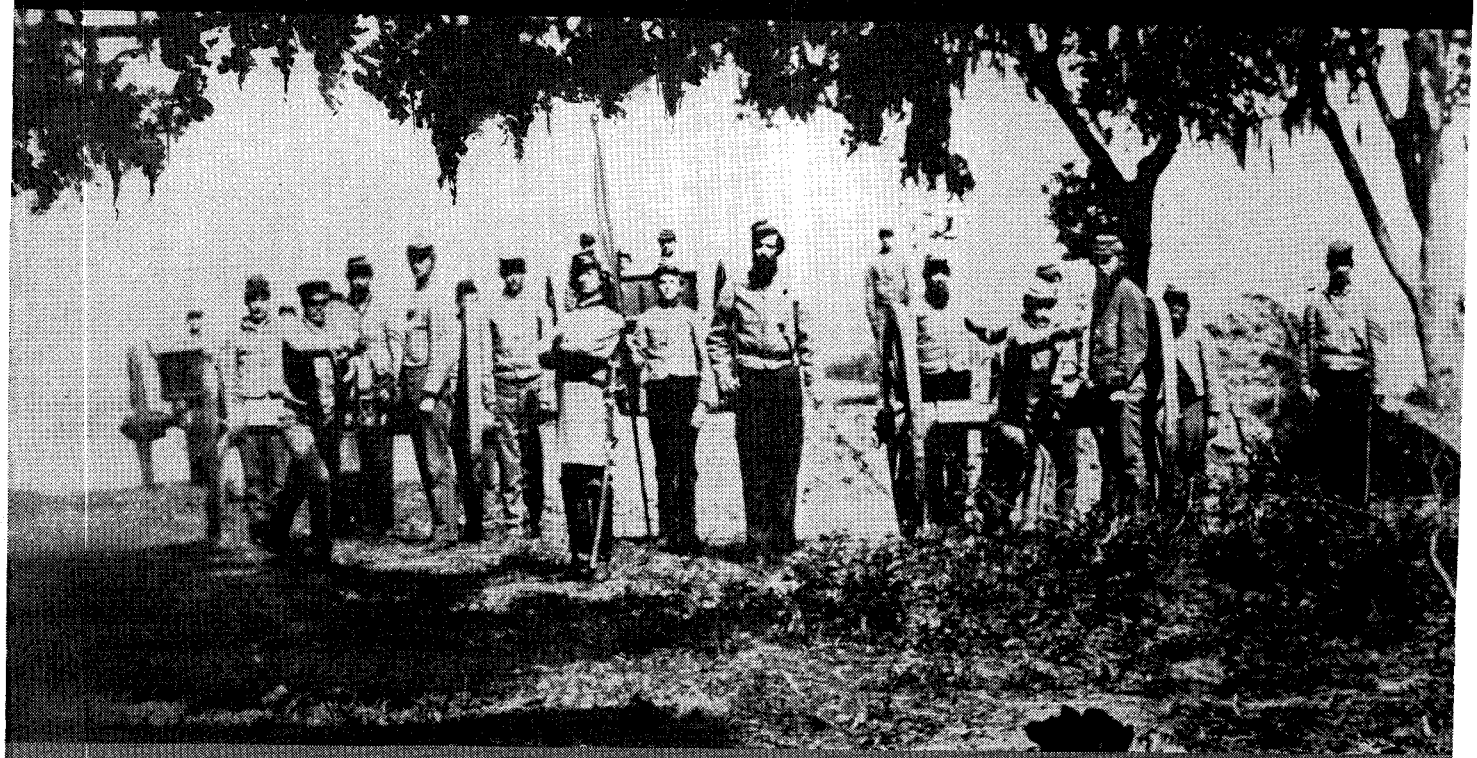

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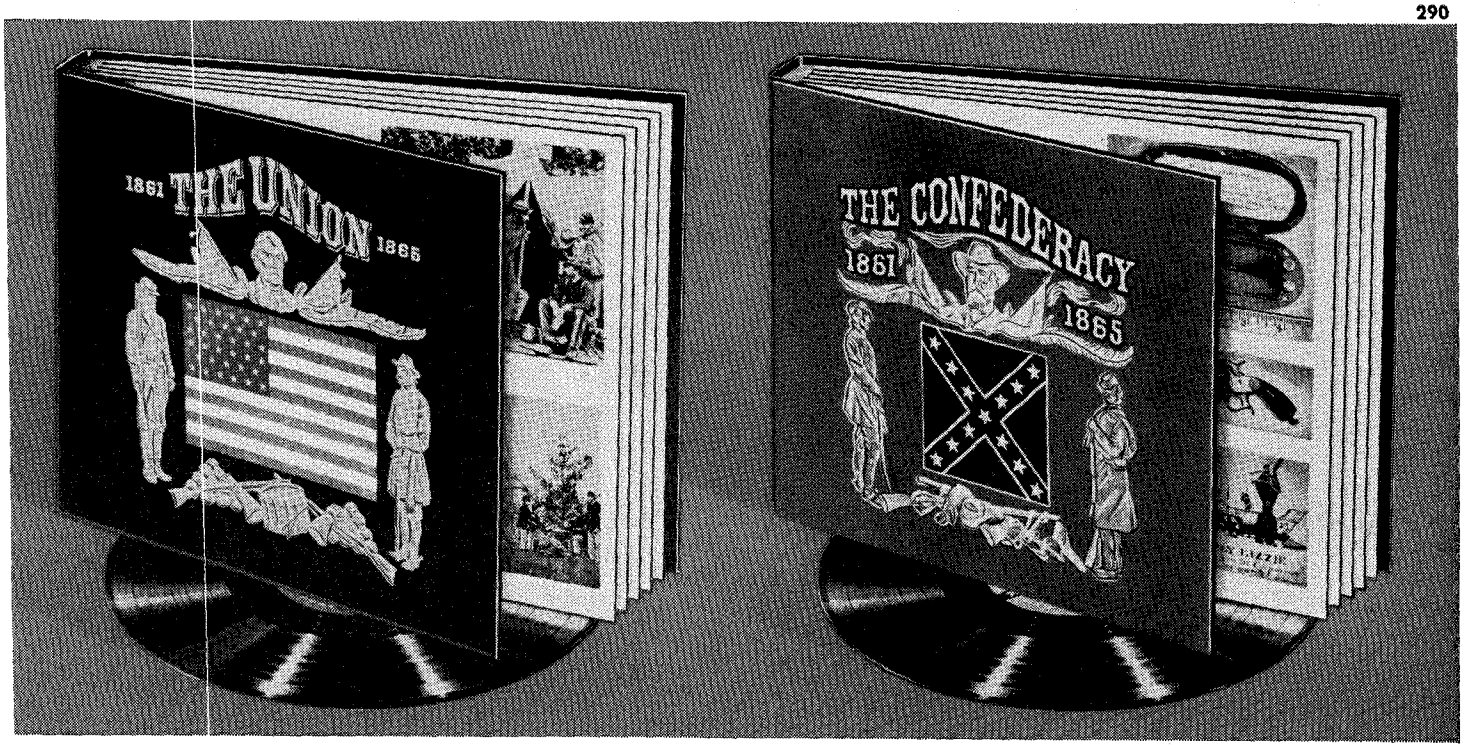

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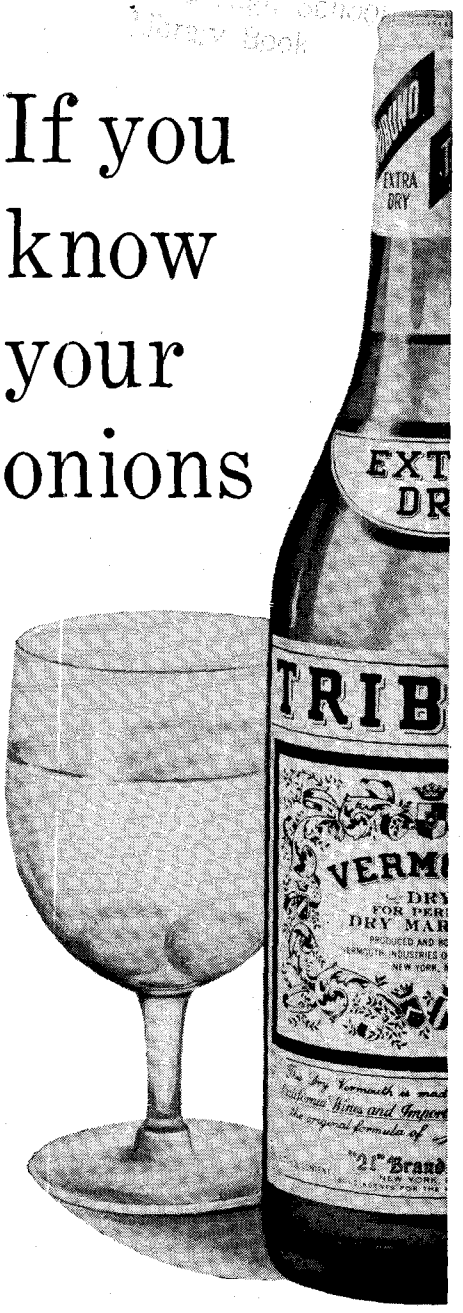

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there and moves to do her rear end. But now his sheep becomes more mistrustful still of her master's intentions and dances around in a perfect dither of expostulation, so that her master, unable to finish the job and unwilling that anyone should see his sheep in her unfinished state, has to tie her up in back of the barn till things even up, thus losing her work on his lawn for a couple of months.

Before getting his sheep the forethoughtful owner will have obtained from the Division of Animal Husbandry of the Department of Agriculture all its literature on the subject of sheep. Here he will have learned that sheep must at all times have plenty of pure cool water before them, that there are twenty-nine internal parasites to which sheep are subject, and that periodically sheep must be dipped. So when, while up on the ladder fixing the screen in an upstairs window, he hears his sheep on the other side of the house bleating piteously, he climbs down and gets the sheep's pail and brings her a drink of water.

His sheep shows interest in the water. She sticks her nose in the pail, pulls it quickly back, shakes off any adhering drops, looks up at her master questioningly, and sticks her nose in again. But she does not drink, and her owner, remembering the Division's insistence that the water be pure, and fearing some contamination may have found its way into the pail, goes back to the house, rinses out the pail, fills it again, and again offers it to his sheep, only to have his sheep butt the pail with her head, spilling some into the homeowner's shoes and causing him to seize the pail firmly, step back two paces, and let his sheep have the cool and pure contents straight in the face, whereupon his sheep dashes wildly away.

The homeowner, back on his ladder, mutters, "Serves you damn right," and "You wanted a drink and you had it." But around the house he hears his sheep bleating piteously. He is moved by remorse. It may be that his sheep did not want the water at all and was only being polite in showing an interest in it. It may be that he has neglected doing one of the things that have to be done for sheep and that the poor beast is being eaten alive by ticks. His sheep bleats piteously. He gets down from his ladder, gets

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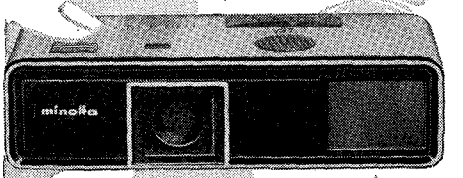

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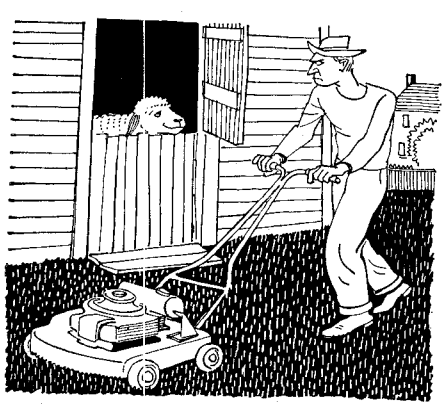
pencil and paper, and divides 30 by 4 by 2½ by five hundred sheep in order to find, if a trough of that size will accommodate five hundred sheep, how large a trough he will need for one. But while doing this calculation, he remembers the twenty-nine internal parasites gnawing away on his sheep's vitals and drops paper and pencil to rush to the bathroom, from which he emerges demanding a measuring cup and a spoon. The homeowner's wife, at first amused but now concerned, as her husband hurries hither and yon and back to hither again on his errands of mercy, begins to wonder what she can do to quiet him down. She knows she must not make suggestions, for he will throw his arms in the air and shout, "You? What do you know about the twenty-nine internal parasites? Or how much powder to put in how much dip? Or what to do when sheep have been poisoned by impure water?" Anything she says will have to be said in a casual manner, as though it had just occurred to her in some other connection. So, when he comes dashing up with the family's bottle of purgative in his hand and demands utensils, she wipes her hands on a towel and asks in an offhand manner, "By the way, dear, when are you going to breed Clara? It does not seem like much of a life for her, out there by herself alone all the time that way."

Back on his ladder, sheepishly fixing his window screen, the homeowner appraises the situation. What shall he do with his sheep? He has two choices: he may sell his sheep, retrieve his lawn mower, and go back to country life with a flaw. Or he may keep his sheep, ordering from his mail-order people more stakes and chains for her daughters. If he chooses this latter course, his lawn mower will stay where it is, in the old horse stall out in the barn — with the rustic chair.



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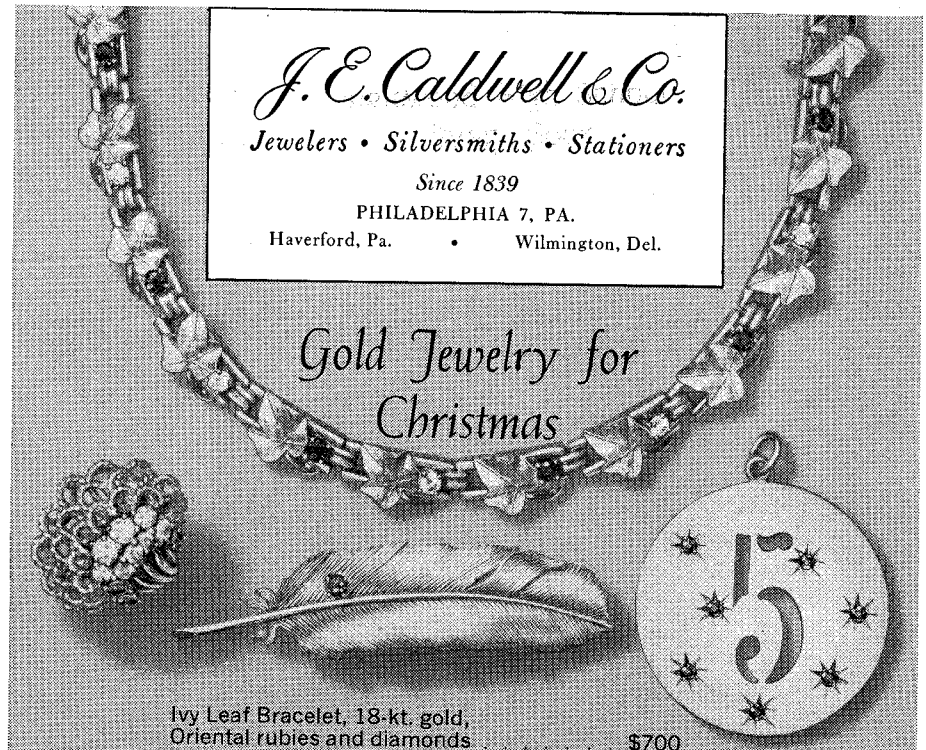

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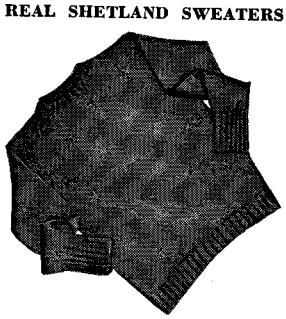

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they shall have Music

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Part of the charm of *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* lies in our awareness of who wrote it, and when, and among what circumstances. Had it emerged suddenly as a graduate's composition at the Juilliard School last year, it might still have been a success (if it were not too slightingly described as antiquarian), but not such a success as it was from the hands of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart in the imperial Vienna of 1787.

It is, of course, worth while to read about music, as about any art. But the question people ask is, what? I would have quite a collection of letters on this matter if I had kept them all, but I did not. Some were too specific for a general answer. Some were too humble for my taste (there are always some folk convinced in advance that they will not understand what they read, a wretched attitude likely to involve one with writers who call themselves popularizers and who make a lot of money without doing any good at all).

The general tenor, however, in recent years has been heartening. Most of the people who want to read about music want to read about it in either of two very good ways. One is historical, the other encyclopedic. Readers of the latter bent want to know, for instance, what *cantus firmus* means, and what a baryton was, and whether or not Richard Strauss was ever de-Nazified. The historically oriented are more interested in why Purcell couldn't have been Handel and what put Brahms in opposition to Wagner, what cut Haydn off from the course promised in the fierce *Fist* symphony (Number 39) and why the paths of Debussy and Ravel diverged.

My own tastes beguile toward the historical area, but let us deal with the encyclopedic first. Readers who want references easily found, and well written, have at hand four choices: Grove, Thompson, Scholes, and Apel.

GEORGE GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS was put together first in 1879 and was last revised a half-dozen years ago — and made into nine volumes, from the original four — by the Swiss-Danish-English scholar Eric Blom. It is a tremendous and very expensive work. Grove was a sort of studious crank whose three fields of research were geography, the Old Testament, and music. He wrote as pontifically on one matter as on another and, astonishingly, very well. His essays on the great Viennese composers are so perceptive as to be almost definitive. But he left many things out of his original *Dictionary*, and so has Blom in the revision. For $127.50 one could expect better than the news that Toscanini quit conducting in 1936, when he departed the New York Philharmonic. Indeed, so far as concerns Mr. Blom and the late Sir George, Columbus was wasting his time when he discovered America; the place has hardly been heard from since.

OSCAR THOMPSON, in his one-volume, 2397-page INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS ($20.00; revised and enlarged two years ago by Nicolas Slonimsky), has been kinder to the New World, though not quite kind — or careful — enough: it is all very well to know that Adolf Jensen of Königsberg wrote an unfinished opera called *Turandot* in 1878; but what about a finished opera called *The Mother of Us All*, written by Virgil Thomson and Gertrude Stein in 1945, which is not even listed? Still, he has put out the most usable musical encyclopedia that one can buy nowadays, and in most parts it is written with scholarly devotion and well edited to boot.

The most entertaining musical encyclopedia is PERCY SCHOLES'S OXFORD COMPANION TO MUSIC ($21.50). This is 1195 pages long, and every page has its peculiar charm. So saying, I do not imply that it is satisfactory. Far from it; it is infuriating. The reader curious about the Mozart *Quintet in A* is directed in parentheses, when he has hardly got started, to "See Clarinet Family." When he attempts to see "Clarinet Family," he finds himself reading instead about a seventeenth-century Nuremberg family named Denner, all woodwind craftsmen, and about sundry obsolete instruments named the chalumeau, the Heckelclarina, and the tarogato. The awful thing is the near impossibility of stopping, once one has begun, so that eventually one becomes a font of grotesque erudition on the obscurer facets of music. (Anybody for the semantic relationship connecting the basset horn, *pêche Melba*, and Hotel Astoria? Very well, but it's on page 190, if the urge strikes you.) Scholes is mad about instruments and gadgets, also about opera plots, which he can condense more tidily and appealingly than almost anyone else, and about illustrations, including positively gruesome portraits by a man named Oswald Batt, who used to draw pictures for the *Radio Times*. Just the same, and despite its whimsical and

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phantasmagorial aspects, the *Companion* is a most informative as well as an endearing book.

Last among the encyclopedias, and most prosaic, is WILLI APEL'S HARVARD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC ($9.50), which is just what its title conveys. A word of caution: a shorter version of this—THE HARVARD BRIEF DICTIONARY OF MUSIC by Apel and Ralph T. Daniel ($3.95)—contains nearly all the musical definitions and identifications in the long edition but omits all entries about composers. Thus, one can read in it about the *Coffee Cantata* but not about J. S. Bach.

If I were going to pay out $9.50, I would pay $10.00 instead and get what I think is the most enthralling book in print about music: PAUL HENRY LANG'S MUSIC IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION. A music-critic friend says he always envisions the book's having been written at a desk buried in history tomes bristling with bookmarkers. So do I, but my contention is that I cannot think of a better way to plot the 1107-page tale of Western humanity's greatest art, provided, of course, that the writer's head holds enough imagination to give the story color, and Lang's does. He has also an extraordinary mastery of English, for a born Hungarian, and an engrossing narrative style, not unlike that of Gibbon. When he tells of eleventh-century musical monks' efforts to force the Gregorian mode on all European music, "obliterating the indigenous," he can make the story exciting: no small feat. And he brings in the art's environment, from St. Ambrose's edicts about hymnody to the effects of gypsy migration. Lang is critic for the New York *Herald Tribune* and a former Columbia professor. The solitary serious lack in his rich book is that the story stops almost where the nineteenth century did. In his index there are, one above the other, entries for *Bartered Bride* and Bartolino of Padua. Missing person: one Béla Bartók. I dare say Lang told his publishers (W. W. Norton) that he would need more time and space to evaluate twentieth-century music, and that they thought 1107 pages and 27 centuries were enough for one book.

There are terser histories of music, only one of which much appeals to me. That is A SHORT HISTORY OF MUSIC, by the late ALFRED (no relation) EINSTEIN, available in hard cover ($5.00) from Knopf and in paperback (95¢) from Vintage. It reads a bit Teutonically, even in translation, but is not ineloquent. Something Einstein and Lang have in common is a proper emphasis on early music, meaning *really* early music. Einstein does not get to Bach until page 130, and Lang does not deal with him until page 489. There is a wealth of heritage to discover in the time pictured preceding Bach.

Between Lang and Einstein comes CURT SACHS, with OUR MUSICAL HERITAGE, 340 pages ($7.35), which is very valuable for quick historical reference. It was obviously well written in German, but was not so well translated. And there is an extremely useful—if not quite irresistible—music chronicle for students, published by American Book Company, called MUSIC IN HISTORY ($6.75). It is written by **H. D. MCKINNEY** and **W. R. ANDERSON** and may be the most nearly complete thing of its kind, 904 pages of musical fact.

Permit me a sort of cadenza on behalf of Mr. Lang, since he purveys the kind of fact that makes a joy of musicology: in the early 1700s, the Josephine Opera Theater in Vienna had a real lake as part of the scenery, and real boat fights took place in it. And Lang points out, as I do not recall anyone else's doing, that the last chorus of the *St. Matthew Passion* is a lullaby, which it is, a delightful fact to notice. What I am bringing out is that some facts are choicer and brighter than other facts, and that these are the ones that make the best history.

Here there has been room to deal, this time, only with writings attempting to survey music as a whole. There also exist volumes and volumes of collected essays, critiques, analyses, and lectures, many profound, on separate aspects. But these, it seems to me, are for later discussion, when we shall all have passed our entrance examinations.

Record Reviews

Brahms: Concerto No. 1

Gary Graffman, piano; Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2274 (stereo) and LM-2274

This merits mention because Graffman and the Boston instrumentalists

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make such beautiful sounds. It is not quite up to the London (Katchen-Monteux) or Epic (Fleisher-Szell) renditions as either a recording or a musical performance, but it conveys the special effect that virtuosity has, even when it does not entirely succeed.

Chopin: Ballade No. 4; Scherzo No. 3; Polonaise No. 6; Mazurkas 2, 31, 32; Nocturnes 5, 8, 17

Charles Rosen, piano; Epic BC-1090 (stereo) and LC-3709

Charles Rosen, a man of so many talents that he doesn't know what to do (he has held an endowed chair in history at M.I.T., among other achievements), is steeped in the musical culture of France, where much of his study has been done, and his main musical bent is toward French impressionism. He is surely the leading young pianist in the territory of Debussy and Ravel. This lends a peculiar interest to his playing of Chopin. His touch is not ungentle, but what comes forth is bright, dry, and analytical, quite unlike the lingering liquidity we have come to expect of Chopin players. I do not know which texture is proper, but I rather like Rosen's, especially since Chopin stands the test very well.

Liszt: A Faust Symphony; Orpheus, a Symphonic Poem

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Beecham Choral Society and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Capitol SGBR-7197 (stereo) and GBR-7197: two records

Liszt being profound is one of the musical experiences that I tend to skitter away from, much to the contempt of my hardier friends. However, I will admit that with Beecham running things, and HMV-Capitol's brilliant engineers disposed to catch the sonorities, this vast (hour and a half) quasi-Goethian tone drama is something not to be missed. I still find in it interludes of going nowhere, but its high points really are high points, especially in terms of volume. It consists of musical portraits of the three main characters in the drama. By the time you're through with Mephistopheles, poor Orpheus may sound a little tame.

Nielsen: Quintet for Winds
Barber: Summer Music

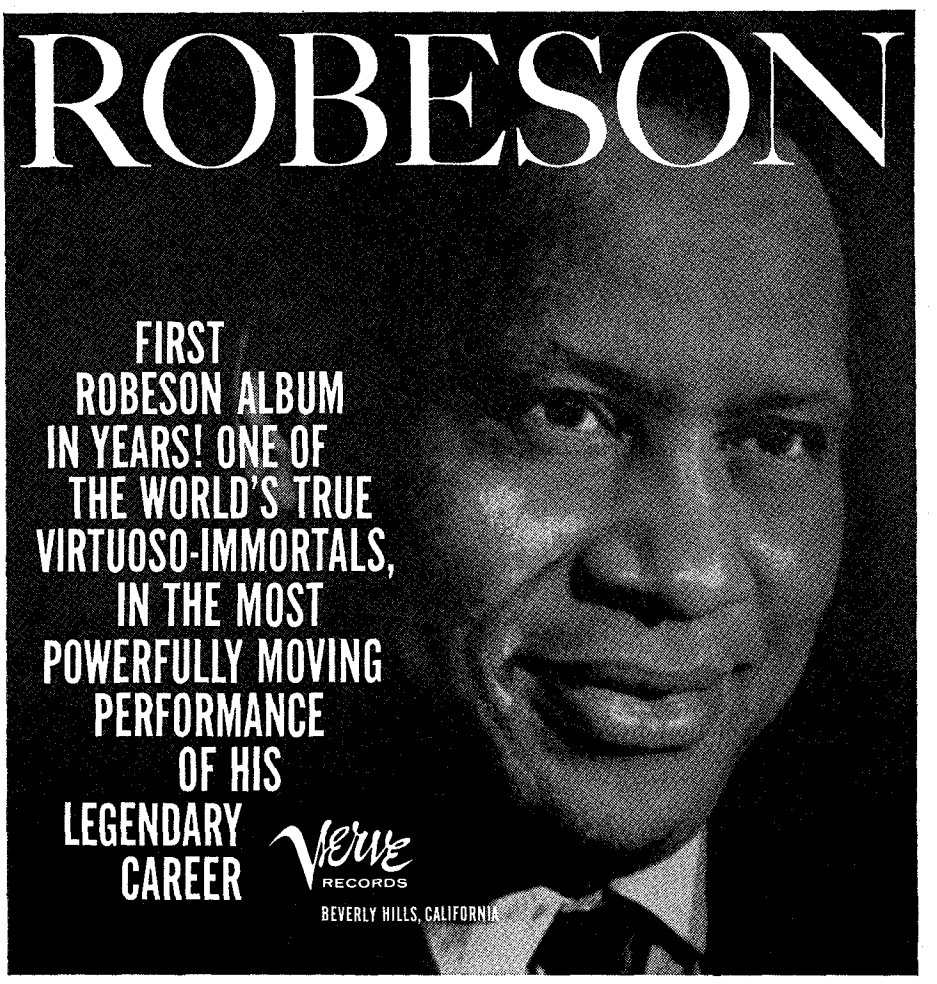
Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet; Columbia MS-6114 (stereo) and ML-5441

Carl Nielsen (born 1865) was one of the most purely self-made composers there ever have been. He grew up in the time of Brahms, Strauss, and Wagner, yet heard almost nothing of what they were doing until his middle years. He made his own way, building on the older classical masters. The fantastic stylistic progress he achieved shows in his quintet here; it sounds like a Danish Charles Ives or Virgil Thomson. He had profundity when he wanted to call it forth, but with it a broad Scandinavian bonhomie and a deadly wit — witness the hymn-tune monkey business here, a wonderful touch of humor. Samuel Barber everybody knows for his *Adagio for Strings*, but how waggishly charming he can be perhaps he could show only with the help of a small wind ensemble, which lends itself to such matters. One of the ladies of the Detroit Chamber Music Society, for whom he wrote the *Summer Music*, was so entranced that she baked him a chocolate cake, with the first bars of the piece written on the top in vanilla icing. The Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, virtuosos equal to any anywhere, play with effortless pleasure through the two writings, and the Columbia engineers have shown once more how effective chamber music is in stereo.

Still: Sahdji Ballet
Ginastera: Creole Faust
Guarnieri: Three Dances

Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Orchestra and Chorus; Mercury 90257 (stereo) and 50257

Latest in the Eastman-Mercury series of recordings from our hemisphere, this record in a sense transposes latitude and longitude, for on opposite sides are Africa and South America. Of course, William Grant Still is an American, but *Sahdji* is about as African as he can make it, which is quite African enough for me. It is a tribal drama cantata, most skillfully done, and helped no little by Dr. Hanson's invincible percussionists. Guarnieri is a Brazilian, and his music bangs and croons in a familiar way, albeit with great variety. Ginastera's contribution is cleverest of all. It is a short story about a gaucho (Ginastera is an Argentine) who goes to town, attends an opera, and goes back to the ranch to retell it to his fellow cowboys. Not deep, maybe, but very entertaining. Mercury's sound leaves nothing out.



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BOOKS AND MEN

Born in London and a graduate of Christ Church College, Oxford, TERENCE PRITTIE *is a distinguished foreign correspondent who has been the head of the German Bureau of the* MANCHESTER GUARDIAN *for a number of years. He is also the author of* GERMANY DIVIDED: THE LEGACY OF THE NAZI ERA, *which has just been published under the Atlantic–Little, Brown imprint.*

THE RISE AND FALL OF HITLER

BY TERENCE PRITTIE

I BELIEVE there are three main questions about the Nazi era which have to be answered. Why did it happen? How did it happen? What were its results? William L. Shirer's immensely valuable book, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (Simon and Schuster, $10.00), sets out, primarily, to answer the first two only. This has necessitated a book of more than one thousand tightly packed, absorbing pages. Nor is this one page too many. There are a number of reasons why the Nazi era, apart from being crowded with events, is so difficult to explain.

First, it was a period in the life of a great nation when human evolution simply ceased — a period far more terrible for its inverted mystique and veneer of Christian culture than the Dark Ages, which succeeded the breakup of the Roman Empire. The barbarians who swarmed across the Roman walls brought, along with their "barbarism," social forms which were natural to them, as well as a natural vigor and freshness. Not so the Nazis, who stamped out German democracy and set out to wreck European civilization. They had none of the instincts of Jean Jacques Rousseau's noble savage, but only some of his superficial characteristics. They cultivated savagery in order to extinguish every decent human feeling.

In the second place, the German people, whatever the survivors of the Nazi era say today, prostrated themselves before Hitler in a manner which still seems incredible. Mr. Shirer has dealt with the tangible political and social causes for the rise, out of the ashes of Imperial Germany, of the Nazi phoenix, repulsive and rapacious as a vulture. The Treaty of Versailles and resentment over a lost war, the functional failure of the Weimar Republic, the world economic depression, the hesitant policies of other European powers — in these obvious facts lies a great part of the explanation of Hitler's success. Behind them is the deeper mystery of the German people's ability to divert their genius for hard work and constructive effort so wholeheartedly into evil designs, while surrendering the sum of their critical values.

Finally, there is the question of the legacies of the Nazi era. What are they? What will they be? A trite answer is a divided Germany, with 52 million West Germans making a fresh start within the Western community and 17 million East Germans being steadily absorbed into the Communist bloc. The political results of the Nazi era are beginning to work themselves out. But the moral and psychological results may be more lasting. Consider the Nazi doctrines which the German people so readily embraced — subjection of self to abstract authority, rejection of the Christian ethic in favor of blind obedience to the state, destruction of faith in personal judgment, total disregard of the lessons of the past.

Mr. Shirer's first valuable service in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* is to define Hitler's aims. In retrospect, it may seem incredible that the great mass of Germans came to believe that these aims were merely to "wash out the shame of Versailles" and to give the Germans their "rights." In *Mein Kampf* Hitler wrote: "The demand for restoration of the frontiers of 1914 is a political absurdity of such proportions and consequences as to make it seem a crime, quite aside from the fact that the Reich's frontiers in 1914 were anything but logical." The German destiny, Hitler went on, was to "stop the endless German movement to the south and west, and turn our gaze toward the land in the east," toward that "giant Empire" which was "ripe for collapse." Germany would secure not only what was its own "by right"

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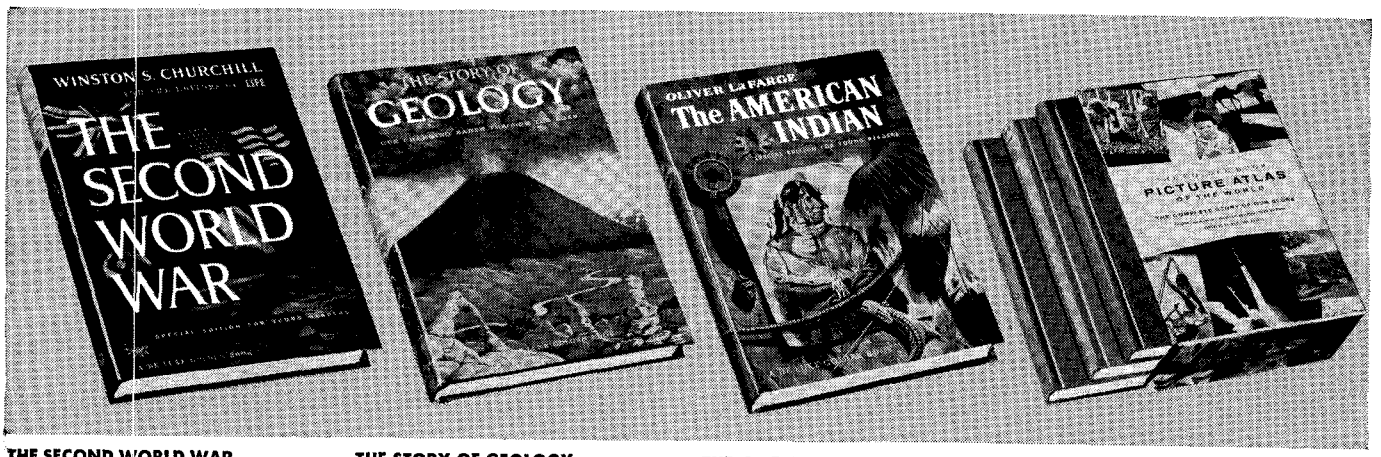

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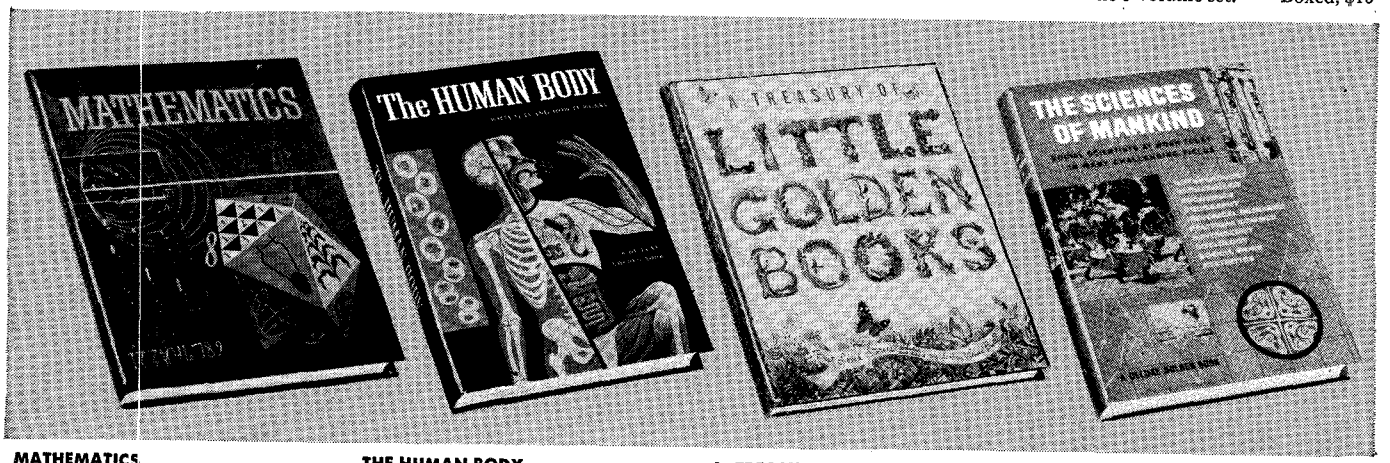

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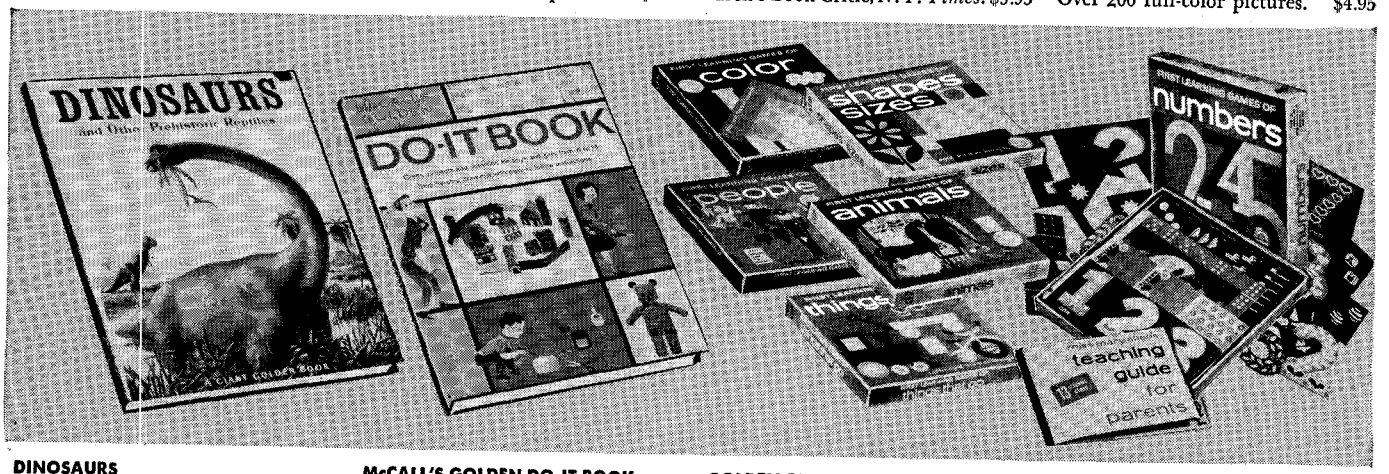

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but what it needed for the expansion of the master race (the Nazi leaders pointed out to one another that 20 to 30 million Russians could starve to death at any time during the process).

Mein Kampf not only voiced Hitler's demand for unlimited territorial expansion; it laid down that to achieve this Germany must be ruled on a basis of force and by "responsible persons," while all operative decisions would be made by one man. Here was the germ of absolute dictatorship, based on repression and acclamation at home and claiming the allegiance of the whole German people by virtue of its vision of glorious destiny. The essence of that vision was the overlordship of Europe — eventually, perhaps, of the whole world. To support this vision, Hitler embraced the ideas of philosophers like Nietzsche and Treitschke and of racial cranks like Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain on the one hand and the instruments of physical and moral repression on the other. Treitschke confirmed him in his belief in blood and iron; Nietzsche in his veneration for the Aryan "blond beast," the superman who would conquer and decimate the subject races. The writings of the Frenchman Gobineau taught him that the German was the best Aryan of all; those of the Englishman, Chamberlain, that this gave the Germans the right to be masters of the world. Hitler, a voracious reader, certainly lapped up many of the ideas of lesser-known savants too, of historians who lavished their adulation on Bismarck and of anti-Semites who churned out an endless, semipornographic literature during the first twenty years of this century.

In retrospect it may not seem altogether surprising that, fifteen years after the end of World War I, the bulk of the German people had sworn allegiance to Hitler. Their gullibility was seemingly unbounded. Their nationalism was an unhealthy growth, the living expression of their hostility toward their neighbors. Their readiness to surrender their own freedom of opinion was an automatic reflex; in 1938 a Jewish schoolteacher and a Bavarian nobleman both told me that no German citizen had the right to criticize his government (later the Nazis murdered the schoolteacher and drove the nobleman from his home). The myth has subsequently been fostered in Germany that only a minority of Germans supported Hitler and that the rest paid unwilling lip service to his regime. Well, in September, 1937, Hitler was able to attract a crowd of one million people to listen to a speech on the Maifeld. Yet Berlin is regarded by Germans today as having been the most anti-Nazi city in Germany.

The bulk of the German people gave Hitler and the Nazi Party slavish, and often frenzied, support. It is more surprising that Germans in high places, who should have known better, did so little to prevent the destruction of the Weimar Republic. Take the case of the President of the Reichsbank, who was to become Hitler's Minister of Finance, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. In 1932 he was writing to Hitler, "I have no doubt that the present development of things can only lead to your becoming Chancellor. . . . Your movement is carried internally by so strong a truth and necessity that victory cannot elude you for long." And Dr. Schacht, who since 1945 has so self-righteously disassociated himself from the Nazis, collected the funds which kept the Party's head above water in 1933 and proudly announced that he was "directing the economic preparations for war" in 1934.

Take the case of Franz von Papen, the 1932 Reich Chancellor, who is generally regarded as having done more than any other non-Nazi to hoist Hitler into the saddle. Von Papen was a member of the Catholic Center Party, an aristocrat, and an innate conservative who might have been expected to offer consistent opposition to the Nazis, if only because they were parvenus and revolutionaries. Von Papen's memoirs are one of the most revealing of all German apologias for the Nazi era; he would have it that he always acted in the best interests of Germany and tolerated the Nazis for no other reason.

Von Papen continued to serve the Nazis after they had murdered three members of his personal staff in 1934. A year later he was writing from Vienna, where he was German ambassador, "National Socialism must and will overpower the new Austrian ideology." The murder of many more of his friends did not prevent him from giving loyal service to Hitler until the end of the war. It is hardly surprising to find this man, who has tried to whitewash himself as one of the last defenders of Weimar democracy, appearing in 1960 at a rally of the ex-soldiers' Stahlhelm organization, which amalgamated with the brown-shirted S.A. in 1933 and which nearly thirty years later was trying to rekindle an ultranationalistic fervor.

Take, also, the case of the Catholic Center Party (one member was the present Federal Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer). It helped the Nazis elect Hermann Göring President of the Reichstag in August, 1932, and so foiled Von Papen's belated attempt to dissolve the assembly and rule by decree. The Center Party voted, to a man, for the Enabling Act of 1933, which gave Hitler the powers of a dictator. A few weeks later it accommodatingly dissolved itself. In view of this sequence of shabby episodes, it is strange that surviving members of the Center Party are still full of protestations of

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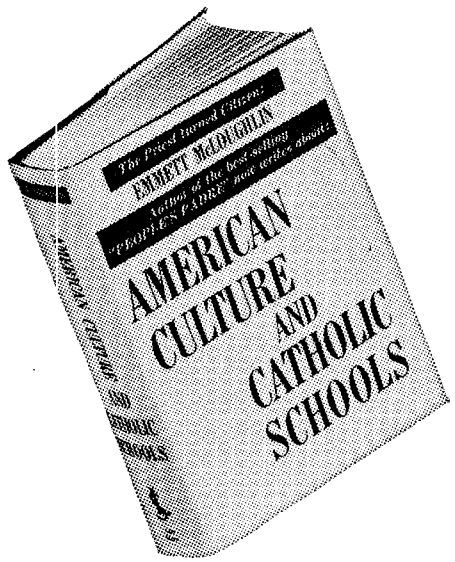

In April, 1954, Beacon Press published a book by Emmett McLoughlin, a former Franciscan priest who left the Catholic Church "to serve God in the slums."

The book, PEOPLE'S PADRE, was given the silent treatment by the press.

Two years later, a tally was made of reviews of the book. A few southern papers had given a total of twelve inches of space to PEOPLE'S PADRE reviews. Outside of the religious field, only two national magazines had reviewed PEOPLE'S PADRE . . the *Psychiatric Quarterly* Supplement and *The Nation*.

A distinguished newspaper asked Reinhold Niebuhr to review the book—and then refused to publish his favorable review. (He described Emmett McLoughlin as " . . . a very impressive person, gifted beyond the ordinary mortal with the graces of courage and charity.")

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their unresting, undaunted resistance to the Nazis twenty-seven years ago.

The connivance of the Center Party, the tacit support of men like Schacht, pillars of society, was necessary for the Nazis. They took plenty of trouble over much smaller fry. A minor civil servant who is a friend of mine, for instance, was badgered incessantly to join the Party. Eventually he did. He could never make out why the Nazis needed him. Yet the answer was painfully obvious. The man may have held only a small post, but he was honest, efficient, and well liked. The Nazis wanted people like this, for the sake of the Party's reputation. It is astonishing that so many Germans never realized how or why they were being made use of.

THE balance of Mr. Shirer's book is impressive. From the origins of Nazism and its path to power, his narrative moves on to the founding of authoritarian government, to Hitler's first explosive essays in the field of foreign affairs, to the early persecutions of the Jews, to the disciplining of the Army, and to the deadly sequence of adventures in aggression: the *Anschluss* with Austria, the rape of Czechoslovakia, the reckless attack on Poland. Here is a wealth of detail and analysis with which this review has no space to deal. Let it suffice to say that each development, each incident has been treated with the closest, most critical objectiveness. A German literary critic said recently that there was only one good sort of history, that written "with passion and penetration." Mr. Shirer's cool reason is a good deal more effective than that.

One of Mr. Shirer's most notable achievements is his scientific dismantling of German myths. There is, for instance, the myth of Rudolf Hess, the amiable eccentric who really wanted peace and flew to Britain in 1941 to secure it. Mr. Shirer points out that, as Hitler's deputy, Hess took ruthless action against all critics of the Party and was personally responsible for sending them to the concentration camps. One of Hess's early literary efforts, written to please Hitler, read: "The dictator . . . does not shrink from bloodshed. Great questions are always decided by blood and iron. In order to reach his goal, he is ready to trample on his closest friends. . . . The lawgiver can proceed with terrible hardness. As the need arises, he can trample the people with the boots of a grenadier." In the same way Mr. Shirer demolishes the picture of Hermann Göring as a courageous, jolly roughneck and paints the true one of this gross and vicious bully.

Mr. Shirer has examined the legend that the German generals were ready to revolt against Hitler before war broke out and were only discouraged by the British and French policy of appeasement. Quite rightly, he points out that "the Army had helped put the former Austrian corporal into power, had been delighted at the opportunities he gave it to rearm, had apparently not objected to the destruction of individual freedom under National Socialism, or done anything about the murder of its own General von Schleicher or the removal . . . of its commanding officer, General von Fritsch." The Army was enchanted with the annexation of Austria, with the 1940 blitzkrieg, and with the assertion of German military might over virtually all Europe.

Mr. Shirer successfully trims down two other German legends: the first, that Hitler attacked neutral Norway only to forestall the British (this still appears in 1960 German history books); the second, that Hitler purposely let the British armies escape at Dunkirk. The plain truth was that the German High Command regarded the French Army (three million men, backed by a tolerably convincing slogan of "*Nous gagnerons parce que nous sommes les plus forts*") as the main enemy. Not the little B.E.F., with its twelve divisions. Finally, the most dangerous of all myths — that the Allied demand for "unconditional surrender" forced the Germans to fight to the last ditch — is dealt with suitably, in a short footnote. For the Allies rightly judged that Hitler would fight to the end anyway, and they saw little prospect of his being deposed. A negotiated peace with the Nazis was out of the question; it probably would not have been possible with the generals who plotted his downfall.

In spite of the immensity of the task which Mr. Shirer has discharged there are no obvious gaps in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.* There are no failures of scholarship, balance, or judgment. The terrible stories of the concentration camps and the persecutions, of Oradour and Lidice, are there; so are detailed analyses of Nazi home and foreign policies, of the era of Munich, of the Hitler-Stalin Pact, of World War II in all its grandeur and horror.

There is the appropriate emphasis on those episodes of German history which so many Germans choose to forget — the brutal Peace of Brest-Litovsk, imposed on a beaten Russia in 1917, the systematic breaking of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, the financing of Hitler by the rich men of the Ruhr, the cowardly invasion of small and friendly neighboring countries, genocide, the Götterdämmerung. Here is a huge, a grim canvas. Here is history, which may do most good of all in Germany. For nothing comparable has been written there, and if anyone ought to read *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich,* it is the Germans themselves.

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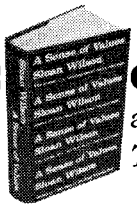

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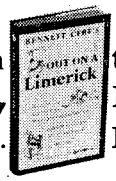

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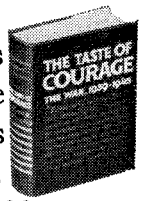

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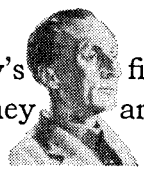

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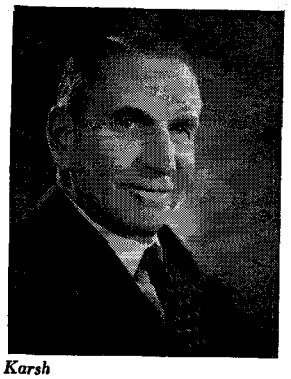
BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE challenge of facing a large audience, expectant but unaroused; the laughter that greets a sally at the outset, then the stillness as the power of imagery and ideas takes hold; the response that flows, audibly or inaudibly, from the audience to the speaker; the fresh extemporizing without which a lecture is dead; the tension and timing as the talk nears the hour; and the unexpected conclusion — this is what every professional speaker comes to know.

The lecture platform, in the days before television, occupied a unique place in the American community. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote many of his finest papers for it; Dickens and Thackeray in their readings moved huge audiences to tears and laughter; William James and Rudyard Kipling spoke at Chautauqua; and Oscar Wilde, at the height of his popularity, made a witty, orchidaceous progress from coast to coast. The platform was a show-off for inarticulate celebrities (H. G. Wells, at $2500 a talk, was one) or royalty in need of cash who came once but never again; and a sounding board of oratory such as William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech, the like of which will never be heard again. Then, as now, when the lecturer was eloquent and as magnetic as John Mason Brown, Robert Frost, or Barbara Ward, the listener came away with an impression not soon to be forgotten.

Mark Twain was probably the most entertaining lecturer this country has produced: he made his first appearance on the platform in 1867, following his tour of the Sandwich Islands; the fees and the prestige drew him back again and again; and in his old age no banquet would have been complete without him. Mark's delivery was captivating; as his friend Howells said, "You simply straddled down to the footlights and took the house up in the hollow of your hand and *tickled it!*" Arlin Turner, in his lively biography of George W. Cable, the Southern novelist and early proponent of integration, gives us a sparkling account of a four months' tour which Mark and Cable made together under Pond's management beginning in New Haven on November 5, 1884.

They were a striking contrast as they came on stage: Mark in the lead, tall, drawling, and casual; Cable, small, neat, and courteous. Cable would begin reading an episode like "Mary's Night Ride" from one of his Civil War novels, and on a later appearance recited selections from *Old Creole Days* and sang Creole songs. Mark in his turn learned that reading was not enough. Without notes he would extemporize incidents about Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, or King Sollermun, or in a somewhat melancholic manner launch into "Why I Lost the Editorship," "The Stammerer," or "The Jumping Frog." He turned everything to his advantage — the weather, the introduction, an early-leaver in squeaking shoes ("Leave the shoes at home next time"). The pay-off was considerable. Mark's net, after all expenses, was $16,000; Cable's, $5000; and Pond's, $3000. If we multiply by five for today's equivalent, this comes to more than any contemporary could expect.

The tour began in high spirits, with plenty of horseplay — although Cable would not travel on the Sabbath — and there were unexpected rewards, as in Rochester when Mark was looking for something new to read. Cable recommended the *Morte d'Arthur;* for the next several days Mark kept working on it with all his energy, and such was the origin of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.* Their schedule was a backbreaker. They filled Chickering Hall in Boston three times in twenty-four hours, and their itinerary makes even a hardened campaigner like myself gasp for breath. Following one performance in Illinois they left the reception in time to get aboard a coach at 11:30 P.M., changed to a sleeper at the junction at 12:15 A.M., changed again at 3:45,

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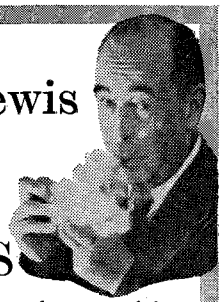
C. S. Lewis
THE FOUR LOVES



A wise, warmly personal account of the four faces of love — affection, friendship, erotic love, and love of God. "Lewis combines a novelist's insight into motives with a profound religious understanding of our human nature." — MARTIN D'ARCY, *N. Y. Times Book Review* $3.75

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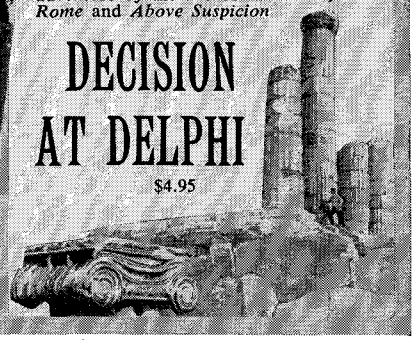

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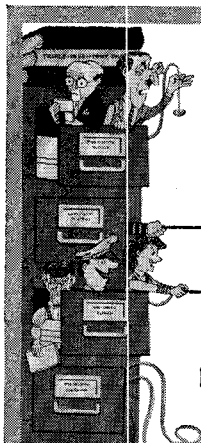

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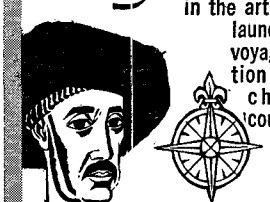

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got off at 7:00, and were driven by sleigh through the snow and across the Mississippi to Davenport, Iowa, in time for breakfast — and the next speech.

HOW MARK LEARNED

Lecturing is more than a monologue, and Mark served a long, sensitive apprenticeship before he became expert. His development and his adventures have been well told by PAUL FATOUT in MARK TWAIN ON THE LECTURE CIRCUIT (Indiana University Press, $6.00). He learned to tone down his crudities and profanity, thanks to the pressure of Mother Fairbanks and his fiancée, Livy Langdon, to win his hearers, as Mr. Fatout says, "softly and casually, to put them at ease with drawling slowness, not to assault them." He gave up his youthful antics, such as applauding himself or offering to repeat a pet passage. He disliked to lecture in a church because people were afraid to laugh there, and when he had to, he was apt to work too hard "to dispel the sanctimonious pall." Exaggeration was his forte, but he could be eloquent in his description, and his realistic account of the decrepit Holy Land was regarded as so impious that he was blasted from pulpits as "a son of the devil" and had to drop this bit of realism out of his repertoire.

His source material came from two big voyages, his four and a half months in the Sandwich Islands in 1866 and his world tour in the *Quaker City* from which came *Innocents Abroad*. To these he added his reminiscences of Virginia City and of California. Few manuscript pages of his talks survive, and Paul Fatout explains why: Mark reworked his material, as every good lecturer must, and no talk was set and then duplicated. The audacity of his humor was just as effective in Boston as in San Francisco. By good luck, Mark entered the circuit at a time when the concentrated solemnity of most lyceum speakers had exhausted all listeners. So when Mark walked on stage to talk about "Our Fellow Savages of the Sandwich Islands"; when he offered to illustrate cannibalism "if furnished an infant," paused expectantly, then said, "I know that children have become scarce and high of late, having been thinned out by neglect since the woman movement began"; or when he interpolated the tall story of Morgan, the champion liar, "who claimed that his fast horse outran a thunderstorm for eighteen miles while his dog was swimming behind the wagon all the way," mirth swept into the hall like an east wind on a hot day. The joy of writing about Mark Twain is the joy of uncovering the unpredictable and refreshing things he said. Mr. Fatout has served us well in reconstructing this glowing aspect of Mark's career.

ABOVE THE TIMBER LINE

TOM LEA, a combat artist in the war, has proved himself a powerful delineator of the West in his novels, *The Brave Bulls* and *The Wonderful Country*, and in his handsome two-volume history of the King Ranch. His new book, THE PRIMAL YOKE (Little, Brown, $4.95), is a windy story of the high mountain country of Wyoming with its snow peaks, glaciers, and trout streams. Ingo Spurling, an infantry sergeant in World War I, guides fishing and hunting parties up to the wilderness of the Cloudrocks; Em, his wife, keeps the books and tries to protect her sons: Hank, the marine who has returned from the Pacific to help his father, and young Fenwick, who wants to be an artist. One of their favorite "sports" is Robert Royston, a Chicago industrialist who was once Ingo's captain and is now a hard-driving millionaire. When Royston, fed up with competition, comes back to climb to the hidden lakes holding the golden trout, he is followed by his amorous, twice-divorced daughter Dorothy. She takes what she wants, and so the trouble begins.

The author is much more at home with the Spurlings than he is with the Roystons. In Em Spurling and in Hank, the lean, badly scarred veteran, he has drawn people who are vital and about whom no words seem forced. But Dorothy, with her café talk, her compulsive sex, and her beauty which is forever "sparkling," I find difficult to accept. So, too, it is hard to square Royston's shrewd judgment of men and his crisp authority with the sorry mess he has made of his private life. The scenes in which father and daughter are involved too often strain for effect. What is best in this novel is indigenous: Ma Spurling and her swift understanding, the mountain lore of Hank and his father, the beauty of the late summer under the peaks, the fishing for steelheads and golden and rainbow trout, the camping and hard rides in the sunlight or rain, the power of the winds and the heights, and the sudden, terrific blot-out of the snowslide.

A STORY OF A FORTUNE

More than a decade ago LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS, a young New York lawyer who had been educated at Groton and Yale, made his first appearance in the *Atlantic* with a perceptive character study, "Maud," a story of an ungainly, spirited girl who never quite believed in the man who loved her. It was one of the best of our Atlantic "Firsts." Since then Mr. Auchincloss has continued to devote himself to the two disciplines of law and fiction; he has published nine novels, and the best of them is THE HOUSE OF FIVE TALENTS (Houghton

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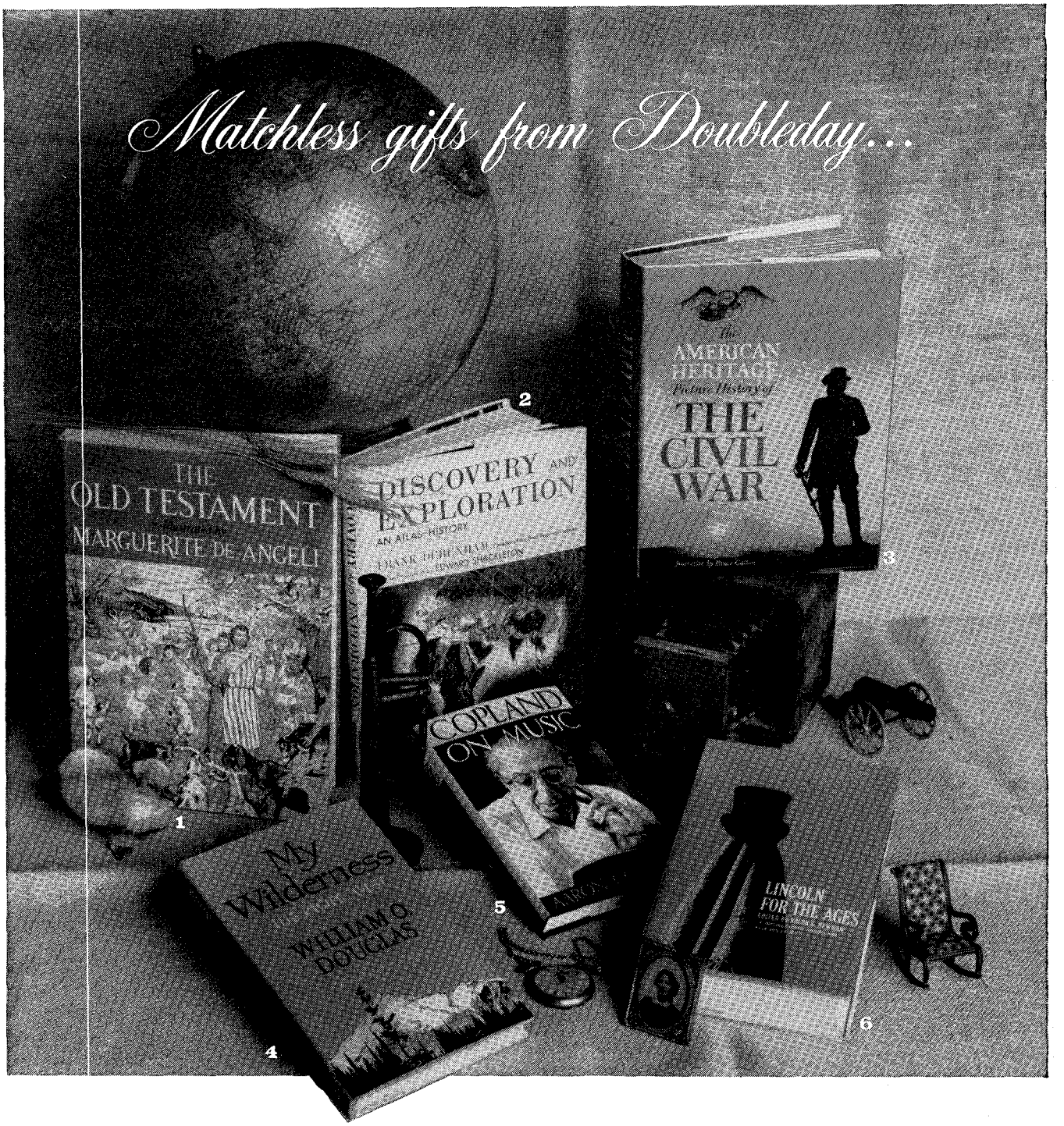

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Mifflin, $4.50). The story comes to us as a memoir written by Miss Augusta Millinder, a tart and lively spinster of seventy-five, the granddaughter of the fabulously wealthy Julius Millinder.

Grandpa she remembers as "a raider, a cornerer, in for the quick profit, a small bearded man, always dressed in a rather dirty black, whose mild, watery eyes and meek, quiet tone gave no hint of the absolute autocracy that he exercised in his family." On his death he left nothing to charity. His millions were divided among his children, the bulk going to his two sons. With their wives they proceeded to crash Newport society, a feat which was not easy because of grandfather's trace of Jewish blood. Newport, with its airs and feuds and its pretentious hospitality of the 1890s, Mr. Auchincloss has recreated with graceful irony. This was the battleground for the Millinder heirs and a place of mortification for their daughters, for Cora, the alabaster beauty who escaped by marrying a French title, and for Gussie, the narrator, who in rebellion against her mother's plans messed up her one true love.

The period is a ripe one for Mr. Auchincloss, and he writes as one who loves to spend money. He prizes, as did Hergesheimer, the houses, the pictures, the clothes, the horses, the gardens, the rivalries, and the feuds. He is at his best with the women, and it is noticeable that his portraits of Mrs. Bell, the witty arbiter, of Gussie, and of Gussie's strong-willed, intolerable mother are more alive than those of any of the men present. Lancey, Mrs. Bell's son and Gussie's intended, is a blithe, independent spirit, but a little too bloodless. It is the women who rule this roost, and after the break between Gussie and her architect, an inevitable anticlimax ensues. The heart of the story, as it seems to me, is in the exuberant and decorative first half.

Big-time football has never had a stronger proponent than **Earl H. Blaik**, who coached at Dartmouth and at West Point for nearly twenty-five years. He believes the Point should recruit its players and play to capacity, since the proceeds support the entire athletic program. He is proud of the great athletes he produced, proud of his friendships with Ernest Hopkins and General Douglas MacArthur, and still deeply bitter about the discharge of the ninety players, his son among them, expelled from the Point for violating the honor code. He is passionately partisan, amusing in his recollection of the bench talk, brilliant in his diagnosis of "the game that is closest to war." This is what makes the book he has written with Tim Cohane, **YOU HAVE TO PAY THE PRICE** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4.95), the rugged, masculine special pleading that it is.

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Perilous Balance BY W. B. C. WATKINS

Interlocking essays, original and imaginative, on Swift, Johnson, and Sterne, discussing how these unhappy men converted their private agonies into literature. WALKER-DEBERRY, $1.65.

Letters of Francis Parkman

Some letters have been published before, but most of this material, edited by Wilbur R. Jacobs, is new in print. Mr. Jacobs has undertaken to create a biography of Parkman through selections from his letters and papers, and succeeds very well. OKLAHOMA UNIVERSITY PRESS, $12.50.

My Father, General Lee BY ROBERT E. LEE, JR.

This new edition of the general's letters and the recollections of him by his son, a captain in the Confederate service, is supplied with an introduction by Philip Van Doren Stern, who has also collected the illustrations and provided a brief chronology of Lee's career. DOUBLEDAY, $5.95.

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The Peripatetic Advertiser

• One of the pleasantest of pre-Christmas occupations is the choosing of books as gifts. This is the chance to pay the subtlest of compliments to another's taste or to indulge one's own. The year-round browser, of course, needs no suggestions; he has already sampled and bought as his favorite books appeared. But the holiday shopper may accept a few suggestions as he faces the tremendous piles of brand-new titles — too many, perhaps, for review in his most trusted columns. The list is long, too long to cite the critics who have backed up the advertiser's suspect praise. If there are skeptics among us, however, the critics' words will be supplied on application to the publishers, at 2 Park Street, Boston.

• On the fiction table, certainly well to the fore, are the established novelists. These are books to buy because you have bought their predecessors. Probably their names are on the best seller list, or perhaps appetite-whetting chapters have appeared in your favorite magazines. Here are: THE HOUSE OF FIVE TALENTS by *Louis Auchincloss*, THE FIERCEST HEART by *Stuart Cloete*, THE NIGHTINGALE by *Agnes Sligh Turnbull*, THRUSH GREEN by *"Miss Read"*, THE BIG IT by *A. B. Guthrie, Jr.*, JOHNNY OSAGE by *Janice Holt Giles*, and WHERE THE HIGH WINDS BLOW by *David Walker*.

• Then, for that darling of the publisher's heart, the reader brave enough to read the new novelist and thereby make perhaps one of the most exciting of intellectual discoveries — the unmistakable signs in a first or second novel of the serious talent soon to be much more widely known. Here are from the current season — THE PARATROOPER OF MECHANIC AVENUE by *Lester Goran*, MORTLAKE by *Griffin Taylor*, PROSPER by *Pati Hill*, FOR INNOCENTS ONLY by *Richard Dohrman*.

• Biography and auto — claim a happily large number of the literate who prefer this to all other categories. And there is a happily wide range here to choose from: TURMOIL AND TRADITION, A STUDY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY L. STIMSON by *Elting E. Morison*, WINDSOR REVISITED by *H. R. H. the Duke of Windsor*, DAUGHTERS AND REBELS by *Jessica Mitford*, SUMMONED BY BELLS by *John Betjeman*, TRUMPETS FROM THE STEEP by *Lady Diana Cooper*, BERENSON: A BIOGRAPHY, by *Sylvia Sprigge*, COPEY OF HARVARD by *J. Donald Adams*, THE LANDSCAPE AND THE LOOKING GLASS: WILLA CATHER'S SEARCH FOR VALUE by *John H. Randall, III*.

• And by natural transition to books of history and forecast: THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL by *Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*, THE LIBERAL HOUR by *John Kenneth Galbraith*, THE LEAN YEARS by *Irving Bernstein*, IT'S YOUR BUSINESS by *John Harriman*, THE STORY OF CANADA by *Donald Creighton*, THE SAVAGE COUNTRY by *Walter O'Meara*, A HISTORY OF MEXICO by *Henry B. Parkes*, SOVIET ECONOMIC POWER by *Robert W. Campbell*, THE CHANGING SOVIET SCHOOL by *George Z. F. Bereday, William W. Brickman*, and *Gerald H. Read*, ORDEAL BY HUNGER by *George R. Stewart*.

• For people who want most to read about writing: THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1960 by *Martha Foley* and *David Burnett*, and HOW DOES A POEM MEAN by *John Ciardi*.

• And for those who read for a new world in the past: ANNIE by *Gloria Jahoda* and THE SECOND LIFE OF CAPTAIN CONTRERAS by *Torquato Luca de Tena*, translated by *Barnaby Conrad*, or for an entertaining glimpse of the world that is all too close for complacency: DAILY BREAD by *Ralph Maloney*.

• A few books defy classification. The strangest example perhaps is LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN by *James Agee* and *Walker Evans*, a book that has become a classic while out of print — newly published with an even larger section of the incomparable photographs that so exactly balance the lyrical prose. And a 1960 title, WEEKEND IN DINLOCK by *Clancy Sigal*, published with magnificent reviews and total confusion about its fiction-non-fiction status.

• For everyone who has lent or otherwise lost the book he (and his name is legion) bought last spring, a *new* copy of THE LAW AND THE PROFITS by *C. Northcote Parkinson*.

• The man who habitually reads out of doors will own the incomparable PETERSON FIELD GUIDE SERIES, but you might be able to add A FIELD GUIDE TO BIRD SONGS (2 records) to his collection.

• Shelf-building for the slightly younger is a pleasure with the NORTH STAR SERIES, which already has books by: *Henry Beetle Hough, Paul I. Wellman, Sterling North, Mary Ellen Chase, Ralph Moody, Lynn Montross, Emily Hahn, Bruce Lancaster, Bernardine Kielty, Andre Maurois, James Ramsey Ullman, Anya Seton, Walter O'Meara, Jonathan Daniels*, and *F. Van Wyck Mason*.

• Or as a one big gesture, the ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE by *Edna Johnson, Evelyn Sickels*, and *Frances Clarke Sayers*, and for the still younger, the to-be-read-to set, there are A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON by *Michael Bond* and TALES OF A COMMON PIGEON by *Sara Weeks*.

• The young scientist is already a world apart. He will know all about *Isaac Asimov*, but there are two books new enough to give to him without fear of duplication, REALM OF MEASURE and BREAKTHROUGHS IN SCIENCE.

• For the woman who is cook-hostess, here is the gayest of literary ornaments, THE ROLLING KITCHEN by *Ruth Patton Totten*.

• And for everyone with the surface to put it on, THE TIMES ATLAS OF THE WORLD by *John Bartholomew* — all five volumes.

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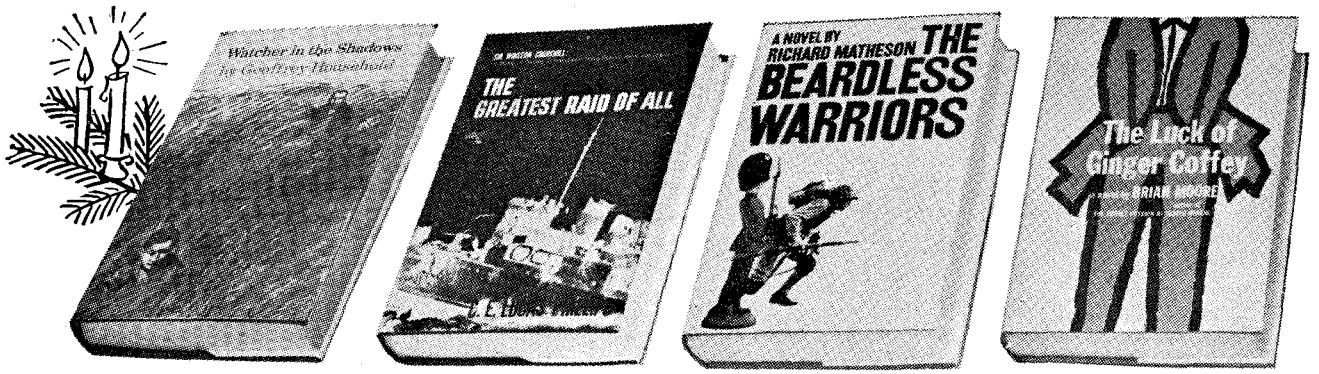

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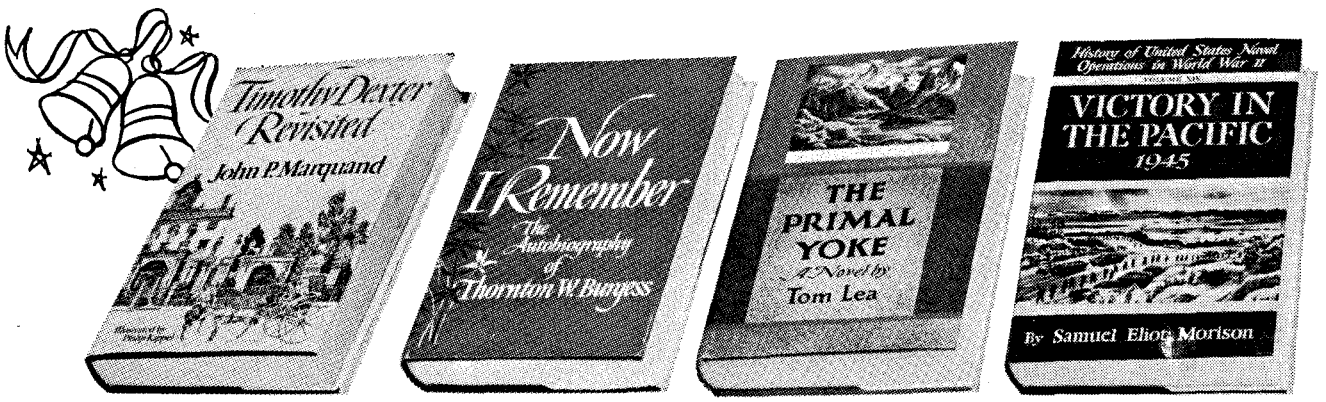

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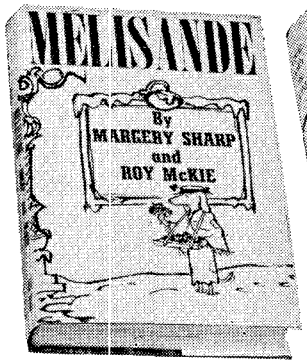

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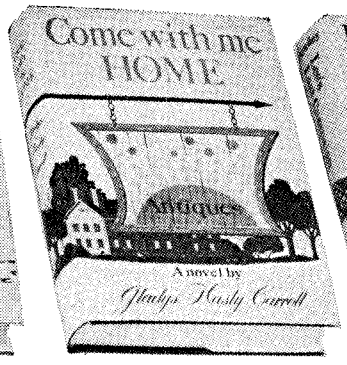

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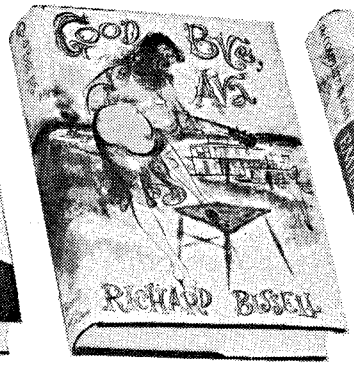

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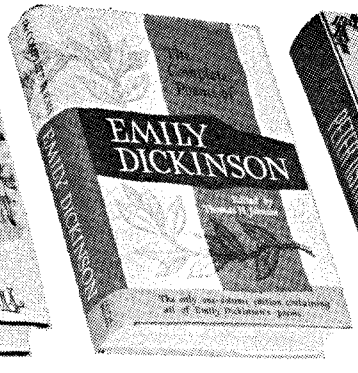

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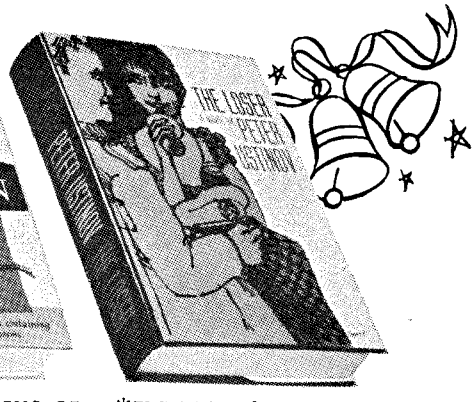

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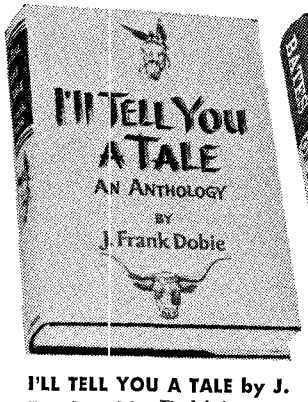

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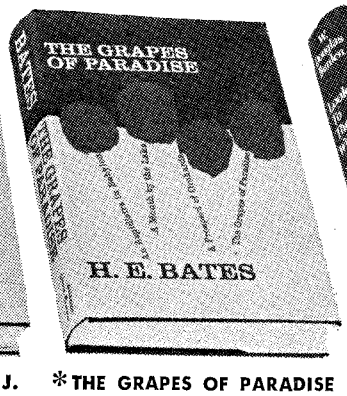

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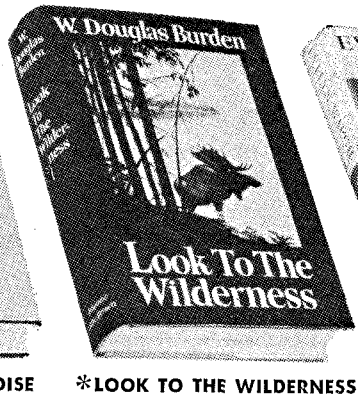

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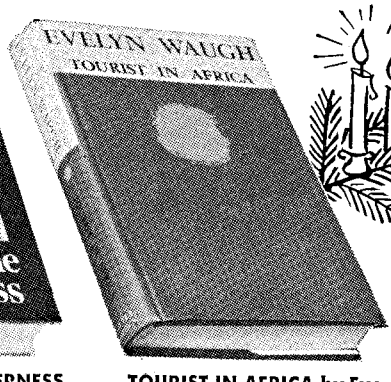

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Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

THE LAST OF THE JUST (Atheneum, $4.95) won for its author, ANDRÉ SCHWARZ-BART, the Prix Goncourt, a remarkable honor for a young man who had never previously published anything and whose acquaintance with the formalities of French education was decidedly sketchy. Mr. Schwarz-Bart's parents were immigrant Polish Jews who, before the boy was fifteen years old, had vanished into a Nazi extermination camp. Their son survived to write his sad, powerful, bitter tribute to all the persecuted Jews of history.

The novel begins as the legend of a rabbi, Yom Tov Levy, whose heroism in a pogrom was rewarded with God's promise that each generation of his family would produce one of the thirty-six Just Men on whose simultaneous existence humanity depends. The Just Men are sages and moral examples, never warriors or businessmen, and their fate is suffering, poverty, and usually an early and uncomfortable death.

The twentieth century finds the Levys, solid human beings a little sheepish about their inherited distinction, established as Polish refugees in Germany. From this point, the book becomes something close to an orthodox, documented account of the rise of Nazi persecution, the bewildered flight of those Jews who could escape, and the coming of the war, which made escape impossible for most.

Ernie Levy, the last of his family, gets as far as unoccupied France, but there the nature of the Just Man descends on him. Ernie goes back to German territory of his own accord, to blarney his way into a concentration camp, help his people in the pitifully small ways that he can manage, and die with them in the gas chamber. The sick, battered, frightened little ex-stretcher-bearer is old Yom Tov Levy all over again.

Ernie's fantastic heroism gives the end of the novel the same larger-than-life, mythical quality as its beginning, a quality that does not in the least soften the horror of the Nazis' conduct or remove it conveniently into the past. On the contrary, since a good myth is always contemporary, it increases the horror of the story by making this sort of savagery seem as permanent a feature of the world as the Jews who suffer it, a principle of existence that has changed its shape over the centuries but never its malignant nature.

THE LOSING GENERATION

JOHN O'HARA'S SERMONS AND SODA-WATER (Random House, $5.95) is a collection of three short novels, to which the author has affixed a preface. "I am perfectly well aware," he begins, "that each of these three novellas could have been made into a full-length, 350-page-or-more, novel, and since the question is bound to come up, I shall try to answer it in advance: why did I choose the shorter form?" As one who has suffered intensely from Mr. O'Hara's works in the longer form, I am perfectly willing to applaud any reason at all for his abandonment of it and thank providence that, for whatever motive, he has decided to stay his hand.

The novellas in fact represent no change in Mr. O'Hara's method. He normally puts everything into a novel, including the kitchen sink complete with stopped drain, plumber, and plumber's mate, and does this not once but four or five times per book. The novella form has merely limited the author in a statistical way; one kitchen sink is all he can fit into his predetermined space.

The three stories are all told by the same narrator, an author from Pennsylvania whose acquaintance includes the middle-class friends of his small-town boyhood, a bit of Long Island high society, and the fringes of Broadway and Hollywood. All the stories contain drunken parties, long conversations in which people make improbable confidences to persons they have no reason to trust, and scenes in which a man and woman, left momentarily alone, begin without preliminary to discuss

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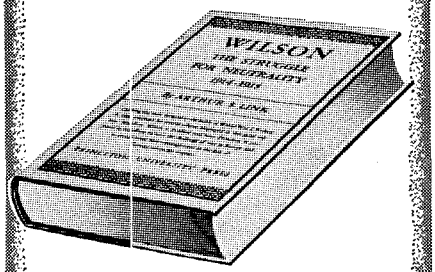

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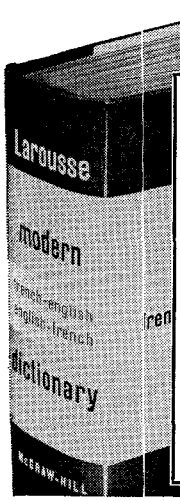

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the pros and cons of falling into bed together, despite the fact that they haven't met for years, loathed each other when they last did meet, and haven't a bed handy. The common theme of the stories is that those who started out in the twenties made a hash of their lives.

The curious structure of Mr. O'Hara's books, in which a stolidly practical, unimaginative surface manner is combined with action and conversations that are almost insanely unlikely, is understandable when one admits that the author is a cantankerous moralist, a hell-fire preacher who sees theft in every dollar bill and an assignation behind every smile. The peculiar world he describes is presumably as real to him as witches were to Cotton Mather.

The intention behind Mr. O'Hara's work comes to the surface in his narrator's remarks about prohibition: "we grew up listening to the grumbling, watching the small disobediences . . . the zealots' attempt to force total abstinence on a temperate nation, made liars of a hundred million men and cheats of their children; the West Point cadets who cheated in examinations, the basketball players who connived with gamblers, the thousands of uncaught cheats in the high schools and colleges. We had grown up and away from our earlier esteem of God and country and valor, and had matured at a moment when riches were vanishing for reasons that we could not understand. We were the losing, not the lost, generation."

NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND

MARGARET KENNEDY'S A NIGHT IN COLD HARBOR (Macmillan, $3.95) is an unexpected combination of romantic period novel and social protest. Since it is difficult to protest the conditions of the early Industrial Revolution with any sense of immediacy at this moment, the book has a delicate air of being in the wrong pew. It is nevertheless a good story, full of sinister vagabonds and dire intrigues, and suggests at times that Miss Kennedy is diverting herself and the reader by attempting the simultaneous reincarnation of Jane Austen and Emily Brontë.

Why Miss Kennedy should be moved to write a book about an English gentleman who gives up frivolity for utopian schemes of assistance for the working class, and a

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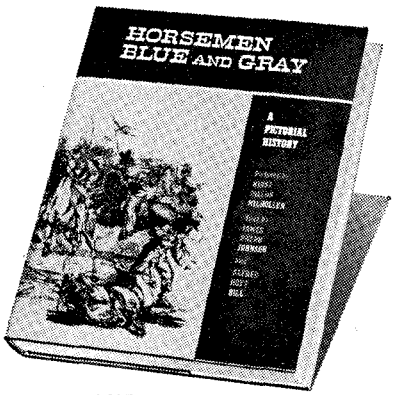

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nice old clergyman driven mad by his first view of the conditions in which laborers live, and a wicked damsel and a rebellious young tramp, I cannot imagine, but as a skillful, witty novelist, she makes their adventures continually interesting. The hero's attempts to get the upper hand over his mother and sisters long enough to remove a miserable painting from the dining room are delightful comedy; the tramps and fugitives lurking on the hilltop produce an authentically Gothic chill.

Is there anything behind all these accomplishments but the desire to tell a tale? Probably not, and perhaps it is uncivil to raise the question at all. Few enough writers condescend to tell a good tale, and fewer still can do it half as well as Miss Kennedy.

HOUSEBOAT HARANGUES

In spite of the title, **GOOD BYE, AVA** (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $3.95) takes **RICHARD BISSELL** out of show business and back to boats. The story is a raffishly funny affair about a couple of houseboaters, more or less permanently anchored on the broad bosom of the Mississippi at a town called Blue Rock. If this place really exists, it can sue for libel.

The action begins when the God Damned Dock Commission, a term of affection employed throughout the harbor area, leases a stretch of shore to a prospective industry and orders Frank's cottage and Clyde's castle to move out and make way for progress and the fertilizer company. Frank is a peaceable fellow who owns a small factory that manufactures a particularly delicate contraption for making a particularly revolting sort of ice cream. He lives in unworried comfort; the six-blade retractable ice shaver doesn't suffer from planned obsolescence, but its temperament has the same stimulating effect on sales. Frank spends his spare time loafing about the river and dreaming of Ava Gardner and every other cinematic beauty of the last thirty years. He evidently started this game at about the age of three, and emotional precocity has slowed him to a premature hobble.

Clyde has a beautiful wife, a gaggle of happy, healthy, dirty, profane brats, and an icebox with so many patented improvements on it that "you feel you should climb right in and make it your home." He also has wild, waterfront notions of his rights as an American citizen. The ___ ___ Dock Commission finds that it has cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war.

By the time things quiet down, Mr. Bissell has dismembered local government, public works, small-town newspapers, motherhood, popular songs, rugged individualism, blondes, brunettes, business, advertising, and the machine age, with the exception of marine engines. The reader, left chortling among the fragments, may not know exactly where he has been, but cannot possibly say the trip was dull.

THE OBSCENITY RACKET

THE SMUT PEDDLERS (Doubleday, $3.95), by **JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK**, purports to be an impartial survey of "the obscenity racket" and "the law of obscenity censorship." The author, a newspaperman, works hard at being a nonpartisan reporter, but his disgust with the material that research brought into his hands quite naturally defeats the attempt.

Mr. Kilpatrick, hacking through the jungle of censorship laws, makes a persuasive case for the conscientious good sense of the courts in upholding the freedom of the press. There have been some humiliating moments involving the works of Joyce and Lawrence, but, granting that censorship is to exist at all, it has been exercised in this country with considerable discretion.

On the details of the obscenity trade, Mr. Kilpatrick is less satisfactory. He and his colleagues had a fine time inventing imaginary characters who ordered filthy pictures of all descriptions and got even worse than they had bargained for. He collected histories of the operations of a number of entrepreneurs who had been arrested for their activities. He quotes the opinions of J. Edgar Hoover and various police chiefs and juvenile court officers, all of whom insist that pornography incites to sexual crime because criminals often have such stuff in their possession. None of these gentlemen, including Mr. Kilpatrick, notices that nobody has yet established which is the cart, in this case, and which the horse. Burglars have jimmies in their possession, according to tradition; is it to be assumed that

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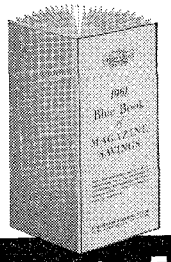

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they are burglars because they came upon a jimmy, or that they procured a jimmy because they wished to burgle? I'll wager I could keep a jimmy around the house for ten years and never commit a single burglary.

What Mr. Kilpatrick has not discussed in his survey of pornography is the people other than criminals who buy the stuff, and why they buy it, and how it affects them. He seems never to have met such an addict, and his disregard of psychiatric and medical authorities outside the police field has done nothing to remedy the omission.

Mr. Kilpatrick's conclusion is that Something Should Be Done, probably extensive repressive legislation. His advocacy of this measure is quarter-hearted, but it is there. Now, I do not wish to appear to approve the distribution of obscene post cards to school children; the junk that Mr. Kilpatrick describes would give a buzzard indigestion. But repressive legislation against what people consider their private pleasure has been tried several times in this country. It was tried against liquor and failed. It is being tried against gambling and dope and shows little sign of succeeding. In each case, its effect has been to take the proscribed trade out of the hands of bumbling amateurs and to put it into the hands of organized criminal groups. The thought of an efficient mob peddling stag movies frightens me even more than Mr. Kilpatrick's descriptions of his current haul of films. For one thing, I don't doubt that the mob would make better pictures.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DÜRER

MARCEL BRION'S DÜRER (Tudor, $5.95) is a well-illustrated and useful biography. It includes considerable information on Dürer's training and technique and a great deal of historical background, ranging all over Germany and Italy at the turn of the sixteenth century. As a brisk account of the artist's life, work, and times, it could hardly be bettered for compactness and thoroughness.

It does have some limitations, however. Many of the engravings are reproduced on a scale that requires a magnifying glass if the detail to which the text refers is to be seen. The author is prone to read a great deal into his subject's drawings —

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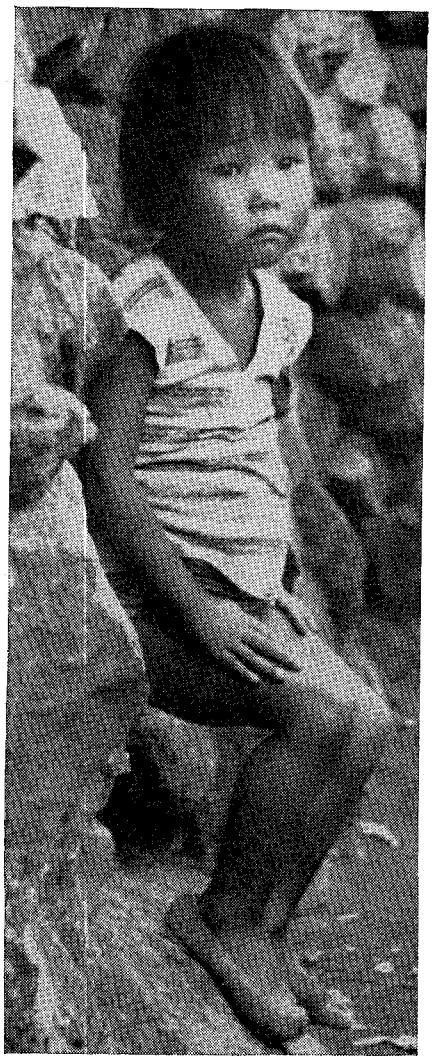

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Park In Sun, Korean, age 5. Parents refugees from north. Father now dead. Two other children. Family lives in shack. Mother earns $3.00 per month. Child always hungry, sad. Has no clothes for Korean winter. Situation desperate. Mother despairing. Help to Sun means life to whole family. Will keep family unit together. Help urgent.

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Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need—in France, Italy, Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, and Hong Kong—and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City.

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what he makes of the first self-portrait is positively alarming — and is chary of quotation. No one would ever suspect, from this biography, that Dürer was a notable writer of comically feather-witted letters, much less a man with a maddening determination to wring more money out of his clients than the poor creatures had agreed to pay. Mr. Brion is a serious, admiring student of Dürer and has preferred to cast a romantic shadow over the more amusing aspects of his hero's character.

A GOREY COLLECTION

The works of EDWARD GOREY are in a class by themselves, delicately macabre fantasies that begin arbitrarily nowhere and proceed to a similar destination. His latest venture is THE FATAL LOZENGE (McDowell, Obolensky, $1.25), which naturally has nothing to do with a lozenge.

It is an alphabet in verse that rings demurely of *McGuffey's Reader* but is also disconcerting kin to the interminable disasters that befell little Willie.

> The BABY, lying meek and quiet
> Upon the customary rug,
> Has dreams about rampage and riot,
> And will grow up to be a thug.

Naturally, with such a child about,

> The GOVERNESS up in the attic
> Attempts to make a cup of tea;
> Her mind grows daily more erratic
> From cold and hunger and ennui.

Not that Mr. Gorey's cast of characters is entirely domestic; he takes due note of the RESURRECTIONIST, the XENOPHOBE, and the ZOUAVE.

Mr. Gorey's unnerving little rhymes are illustrated with drawings in a similarly eldritch style, perverse descendants of those melancholy steel engravings which fluttered through the nineteenth century. George Washington, surrounded by sober worthies and ruffled bolsters, died in an obscure corner of our house for years until some idler actually looked at the thing and discovered that it represented the death of Oliver Cromwell. Patriotism being no longer involved, it was shuffled off to the attic. There is no shuffling off Mr. Gorey. His ghosts are dignified but unsuppressible, and they sneer elegantly at every sentimental fashion of the past hundred years.

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BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

A Christmas List

BY CHARLOTTE JACKSON

CHARLOTTE JACKSON, *who is the author of seven juveniles, is children's book editor for the San Francisco* CHRONICLE.

Christmas brings the usual bumper crop of children's books on every conceivable topic. Picture books galore, nature stories, family sagas, adventure tales for space addicts as well as the earth-bound, fantasy, nonsense verse, poetry, and the teen-age novel are here in quantity. It is beyond possibility to mention all the outstanding books; however, some of the highlights are suggested in the chronological list that follows.

With all the ABC books written over the years, it hardly seems possible that there could be one with a fresh approach. BRUNO MUNARI'S ABC (World), however, is delightfully different from most. Large pictures of several unusual objects, painted in bold color against stark white, illustrate each letter of the alphabet. And a wonderfully drawn fly buzzes through the whole book, ending his flight on the letter Z.

Another ABC, THE PIE WAGON by LILLIAN BUDD, pictures in color by Marilyn Miller (Lothrop), will capture the interest even of the six- to eight-year-old. The story is set in the time when it was routine practice for the bakery wagon to call each day with goodies for the family larder. In this case, the wagon was stacked exclusively with luscious pies from apple to zigzag cranberry.

THE THINKING BOOK by SANDOL STODDARD WARBURG, illustrated by Ivan Chermayeff (Atlantic–Little, Brown), is a perceptive picture book which parents of dawdling, dreamy children will welcome. It will help them to understand just why their offspring sometimes ignore parental questions and why at other times they sit contemplating socks and shoes, making no effort to put them on. Children from three to six listen attentively to the story, then ask for it all over again.

SCRAPPY THE PUP by JOHN CIARDI, illustrated by Jane Miller (Lippincott). Children who own dogs will chuckle over this amusing story in verse about a puppy who, though supposedly a watchdog, did nothing but sleep through all disturbances but never forgot to bark and show endless animation when he was hungry. Black-and-white drawings on pink background.

WELCOME HOME!, written and illustrated by LUDWIG BEMELMANS (Harper), is another rhymed story. It describes the method a cunning fox employs in outwitting a pack of hunting hounds.

THE DOLL AND THE KITTEN, story and photographs by DARE WRIGHT (Doubleday), continues the adventures of Edith, the photogenic doll of other picture stories, and her Teddy bear friends. In this, Edith's determination to take a farm animal home for a pet and Mr. Bear's negative attitude toward all her suggestions are fairly unsettling until he too is completely won over by a baby kitten. The photographs of toys and animals were taken on an outdoor farm and are remarkable indeed.

IF YOU TALKED TO A BOAR by MICHAEL SAGE, illustrated by Arnold Spilka (Lippincott). Exactly the book to give to a child who is beginning to evince an interest in words, their similarities and differences. For example: "If you had a ewe, would it look like you?" Funny pictures throughout.

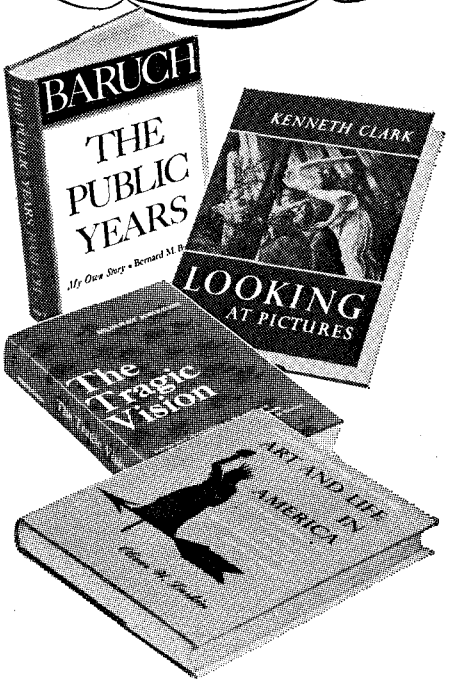
OGLUK THE ESKIMO, story and pictures by SYD HOFF (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). Humorous illustrations and text tell the story of a small Eskimo boy who is ordered to a warm climate to cure his sneezes.

GREEN EGGS AND HAM, written and illustrated by DR. SEUSS (Random House). Nonsense in the Seuss manner about the doings of a creature called Sam-I-Am. Written in a vocabulary of just fifty words and intended for the preschool child.

IT'S A DEAL by PAUL STROYER (McDowell, Obolensky). Willy, a born trader, first exchanges his blue dog for a black cat and continues making deals with everyone he meets until he finally has his blue dog in hand once more. The tale gives vast scope for numerous brilliant, decorative pictures.

A GAGGLE OF GEESE by EVE MERRIAM, illustrated by Paul Galdone (Knopf). A shrewdness of apes, a murmuration of starlings, a hover of trout, and many other phrases descriptive of animals, birds, and fish,

Gifts of Distinction



The Public Years

By BERNARD M. BARUCH. In this magnificent successor to *My Own Story* Mr. Baruch views the great events and personalities of the past half-century with characteristic wisdom and warmth. "A memorable book, gallant, good-spirited, continually interesting — a fitting crown upon the life it sums up."
— AUGUST HECKSHER, *Saturday Review.* Photographs. $6.00

Looking at Pictures

By SIR KENNETH CLARK. A handsomely illustrated book to delight amateur and connoisseur alike. A renowned art critic explores sixteen of the world's greatest paintings, from Botticelli to Seurat. "Each piece is interesting and gracefully written and almost certain to yield some odd insight or unexpected bit of information."
— *The Atlantic.* $10.00

Art and Life in America

NEW, REVISED, ENLARGED EDITION

By OLIVER W. LARKIN. Two chapters on atomic age art and thirty full-color illustrations have been added to this lavish new edition of the Pulitzer Prize-winning history. $15.00

The Tragic Vision

By MURRAY KRIEGER. This provocative new approach to tragedy in fiction focuses on novels by Gide, Lawrence, Malraux, Silone, Mann, Kafka, Camus, Conrad, Melville, and Dostoevsky. "A thoughtful study."
— *Library Journal.* $5.00

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there *are* no little
green men!

If you prefer authority to hysteria, *this* "saucer" book is for you! It's a frank, fully documented report from those allegedly "top secret" Air Force files *by* a USAF officer (active) who knows whereof he writes, about all those mysterious saucer sightings, their silly-season exploitation, and their sober-season explanations.

Flying Saucers and the U. S. Air Force
By Lt. Col. Lawrence J. Tacker
$3.50 at all bookstores
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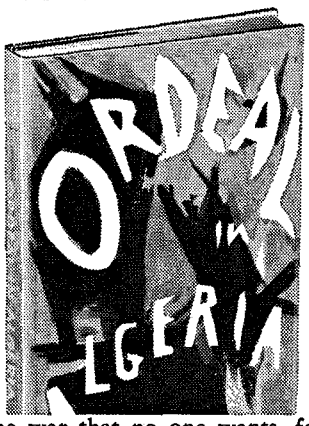
Algeria—
Free or French?



The war that no one wants, few understand, and even De Gaulle cannot stop is here explored in all its baffling complexity. The arguments of an embarrassed France, her embattled colonists, and the embittered Muslims are all set forth in detail, and the brutal acts and sinister machinations of *all* parties are revealed in all their futile horror.

Ordeal in Algeria
By Richard and Joan Brace
$4.95 at all bookstores
D. VAN NOSTRAND COMPANY, INC.
Princeton, New Jersey

combined with full-page pictures in color, make a picture book that is instructive and amusing to all ages.

THE REAL HOLE by BEVERLY CLEARY, humorous pictures by Mary Stevens (Morrow), illustrates the imaginative difference in thinking processes between four-year-old twins Jimmy and Janet. While Jimmy was digging a tremendous hole in the back yard and enjoying every minute of the hard work, Janet couldn't rest for thinking of uses for the hole.

IN MY GARDEN by CHARLOTTE ZOLOTOW, illustrated by Roger Duvoisin (Lothrop). Slight text with page-size pictures in beguiling color and black and white gives the child a visual image of the seasonal changes and a bit about the activities of small animals and birds throughout the year.

THE MIDDLE YEARS

THE SIGN ON ROSIE'S DOOR, written and illustrated by MAURICE SENDAK (Harper). Children from eight to ten who love theatricals will love Rosie, who was never Rosie for long. Costumed in her mother's clothes, or even a Turkish towel, she could transport her neighborhood audience to the magic world of theater in the twinkling of an eye. The combination of text and pictures is childlike imagery at its very best.

THE CANDY BASKET, written and illustrated by VALENTI ANGELO (Viking). One of the most charming bedtime stories of the season tells the adventures of a tiny mouse who lived in a snug corner of a hotel bakery. Curious about everything, he couldn't resist investigating and nibbling a large spun-sugar basket destined for a ladies' lunch party.

THE BUTTERFLY CHASE, story and brightly colored comic pictures by DENISE AND ALAIN TREZ (World), is a frothy adventure tale of a French boy who accompanies his grandfather into the country in search of a red, white, and blue butterfly.

ORIGAMI STORYBOOK by FLORENCE SAKADE, illustrated by Kazuhiko (Tuttle). Thirteen stories, including "The Night Before Christmas," "The Ugly Duckling," and others just as familiar, are illustrated in part by the Japanese art of paper folding — *origami*. This innovation in illustration is most effective and should inspire children to experiment in this medium themselves. Instructions and diagrams are included.

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(Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

of The Atlantic Monthly

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for October 1st 1960

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DONALD B. SNYDER,
(Signature of publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September 1960.

[SEAL] Arthur F. Goodearl, Notary Public
(My commission expires January 23, 1965)

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THE VISITORS FROM OZ by L. FRANK BAUM, pictures by Dick Martin (Reilly & Lee). This is a hitherto unpublished Oz book in which Princess Ozma gives permission to Tin Woodman and his friends to leave the Land of Oz and visit Dorothy in Kansas on her birthday.

THE SWAPPING BOY, retold by JOHN LANGSTAFF, with pictures by Beth and Joe Krush (Harcourt, Brace). The author gives a Southern mountain version of the five-hundred-year-old swapping song about the boy who lived by himself. The rhymes are filled with fun and good humor; the music, arranged by Cecil Sharp, is a fine accompaniment; but the superb part of the book is the hilarious array of pictures in rainbow colors.

BECKY'S BIRTHDAY, written and illustrated by TASHA TUDOR (Viking). Ten-year-old girls of today may become a bit wistful as they read about how Becky spent her birthday on a New Hampshire farm long ago. The climax of the lovely day was a party on the river bank, and a surprise birthday cake ablaze with candles floating gently down the river at twilight on a shingle raft.

TALES OF A COMMON PIGEON by SARA WEEKS, illustrated by Eric von Schmidt (Houghton Mifflin). Old Blue, a most venerable pigeon living in Boston Common, sets down his astute observations of the events he has witnessed over the years. To him, people are shadowy creatures and their affairs unimportant. The adventures of squirrels, mice, sparrows, frogs, and other descendants of First Families of the park, however, have vital significance, which the author of this charming story is able to convey with wit and perspicacity. Apt drawings in gray wash enrich the story for readers from eight to twelve.

DWARF LONG-NOSE by WILHELM HAUFF, translated from the German by Doris Orgel, pictures by Maurice Sendak (Random House). Well-known to European children and now translated for young Americans, this is the story of the trials endured by a handsome boy and a beautiful little girl who were bewitched and became an ugly dwarf and a silly goose respectively.

LONELY MARIA by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH, illustrated by Evaline Ness (Pantheon). While her busy family pursued their many chores, Maria, a little West Indian child,

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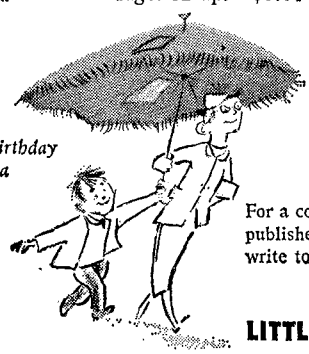

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A "special book, bright, bold and imaginative."—*New York Times.* Four-color drawings by Ivan Chermayeff.
All ages. $3.00

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by DAVID CORNEL DeJONG
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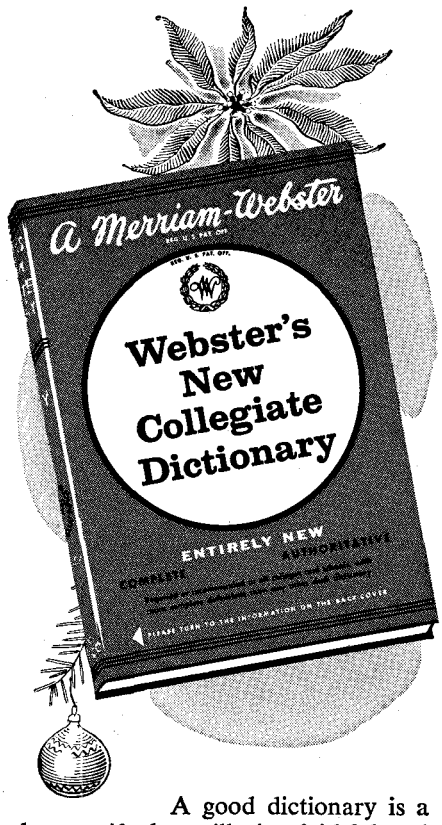

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played on the beach, where, with clever hands and creative mind, she drew sand pictures of imaginary animal playmates who came alive under her pointed stick.

MY FRIEND MAC by MAY MCNEER, illustrated by Lynd Ward (Houghton Mifflin). Baptiste, a little boy of the North Woods, was lonely indeed until one day he found a baby moose in the forest and brought him home. Eight- to ten-year-olds will enjoy this happy adventure, and the handsome drawings on every page will add to their pleasure.

TALES FROM A STORY HAT by VERNA AARDEMA, illustrated by Elton Fax (Coward-McCann). In West Africa the storyteller wears a "story hat" from which dangle wood and ivory carvings. Listeners pick the object they wish to hear about, and the storyteller carries on from there. These story-hat choices are ones most popular with African children.

ANGÉLIQUE by JANICE, illustrated by Roger Duvoisin (Whittlesey House). A duck living in a French garden was beautifully happy until a teasing poodle disturbed her tranquillity, making her fly away. After wandering up and down the streets of Paris, she soon realized that she must return and face the situation at home. This she did with very satisfactory results. Children will love the gay pictures of Parisian scenes.

GRETA AND THE VILLAGE SCHOOL by PARVATHI THAMPI, illustrations by Ronni Solbert (Doubleday). In this simple and imaginative story of a shy little girl who lived in a small village in India, young readers will get more of an idea of Indian customs than from any number of dull factual books about the country.

ISLAND MACKENZIE by URSULA MORAY WILLIAMS, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone (Morrow). A perfectly charming story in which a shipwrecked cat pursued by hungry sharks finds refuge on a desert island. On the island he finds Miss Pettifer, another victim of the shipwreck, and although the lady loathes cats, the two manage to get on quite nicely until help arrives.

THE GOLDEN HIND by EDITH THACHER HURD, illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher (Crowell). Ten- to twelve-year-olds will get a vivid picture of early piracy and exploration methods from this exciting account of Drake's three-year voyage during the late sixteenth century.

TOUGH ENOUGH'S INDIANS by RUTH

LONELY, HUNGRY, COLD...

Jong Sook lives with her grandmother in a tent. The grandmother peddles soup. She earns enough for one meal a day for herself and Jong Sook. Jong Sook dreams of school but her grandmother cannot afford the small school fees.

Jong Sook's parents fled to South Korea in 1950 seeking freedom from Communist rule in the North. They lived as refugees. After the cease fire, her father worked as a fisherman. In 1957 he was lost at sea. One month later her mother died in childbirth. A child like Jong Sook needs your friendship!

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AND LATROBE CARROLL (Walck). More adventures of the intrepid Tatum family of the Great Smokies, in which the children flee a forest fire and spend a day and a night with a family of Cherokees, from whom they learn a great deal about Indian customs. Smoky-blue drawings provide fine atmosphere.

DOWN THE COLORADO WITH MAJOR POWELL by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN, illustrated by Nicholas Eggenhofer (Houghton Mifflin). Boys particularly will enjoy reading about that perilous journey down the Colorado undertaken almost a hundred years ago by John Wesley Powell and his party.

BUFFALO AND BEAVER by STEPHEN W. MEADER, illustrated by Charles Beck (Harcourt, Brace). In the days of America's Western expansion, young Jeff Barclay accompanied his father to the Rocky Mountains, where he learned to fight Indians, trap animals for fur, and acquire other attributes of the rugged mountain man. More important, he learned to paint scenes of the wilderness on deerskin canvases, which he sold on his return to civilization.

OLD MOTHER WEST WIND by THORNTON BURGESS, illustrated by Harrison Cady (Little, Brown). For fifty years, children have listened with glee to the stories about Jerry Muskrat, Johnny Chuck, Billy Mink, and other small creatures of Green Meadows. This season brings a new edition of these popular nature stories, illustrated with several new paintings in full color.

FOR TEEN-AGERS

AMERICA MOVES FORWARD by GERALD W. JOHNSON, illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher (Morrow). This, the third volume in Mr. Johnson's able trilogy of American history, presents significant events and the people who participated in them, beginning with World War I and ending with the present day.

JOURNEY FOR A PRINCESS by MARGARET LEIGHTON (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Girls from twelve to sixteen will enjoy this engaging period piece set in the time of Alfred the Great, in which the king sends his fourteen-year-old daughter, Elstrid, on a mission to Rome to avoid giving her in marriage to a young Viking.

COUNTDOWN by WILLIAM ROY SHELTON (Little, Brown) is actually the story of the development of Cape Canaveral, and along with the story

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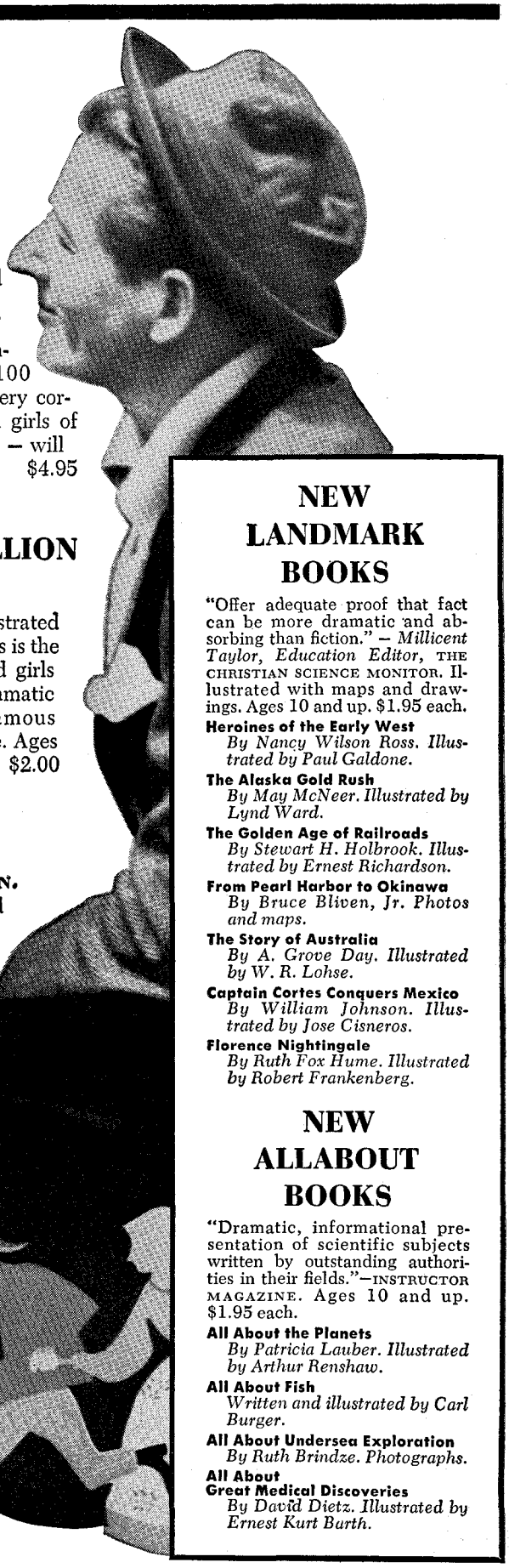

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JUNIOR YEAR ABROAD by ROSAMOND AND JUDY DU JARDIN (Lippincott). There has been a crying need for this sort of book among college sophomores who can't quite make up their minds to take that gigantic step to a foreign land in the middle of their college careers. Now a writer of popular teen-age novels collaborates with her daughter, who spent her junior year in Aix-en-Provence, to write a true story about real people and actual happenings. Entertaining throughout.

DON TIBURCIO'S SECRET by JEANNE LOISY, illustrated by Françoise Estachy (Pantheon). Pepe, a Spanish gypsy boy living with his parents and his grandmother in a tumble-down Spanish castle, tells an entertaining, at times hair-raising, tale of how he solved the strange secret of a former owner of the castle. Awarded the Prix Jeunesse in the original French edition.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

BABOUSHKA AND THE KINGS by RUTH ROBBINS, illustrated by Nicolas Sidjakov (Parnassus Press), is a skillful retelling of the Russian folk tale in which Baboushka, an old peasant woman, is destined to wander endlessly on Christmas Eve because of her refusal to accompany the three kings on their journey to Bethlehem. The pictures, done in four colors, have a translucence and a stylized beauty that is interpretive of the legend.

A PINT OF JUDGMENT by ELIZABETH MORROW, illustrated by Harold Berson (Knopf). This new edition, freshly illustrated, is the story of how a small girl, misinterpreting the key word on her mother's Christmas list, is kept frantically busy during the days before Christmas trying to procure the gift she thought her mother wanted.

THE DAYS OF CHRIST'S COMING by DOROTHY SAYERS, illustrated by Fritz Wegner (Harper). This story of Jesus' birth and the flight of the Holy Family to Egypt is handsomely printed and richly illustrated in a small book.

THE TWENTY MIRACLES OF SAINT NICHOLAS, written and illustrated by BERNARDA BRYSON (Atlantic–Little, Brown). According to legend, the good saint could stand alone at birth and began at once speaking to his mother and the nursemaids in Greek, which astounded them considerably. The author sets down other miracles which have been attributed to Saint Nicholas, describing them with grace and charm.

THE STORY OF SAINT NICHOLAS by MILDRED LUCKHARDT, illustrated by Gordon Laite (Abingdon). This is a factual story of the Bishop Nicholas and the legends that grew out of the good acts that he performed.

THE OLD TESTAMENT, illustrated by MARGUERITE DE ANGELI (Doubleday). Miss de Angeli's selections are from the King James Version of the Old Testament, arranged in sequence. A large, handsome book with numerous full-page Biblical scenes in tranquil color and black and white, and decorative end-paper maps of the Holy Land.

CHRISTMAS STORIES 'ROUND THE WORLD, edited by Lois Johnson and illustrated by Beth Krush (Rand McNally). Each of the fourteen stories in this well-chosen collection is prefaced by a brief sketch telling the Christmas customs of the particular country.

CHRISTMAS IS FOR GIVING by BETTINA PETERSON, illustrated by Jan Norton (Ives Washburn), is a joyful Christmas story in which two children experience the true spirit of the season by extending all their efforts in gathering materials for a crèche, which they finish in time to give their parents on Christmas morning.

DECK THE STABLE by IVY O. EASTWICK, pictures by Nora B. Unwin (David McKay). Wintry pictures, accented with vivid yellow, and lilting rhyme tell just how small forest and farm animals and birds might have decorated the manger in Bethlehem for the coming of the Christ child.

POM-POM'S CHRISTMAS, story and pictures by JON WHITCOMB (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). A lively poodle in a pet shop window watched all his companions disappear into Christmas shoppers' arms, until he became so nervous that he ate two pine cones and a strip of tinsel before realizing it. Fortunately he thought of a self-promoting scheme that saved him in the nick of time.

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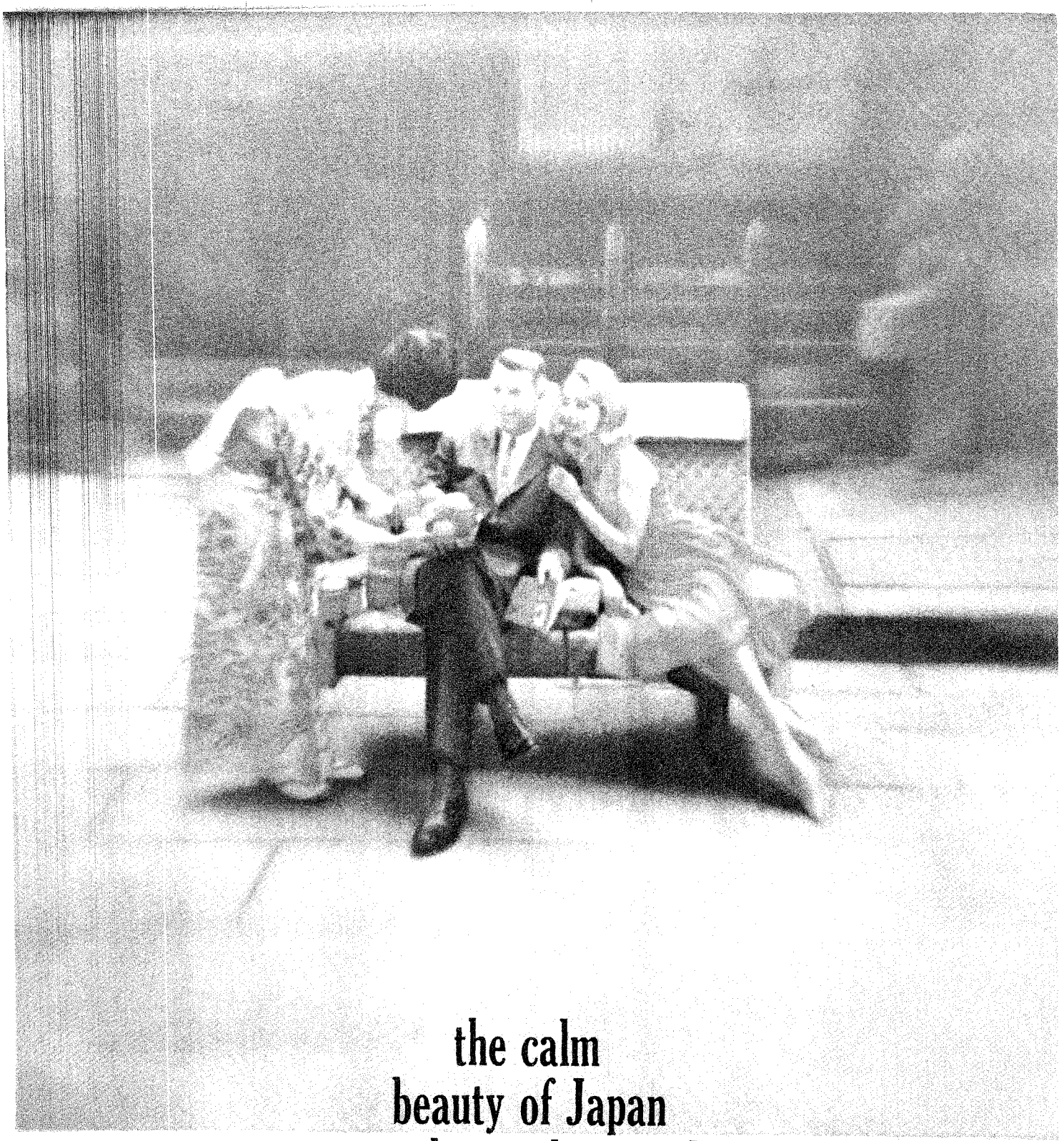

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